

THE LONDON REVIEW

OF
Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 236.—VOL. X.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1865.

[WITH SUPPLEMENT, { PRICE 4d.
Stamped 6d.

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REVIEW OF POLITICS.

THE inhabitants of at least one Prussian town are determined not to leave their king in ignorance as to the results which they expect from the late war against Denmark. The citizens of Königsburgh have certainly the merit of speaking their minds clearly, and of casting all hypocrisy to the winds. In an address which they have just laid at the foot of the throne, they declare that the acquisition of the duchies of Slesvig and Holstein will only become a blessing to Germany when these provinces shall unite their fortunes with those of Prussia. Their connexion with Prussia in military and naval affairs is the very least, as these candid politicians think, that that country can and ought to demand as the fruit of the war; but they do not think that a union thus qualified would thoroughly satisfy the interests of collective Germany. On the contrary, those interests absolutely require the complete amalgamation of the whole conquered territory with the Prussian monarchy. Then indeed, "the excellent harbours and the hardy population utilised for all time in the Prussian navy to the increase of the power and reputation of Prussia, and to the effective protection of entire Germany—what a glorious elevating prospect for every German heart is not here opened for the entire future of the fatherland!" They do not appear to consider what a glorious and elevating commentary it would also furnish upon the professions under which the late war was commenced and carried on. They forget, and no doubt they wish the world to forget also, how Germany wept sentimental tears, and wound itself up to martial ardour, on account of the sufferings of those unhappy Slesvig Holsteiners who were so cruelly deprived of their rightful independence, and of the protecting care of their lawful sovereign the Duke of Augustenburgh. Utterly monstrous as are the propositions of these brave burghers of Königsburgh, there is, however, good reason to suppose that they are not distasteful to the monarch or to his military advisers. The latter are indeed said to have advised King William to settle the question at once by formally annexing the duchies—leaving Austria and the other German powers to say or do what they like. But this is too rash even for M. von Bismarck. That statesman is not prepared openly to brave the other members of the confederation, until he has at least done his best to cheat them diplomatically out of the fruits of the victories won in their name. The negotiations between Austria and Prussia accordingly still go on; and it is understood that the former power yet maintains an attitude favourable to the independence of the duchies. But it is also believed that she is doing this mainly in order to obtain from her rival or ally commercial concessions. And even if she be more sincere and more determined than her

recent conduct has given us a right to believe, we have no faith in her power to resist permanently the aggressive designs of the North German power.

Another New Year's Day has come and gone without the ears of attentive Europe being startled by words of menace from the Tuileries. The Emperor had nothing but honeyed words for the diplomatists who waited upon him on that day. He trusts like every one else that concord may continue to reign amongst us; and promises that his relations with Foreign Powers will ever be animated by respect for right and love of justice and peace. So far as it goes, this is very satisfactory; but then it does not go very far. The most outrageous disturber of the tranquillity of nations would be willing to say as much; and would, if taken in the right mood, be equally ready with a similar effusion of benevolence and affection. In the solicitude with which the words of a single arbitrary monarch were waited for, and in the keenness with which they have been scanned, there is the secret consciousness of a danger which the words themselves cannot conjure away. The peace of Europe can hardly rest on a very firm basis, when we await so anxiously the signal—which one man's will can give—of general confusion or continued peace. The Emperor's expressions may be taken to show that he has not at present made up his mind to strike a blow at any state in particular. But they cannot reassure us as to his having abandoned the meddlesome policy which may at any moment plunge the Continent into war. Confidence is a plant of slow growth amongst those who have lived through the events of the last few years. The state of the finances of France, and the pacific disposition of her people, are, however, better grounds for trusting her, than any amount of civil and pacific talk on the part of Louis Napoleon.

The returns of our own revenue, as made up to the 31st December last, far exceed any reasonable expectation, and furnish the amplest proof that the fiscal legislation of recent years has been wise and sound. While the revenue of the kingdom for 1863 was £70,443,620; that for 1864 was £70,125,374, showing a decrease of only £308,246. But during the last session of Parliament, Mr. Gladstone took off taxes amounting to £2,747,000; £2,332,000 of which reduction he calculated would take effect in the course of the financial year, ending on the 1st of April next. Three-fourths of the loss of revenue thus entailed—or something like £1,700,000—would, of course, fall upon the twelve-month ending last Saturday. The difference between that sum and the £308,000 actually lost, represents the extent to which the revenue is better than the calculations of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This result has been arrived at in two ways. In the first place, the customs' duties have not suffered to the extent which was anticipated from the

reduction of the sugar duties; and, in the second place, other branches of the revenue have increased so largely as to make up the amount remitted in the shape of income-tax. For instance, the excise yielded £19,343,000 in 1864, against £17,745,000 in 1863; on stamps the increase is £216,000; on the assessed taxes, £53,000; and on the Post Office £260,000. These figures (especially those exhibiting the increase in the consumption of excisable articles) show not only that our finances are in a state of robust health, but that the condition of the people is generally satisfactory, and upon the whole improving. If we keep at peace there can be little doubt, that in April next, Mr. Gladstone will again be able to play the part of our beneficent genius in a magnificent manner.

The prelates of the Irish Roman Catholic Church are apparently of opinion that their country has languished too long without an agitation. In default of other agitators, they have themselves come forward in that capacity. Or we should rather say, that a section of their body has done so; for another section, headed by the redoubtable John of Tuam, holds aloof from the new movement, on the ground that it is not sufficiently national. For the same reason the O'Donoghue and the Fenians were absent from the late meeting at the Rotundo. And, for a better reason we trust, the Roman Catholic gentry, the Liberal members, and the parochial clergy, were equally conspicuous by their absence. As a political demonstration, the meeting was a palpable failure, because it disclosed the fact that the "platform" of Dr. Cullen and his friends is merely the platform of the Ultramontane party amongst the Roman Catholic clergy and hierarchy. Even Mr. Bright must by this time be convinced that with these allies liberal principles are not likely to make much progress. Deficient as he is in political tact, the member for Birmingham can hardly avoid seeing that with such a troop he has little chance of marching anywhere, except through Coventry. Of that part of the programme of the new association which relates to the destruction of the Irish Church we have spoken elsewhere. We have therefore only to express here our equally hearty dissent from the proposition to establish a denominational system of education in Ireland; and from the proposition to compel landowners to compensate tenants for improvements made by the latter. The experience of more than thirty years has conclusively established the beneficial action of the present system of national education. If the Roman Catholics can show that they suffer under any grievances from its operation, we are quite willing that such grievances should be redressed. But we can never consent that under any pretence whatever the Roman Catholic clergy should be invested with entire control over the education of the great mass of Irishmen,—still less that a system attended with such consequences should be largely subsidized by the State. If this were done, they would possess a power such as they are not suffered to exercise in any Roman Catholic country except Spain. With respect to the scheme of tenant-right, which is the remaining point of the programme, all that we shall say at present is, that the principle which lies at its root is neither more nor less than the confiscation of the landlord's land for the benefit of the tenant. It is utterly inconsistent with the rights of property, as they are at present understood all over the empire, that one man should have a right to do what he likes with another man's land, and then make the latter pay for so-called improvements. The system of tenancy-at-will may not work very satisfactorily in Ireland, where the landlords have not, as in England, either the capital or the disposition to make the improvements which are desirable. But it would indeed be a short-sighted policy if, in order to remove evils of a temporary character, we resorted to legislation which is neither more nor less than communism in disguise.

Mr. Bright has recently delivered at Birmingham a speech which was equally marked by his usual eloquence and by his usual narrowness of spirit. Even on a festive occasion like the opening of an exchange, he could not repress the antipathy which he entertains towards the non-commercial classes, nor conceal the disfavour with which he regards the monarchical institutions of the country. From commerce he will have it that everything good has sprung, and is yet to spring. Merchants and manufacturers are the destined

rulers of the world, before whose power that of monarchs, aristocracy, and soldiers is to wane. And as this process of waxing and waning goes on, peace, liberty, and civilisation are to shed their blessings in increased measure on the world. Now we have not the slightest desire to undervalue commerce as a civilizing agent, or to grudge commercial men their fair share of political power. But we cannot forget that purely commercial states have in past times proved themselves the most short-lived; and that their policy has not as a rule been remarkable either for peacefulness or high principle. The exclusive influence of a single class, the predominance of a single passion, in a nation, is an element of weakness and decay. Those states will be found the strongest in which several orders or classes of men share the power amongst them, and by their mutual watchfulness, their honourable rivalry, their keen perception of each other's failings, prevent the national policy from becoming the embodiment of sectional interests or partial views. At all events, Englishmen are, as a rule, little disposed to look forward with satisfaction to a declining aristocracy and an enfeebled monarchy, as results of commercial progress and material prosperity. The Birmingham audience were certainly no exception to this rule, for they welcomed with marked applause the vigorous protest made by a subsequent speaker against the peculiar opinions of the honourable member.

The military news from America continues, upon the whole, decidedly unfavourable to the Confederates. The full accounts which we have received since our last leave no doubt as to the greatness of the disaster suffered by Hood. The Federal journals, in all probability, exaggerate his losses; but there is no getting over the decisive fact that at the date of the last advices he had retreated as far south as Pulaski. Even if he has brought off the greater part of his army, this backward movement deprives the Confederates of almost all the ground which they had lately won in Tennessee, and compels them to abandon the confident hopes which they entertained of driving the Federals out of North Tennessee, and even Kentucky, during the winter. The cause of Hood's late defeat is not far to seek. Although he knew that he had in General Thomas an opponent of great ability and vigour, he rashly divided his army and unduly extended his lines. Such glaring mistakes in strategy show that the Confederate Government had committed the unpardonable error of entrusting a mere fighting general with the conduct of a campaign. They have paid severely in this as in other instances during the war for an injudicious selection of their commanders. As we anticipated in our last, there is no truth in the report that Sherman had taken Savannah. He does not even appear to have as yet attacked the city. But in all probability such a measure will not be long delayed; for he will be anxious to anticipate the concentration of the Southern forces which had been employed in defending Macon, Augusta, and other places on his recent line of march. As the Federals had not hitherto succeeded in cutting off the communication between Charleston and Savannah, we cannot doubt that every effort would be employed to provision and garrison the latter place; and if this be done—and the communication northwards can be kept open—we see no reason why the place should not stand a siege as successfully as Richmond has done. At all events, Sherman is still a long way from having gained the first success, which will enable the Federals to derive any advantage from his recent operations, brilliant and successful as undoubtedly they were. The recent disasters have evidently created a profound sensation through the South. But they do not seem to have inspired either despondency or a desire for a reconciliation with the North. Their most marked effect has been to diminish the reluctance previously felt to the arming of the negroes. It is asserted, indeed, that General Lee has expressly recommended the immediate adoption of that course; and although the announcement is probably premature, we do not entertain the slightest doubt that such advice will be unhesitatingly tendered by the General, and adopted by the government, if ever they find themselves face to face with the alternative of abolishing slavery, or relinquishing the hope of independence. In the meantime, amongst so much of evil, there are still two important items of good news for the South. The great Federal naval expedition against Wilmington, from which so much was expected, has been driven back to Fort Munroe by the weather; and Breckenridge has obtained a victory at Gale Springs, in Virginia, over his opponent Burbridge.

THE PRINCESS MARY.

Gossip, which in this case is at least not scandal, has of late made often mention of the names of an "illustrious lady of the Royal House," and of a "gallant nobleman." As the names of both have been for months in everybody's mouth, and have, indeed, already appeared in print, we shall take the liberty of discarding the penny-a-liner paraphrase, and speak of the Princess Mary and Viscount Hood. We do not, indeed, profess to give to our readers any fresh information on this interesting topic. Taking the *Times*' denial of a marriage as authentic, there still remains a thousand possible situations in which the affair may stand, and we shall not presume to speculate as to which of them is really true. But it is at least certain that the marriage has been desired and intended by the parties principally concerned, and though, as a general rule, it would be impertinent to discuss the nature of the impediments which prevent the course of true love from running smooth, there is in this instance not merely a reason but an obligation imposed on the public to enter into the delicate question. For the impediment is one made by the public, and maintained, it is said, for the public benefit. It is neither the prohibition of a cruel parent nor of a tyrannical brother. It is the operation of an Act of Parliament which Parliament might any day repeal, but which, while it remains in force, is only administered by the Head of the Royal House. The Queen, no doubt, is empowered by the Act to give her sanction to such a marriage as is proposed; but that sanction is plainly intended to be the exception and not the rule, and so the Act has been interpreted ever since it was passed. And as another method is, at the same time, provided for taking the sense of the nation on the subject, there is some reason in the Queen's refusal to exercise by herself a dispensing power which has never been exercised before. So the question, in one shape or other, still comes back to the public, and if the match of the Princess and the Peer is finally broken off, it will be because the public voice insists, or is supposed to insist, on that result. The public ought, therefore, to look at the matter thoroughly, and decide deliberately on what it thinks fit to be done.

The Royal Marriages Act, the 12 Geo. III. c. 11, upon which this question turns, is very broad and very simple. It enacts that no descendant of George II., male or female (other than the issue of princesses marrying into foreign families), shall be capable of contracting marriage without the previous consent of the Sovereign, signified under the Great Seal, and declared in council; and that every marriage without such consent shall be null and void, to all intents and purposes whatsoever. But there follows a proviso that in case any such descendant of George II., being above the age of twenty-five years, shall persist in his or her resolution to contract a marriage dissented from or disapproved of by the Sovereign, then he or she may, on giving notice of such intention to the Privy Council, contract such marriage on the expiring of twelve months after notice given, and the marriage in that case shall stand good, unless before the expiring of the twelve months both Houses of Parliament shall expressly declare their disapprobation of such intended marriage. It may be observed in passing that these rules may have some curious effects on the status in English law, of not a few foreign princes. The exception in favour of the legality of marriages without consent under the first clause, applies only to the issue of princesses married to foreigners, and it does not extend to princes who may reside abroad, even though they become sovereigns in their own right. It was decided in the Duke of Sussex's case, in 1844, that the fact of the marriage being abroad does not render it valid, if without consent. So all the descendants of male members of the House of Hanover will be, to the last generation, bastards in the eyes of the English law-makers; they are the issue of marriages to which the assent of the Crown of England has not been duly given under the Great Seal. So also Prince Alfred, when he comes to the ducal throne of Saxe-Coburg, must still take care that he has his marriage duly approved of in England, or his sons and daughters will certainly inherit nothing over which English courts have control. These instances are, however, not merely curious, they are instructive. They show the remarkable results to which family pride will lead when it blindly pursues its object. George III. did not contemplate the severance of Hanover from the British Crown, nor the establishment of principalities in the person of his great grandchildren. But if these are instances that would have been excepted, if foreseen, because of their importance, may it not be very fairly pleaded by the Princess Mary that her case is one that would have been excepted because of its unimportance? For it was not for his cousins that George III. so urgently desired to legislate. The occasion of the Act was the marriage of two of

his brothers to private ladies,—the Duke of Cumberland to Mrs. Horton and the Duke of Gloucester to the Dowager Lady Waldegrave. Mere family pride, indeed, was the avowed reason that moved the King. There is a letter to Lord North, in which he says, "I expect every nerve to be strained to carry this bill. It is not a question relating to administration, but personally to myself; therefore I have a right to expect a hearty support from every one in my service, and I shall remember defaulters." When the bill was in committee, he desired the minister to furnish him with a list of those who voted for its amendment, or stayed away, "which will be a rule for my conduct in the drawing-room to-morrow." But undoubtedly it was not the gratification of this personal feeling that was the reason assigned by the supporters of the measure in Parliament. Their argument was that it concerned the nation that no hasty or improper match should sully the stock whence its rulers might spring. And therefore, whether we take the Royal object, of preventing the introduction to Court in the position of near relatives of persons of too humble birth for that honour, or the public object, of preventing the degradation of the throne by the *mésalliance* of one who might come to it, the Princess might reasonably urge that her case is beyond the intention of the Act, and the purpose of its promoters. She stands but in the relationship of cousin to the Crown, and she has no human chance of being the mother of sovereigns. This she might plead even if her lover were of family less distinguished than that of the gallant admiral who won his peerage in the service of his country. But we will not suppose that she will acknowledge there would be question of any *mésalliance* in her case, and it is far from our intention to suggest that there is.

After all, indeed, the question is not historical, but personal and present. What George III. meant or wished, or what induced the Parliament of 1772 to pass the bill, does not in the least absolve us from considering it as if it were fresh and new. There is no prescription that runs in favour either of expediency or wrong, and we must account the Royal Marriages Act to be both right in itself and expedient at this day before we can be justified in either enforcing or maintaining it. So far, indeed, is it from coming down to us with any weight of authority in its favour, that we know a motion to limit it to the reign of George III. was lost only by a majority of 18, in a House debating with locked doors, and in which Charles Fox and all the party which was independent of the Court were in the minority. And in truth, though we may often be able to say that a particular proposed marriage is objectionable, and ought to be opposed by all legitimate means, it is a very different thing to say that a whole class of marriages of persons yet unborn should be made illegal. Have we any right to make such a law? Grant that the purity of the Royal ichor were ever so important to the community, has the community a right to impose such an ordinance for its preservation? Self-sacrifice on the altar of one's country's good may be very noble, but is vicarious sacrifice justifiable? If a Royal Prince should fix his affections on a subject it might be very grand that he should, for the presumed good of the people, turn away from the temptation to marry her; but it is an entirely different thing for the people to say to him that their advantage demands that he shall be prohibited. Perhaps, if we could create kings to pattern, this might be allowable, for then we should endow them with such lofty thoughts that they would esteem it well to be kept from aberration, and forced to contemplate only the beauties of German courts. But since, after all, they are merely men and women, with eyes and affections so human that sometimes English beauty seems lovelier than German, and the bringing up of a private home more attractive than that of the most ceremonious of courts; being, therefore, subject to love even an English girl, is it exactly moral and Christian for us to say to them that if they love it must only be *par amours*; that if they wed, it must be with one they love not; and that if they are faithful and true, they must be celibate? There seems to us strong doubt whether any such proposition could be maintained before the tribunal of morality. Nor can the answer be given that if these Royal persons would indulge their passion they may abdicate their station. The Royal Marriages Act gives them no such alternative. Once a descendant of George II. always a descendant of George II. In this country and abroad, in the court and the cottage, still the ban against virtuous love pursues them. Can any amount of national advantage justify the placing of human creatures in a position so terrible?

We may, however, well doubt whether the national advantage can be demonstrated. It is said to be important to prevent the undue elevation of subjects by an alliance with the Crown.

But there are already some subjects who count themselves in birth superior to the Crown, and some families to whom an alliance with the Crown would add no lustre. Yet, granting that it would bestow a distinction, what follows? Will the power of the Crown, which has been steadily diminishing ever since the Royal Marriages Act was passed, gain a dangerous accession by marriage with a member of a private house? Or, if it will not gain in that way, does any one seriously suppose that the private house would nowadays be so elevated by the honour as to dominate dangerously over its fellow-subjects? History tells us of no such cases, though it does tell us of many in which the invidious elevation cost its enjoyers their lands and their heads. The days in which either result would follow are long past. There is a new power to which Sovereign and Peerage confess they must bow—the power of public opinion, the sentiment of the educated mass of the nation. This power grows daily in strength, and no family arrangements can ever have influence to resist it. But if there is no danger of enhancing the authority of the Crown or the Peerage, is there reason to fear the degradation of either by permitting alliances between Sovereign and subject? Nobody surely who knows what true honour and greatness are can support such an idea. Would George III. himself have been degraded had he espoused Lady Sarah Lennox, the heroic mother of heroic sons, instead of Charlotte of Mecklenburg, of snuff-taking and etiquette-enforcing memory? Would the Queen have been degraded if the House of Lords had been able in 1844 to pronounce the marriage of the Duke of Sussex with Lady Augusta Murray to have been legal, and the D'Estes in consequence legitimate? Would her Majesty, who raised Lady Cecilia Underwood to the Peerage, and who now visits her as Duchess of Inverness, have been degraded had that lady been the lawful wife instead of the concubine, by force of an unjust law, of her Royal uncle? The Royal good sense, as well as the instinct of the nation, revolt against such legal immoralities. It may be well to place some retarding influence on precipitated alliances of the reigning House. It is right that provision should be made for careful consideration, and for avoiding sudden entanglements. But when Princes and Princesses love truly and worthily, though it be a subject, the public will only say—in God's name let them marry. And so, we think, the Princess Mary will find that Parliament will say, if she "shall persist in her resolution to contract a marriage" with the nobleman who is said to be her choice.

THE VERMONT RAIDERS.

It is impossible to deny that a lamentable miscarriage of justice has taken place in the discharge of the Vermont raiders by the judge at Montreal. Whatever view we may take of his decision in point of strict law, it is clear that it was founded upon highly technical considerations; and it is equally clear that nothing more unfortunate than that the full, substantial, and even liberal fulfilment of an international obligation should be defeated by defects in the municipal law of one of the parties to the contract. Even when the relations between them are not in the strained and precarious condition of those which now exist between England and the United States, such an event is calculated to give rise to suspicions and imputations of bad faith. Nor can we wonder that the people of the Northern States—smarting under the injuries recently inflicted upon them by the daring band under the command of Lieut. Young—should indulge in language more or less offensive and insulting to this country. We are willing to make very full allowance for such language on the part of the press or of non-official persons, for we are sensible that under similar provocation there would be much intemperate and insulting talk on this side of the Atlantic; that a good deal would be said, and a great many measures recommended, for which we should afterwards be ready to admit that there was no justification. The case is, however, very different when a person like General Dix, placed in authority, and having the power to carry his orders into execution, declines to await the result of remonstrance or complaint to the offending Government, takes the law into his own hands, and directs the adoption of measures which outrage the sovereignty of a neighbouring and friendly country, and amount to nothing short of war itself. Such conduct, even although subsequently disavowed by his Government, cannot be regarded with indifference. It inspires permanent apprehension for the preservation of peace with a nation whose officers permit themselves such license. The measures which one General Dix ordered, another General Dix may actually

take; nor can we feel sure that, if he did, the Government at Washington would be strong enough—even if they were willing—to grant us the reparation required by our honour. There must always be a danger of war between two nations, when it becomes the practice of either to court popularity and seek advancement by insulting the other. Although General Dix has not been permitted to invade Canada, he has not been removed from his command, nor has he even been censured by the President. But, on the other hand, we are assured that he has sensibly increased his chance (whatever that may be) of succeeding to the Presidential chair at some future election.

We may not be able eventually to escape the danger which continually threatens us. It is not improbable that sooner or later we may be plunged into war with the Federal States. But a sense of this peril ought to make us all the more exact and prompt, in the fulfilment of our obligations. Whatever happens let us take care that right be on our side, and then we can appeal with confidence to the verdict of the world. We have no doubt that that is the feeling of all Englishmen, whether they sympathize with the Federals or the Confederates; and we are unwilling to believe that there are any persons in Canada who can so far forget what they owe to themselves or their country as to countenance persons like Lieutenant Young and his associates, to encourage their outrageous violations of the neutrality of a country which has given them refuge, or to rejoice at their escape from that punishment which they have so well deserved. That these men hold commissions from the Confederate Government cannot affect the substantial character of their acts so far as we are concerned, however it may complicate the question of their rendition to the Federal Government. It is certainly unfortunate that that question should have been withdrawn from the consideration of the Canadian Courts by the decision of Judge Coursol, that he had no right to detain the persons brought before him; but we do not think that he could well have arrived at any other conclusion. It seems that the execution of the Extradition Treaty of 1842 between England and the United States is partly dependent upon Imperial and partly upon Canadian legislation. In the first place, an Imperial Act (6 & 7 Vict. c. 77), was passed by the Parliament of Great Britain for the purpose of giving effect to the treaty, and it was therein provided that, previous to the arrest of any offender, a warrant should issue under the hand of a secretary of state in Great Britain, or of the person administering the government of Canada or any other British province. This section, therefore, expressly limited to the Secretary of State or the Governor of Canada the power to issue warrants for the apprehension of offenders against the law of the United States. But then by the fifth section it was provided, that if by any law or ordinance thereafter made by the local legislature of any British colony or possession abroad provision should be made for carrying into complete effect within such colony the objects of the said Act by the substitution of some enactment in lieu thereof, then her Majesty might, with the advice of her Privy Council, suspend within any such colony the operations of the said Act of the Imperial Parliament so long as such substituted enactment continued in force and no longer. In 1849 the Legislature of Canada passed such an Act (12 Vict. c. 19) as is contemplated in this section; that Act received the Royal assent; and on the 28th March, 1850, her Majesty in Council, by proclamation, suspended the operation of the Imperial Act, so long as the Canadian Act (12 Vict. c. 19) should be in force and no longer. Ten years afterwards, however, the latter Act was repealed; and it is quite clear that the Imperial Act then once more came into force, and that no one but the Secretary of State or Governor-General of Canada could issue a warrant for the arrest of any offender. It is true that the Canadian Legislature passed another Act, embodying substantially the same provisions as that which was repealed; but standing alone it could have no effect. The Imperial Act having once more come into force, could not be got rid of until it was again formally suspended by her Majesty in Council; but, on the contrary, the Canadian Act being repugnant to it, would be in so far invalid and void. Some subsequent changes, to which it is not necessary to advert, took place in the Canadian law, and in 1861 the Legislature passed an Act (24 Vict. c. 6), according to which these warrants were to be issued not by the Secretary of State or the Governor-General, but by a judge. That Act received the assent of the Queen in Council on the 11th October, 1861, and it was no doubt intended that it should henceforth regulate the proceedings under the Extradition Treaty. But it was forgotten by the then Secretary of State and his legal advisers that the Imperial Act was at that time in

force, and that, so long as such was the case, no mere Canadian Act (even although it received the Royal assent) could ever supersede it. The Imperial Act was not suspended, as it ought to have been, by a distinct order of the Queen in Council; and under these circumstances Justice Coursol could not, without flying in the face of all legal principles, hold that Lieut. Young and his companions were legally arrested on a warrant granted by a judge, and not by the Governor-General. Nor do we think that, having once arrived at this conclusion, he was wrong in ordering the immediate release of the prisoners. It is quite certain that he would have taken such a course if the case submitted to him had been one of an ordinary character; and, for our own part, we cannot think that a judge ought to have one rule for ordinary and another for extraordinary cases. To have reserved his judgment for the mere purpose of enabling the Governor-General to issue a new warrant, or to have postponed the hearing on some other charges with a similar object would scarcely have been consistent with judicial impartiality. Without descending from his proper level a judge cannot permit his conduct to be influenced by a regard to consequences against which it is the duty of the executive to provide. But we cannot understand how it happened that no official representing the Government—no public prosecutor or chief of police—was willing to take upon himself, as the organ of the executive, the responsibility of detaining the raiders until a regular warrant could be procured. There seems to have been great timidity or laxity in this respect, nor can we deny that this gives the Federals some ground for complaint against us. At the same time, no great harm will have been done if the Canadian police succeed in recapturing the fugitives. It is reported that they have already arrested Lieut. Young and two or three others.

But the most which the Cabinet of Washington can with any show of fairness charge against the Canadian Government, is a certain amount of carelessness and blundering. In his presidential message Mr. Lincoln frankly admitted that Lord Monck and his ministers were sincerely desirous to prevent our territory becoming the basis of hostile operations against the United States. They have no doubt failed to effect this object completely, or we should not now be discussing the escape of Lieut. Young. But they are certainly entitled to considerable allowance on account of the novelty and the apparent improbability of such an enterprise as that which he conducted. Now that they know such things are not only seriously contemplated but are actually done, they will be justly liable to the severest censure if they do not prevent marauding bands from leaving our territory to pillage and burn in the Federal States. They appear, however, fully alive to their responsibility, quite ready to accept it, and very energetic in fulfilling the duty which it imposes. A large force of volunteer militia has already been called out, and will be employed in maintaining order on the frontier. It is even more satisfactory to observe that this action on the part of the Government is energetically supported by the people, and that no sympathy for the Confederate cause is allowed for one instant to interfere with the discharge of a solemn international obligation. When we consider how bitterly the violent and insulting language of the New York press must have been felt in Canada, and how great is the temptation under which the Canadians lie to a lax performance of duty in respect of those who are constantly proclaiming an intention to annex them—we cannot help feeling considerable pride in their present attitude. It contrasts very favourably with the conduct not only of the Federal people but of the Federal Government. As to the former, we do not care to say anything more at present; but we cannot help condemning the petulant and offensive course pursued by the latter. Because a few parties of Confederates have escaped the watchfulness of the Canadian Government, they have determined—without waiting to see the effect of increased vigilance—to terminate the Reciprocity Treaty, which has for some years regulated the commercial intercourse between the two countries, and has with so much advantage secured the virtual neutrality of the great lakes. Federal cruisers, under the name of revenue cutters, are already being equipped for service on those waters. When the Treaty expires, these vessels will be followed by a regular fleet. Of course, that will have to be met by a British fleet. The expenditure of the two countries will be increased, and the risk of collision between them greatly augmented. We do not venture to hope that Mr. Lincoln may still change his resolution, but it is something to know that the Canadian Government and people are rapidly depriving him of any shadow of justification for a course so unfriendly and mischievous as that which he contemplates.

NAVAL GUNNERY.

WHEN the Nile and Trafalgar, and the hundred and one smaller but equally hard-won actions of the great French war were fought, naval gunnery in all European fleets was in a very crude state. Yard-arm and yard-arm actions were rendered almost a necessity, from the absence of sights to the guns and training in the gunners. When the American war was waged, the young republic brought skill and weight of metal to bear on our overweening self-reliance, and in the many frigate actions in which equal pluck and blood tried for the mastery, fortune favoured the heaviest guns and the best gunners. It is astonishing what little damage was inflicted on the enemy when, after a long action, the British ships, shattered into wrecks, struck their colours. Broad-sides by the dozen were fired in quick succession without a shot striking the hull, whilst American shot were tumbling over carronades, smashing gun-carriages, riddling the hull, and spilling British blood in gallons. When Sir Philip Broke turned the tide of war, it was by a long and careful previous training of the *Shannon's* crew, and by the introduction of almost every gunnery appliance, except shell, known in the present day. Though the *Chesapeake* was captured in fifteen minutes' fighting, of which but five minutes were occupied with great gun practice, her side was perforated by almost every shot which left the *Shannon's* guns. The regularity of the perforations is said to have struck a captain who saw the prize in Halifax harbour, as a singular evidence of the value of the increased attention to the gunnery art; and when in after years he became a Lord of the Admiralty and Sir S. J. Pechell, he became the foster-parent of that school of naval gunnery in the *Excellent*, at Portsmouth, which we owe to the untiring and far-seeing wisdom of an eminent soldier, the late General Sir Howard Douglas. But for the time the lesson was lost on the navy. Peace and its disarmament came. Retrenchment was the order of the day. And in the ships preserved in commission, gunnery, as part of the requirements of a man-of-war, was almost entirely lost sight of. When Navarino was fought in a smooth still harbour, our ships lay only about 200 yards from the enemy, and the style of gunnery practised by our seamen may be gathered from the fact that one line-of-battle ship fired 27 tons of shot at a single opponent, which, though considerably damaged, still floated at the termination of the action.

It was not till 1830 that Sir Howard Douglas succeeded in getting his prospectus for a training ship carried into execution. Under the teachings of the *Excellent*, in the last thirty-four and a half years a new race of both officers and men has grown up, until every well-ordered ship of war is in practice a gunnery instruction ship, and seamen who themselves have never seen the head establishments (there has been one also at Devonport since 1856) are made thorough practical gunners under the instruction of the officers and men who have graduated in the *Excellent* and *Cambridge*.

But in the choice of the weapons and appliances of war these officers have hitherto had no voice. Land artillery without Sir Howard Douglas's special acquaintance with naval gunnery continue to appoint and select every detail of the gunnery equipment of our ships of war. In the fittings of the old smooth-bore ordnance no change had been made for generations. The favourite gun-carriages are not only of the same form as those used when Anne was Queen, but the identical ones made in the last century are still to be found on board some of our ships of war. After ten years spent in experimenting on rifled ordnance, it has at last dawned on the authorities that naval guns form an important item of consideration, the specialities of which have been lost sight of. Meanwhile, each year saw the introduction of some new calibre of rifled gun into the navy, and each gun brought with it a series of different projectiles, and each projectile a host of fittings peculiar to itself in the form of wads, fuzes, bursting charges, and their gear. Then came "new patterns" of each, to be used side by side with the "old pattern," and when 1864 closed, naval guns, projectiles, and their appliances, had arrived at a pretty state of confusion. Still we had no fuzee to carry further than 2,400 yards from our long-range guns, and naval men waxed bolder and bolder in their denunciation of elongated projectiles as the ordinary deciders of naval battles. The Armstrong and Whitworth Committee had nearly completed their competitive trials, but a growing outside opinion declared that neither the one nor the other was the gun of the future. Indeed, it is now pretty clear that, whilst the system of grooving is of very little consequence, the great desideratum is a large bore and swift initial velocity, with a round shot as a rule, and provision for fixing elongated projectiles on the

exceptional occasions when range is required, and the distance is known.

This was the state of things at the close of 1864; and the present naval administration had been fruitlessly waiting for five years for heavy guns from the War Department, meanwhile receiving almost daily representations from the different squadrons that the scene of confusion arising in action or at general quarters, from the mixture of calibres, projectiles, and fuzes, on the battery of a broadside ship, was indescribable, and crying out for simplicity as the first requisite, and round shot as the next. 1865 is, however, ushered in by a step in the right direction. One of the first officers in the navy has been selected to preside over naval ordnance, and the Admiralty are about to take charge themselves of all that relates to naval gunnery. Departments are no longer to cast blame on one another in this respect, and the responsibility will be cast on the right shoulders. In all that relates to weapons of war, radical changes are in progress, revolutionary ideas prevail, and nobody at present sees the beginning of the end. The gun of the future has not yet appeared. Science in a hundred forms is exerting a growing influence on the instruments of destruction. Each new discovery in the manufacture of iron or steel—and both are making vast strides—renders more possible the practical fulfilment of the theoretical laws of projection. We want a clear exposition of the leading principles of practical naval gunnery requirements; and we need a clear head to separate essentials from non-essentials, and to seize on the useful parts of the hundred and one inventions of a warlike character which are brought forward every month. Conservatism does not apply to this subject, and the chief of this department, whilst discarding the impractical, must be ready to avail himself of even the most radical changes, if calculated to have an important bearing on the *ultima ratio regum*.

We believe that "the right man is in the right place." The new Director of Naval Ordnance unites, with a clear and sobered judgment, great experience, and a very elaborate scientific education. A rare combination of qualities,—which, uniting with a great love of work, an unfailing courtesy, and a favourable knowledge of the military authorities, with whom he was associated in the Defence Commission,—point him out as one from whom great things are expected. We still want, however, set definitions of naval gunnery requirements. In the absence of such information, inventors are at a loss to know what is required and in what direction to exercise their ingenuity. It is not fair to expect the great ironmasters of Manchester or Newcastle to divine the wants of the sea service, with no authoritative expression of naval opinion to guide them.

Neither Whitworth nor Armstrong are to blame, if, at the eleventh hour, it is discovered that the only benefits they have conferred on the naval arm of the public service is a knowledge of the theory of projectiles, and systems of ordnance-manufacture second to none in the world. All honour to both, for the days and nights, and months and years, of unwearied labour and self-denying thought they have given to this momentous subject. Their toil has not been thrown away if they have shown us how to manufacture a strong gun, which we can bore out to suit the most approved calibre and system of rifling, and which will burn the heaviest charges of powder. But it is due to these gentlemen, and to the many other able men who have given their time and talents to the country in attempts to solve this problem, that an authoritative enunciation of general principles should be decided upon, which will guide them and all future inventors as to the conditions which their inventions are expected to fulfil, or rather as to the maximum qualities of perfection which they are desired to aim at. Surely the thirty-four years' teachings of the naval school of gunnery have produced men fully competent to decide what sort of gun the navy wants? Let a council of the best naval gunners, presided over by the new director of naval ordnance, define these qualities which, if we could arrive at them, would lead us to perfection. This would be a fitting inauguration of the new department of naval ordnance, from which, in naval circles, so much is expected. We don't envy the new director the task that lies before him; but we believe it would be difficult for the Admiralty to have placed it in abler hands.

STARVED TO DEATH IN 1864.

WHILE our contemporaries, in their reviews of the past year, are exchanging congratulations upon the tranquil yet abundant prosperity of 1864, the soundness of trade, the vast increase in our exports, and the various signs of material progress, we shall

perhaps touch an unwelcome and dissonant chord if we direct attention to the dismal record of "Deaths by Starvation." Among so many topics of national self-satisfaction it is though a painful yet a wholesome duty to acknowledge our individual shortcomings, and to ask whether the rich and well-to-do in the metropolis have not almost personal cause for sorrow and self-reproach in the systematic occurrence of so many cases of starvation? The theory of the Poor Law is that no Englishman need die of hunger. We have, moreover, a hundred charitable societies, each with a more or less elaborate organization, designed to supply the notorious shortcomings of the Poor Law. Yet with a vast and costly system of Poor Law relief, with boards of guardians, relieving officers, officers of charities, and asylums for misfortune, the metropolis is still afflicted with the "mighty scandal of unhoused poverty," and poor wretches are every week starving in our streets or dying of hunger in their garrets.

The record of "deaths from starvation" forms a terrible bill of indictment against modern civilization. Let any humane Christian man peruse it, and say whether it is not a scandal and reproach upon our common Christianity that human beings should be left thus neglected and helpless, without food, warmth, comfort, or succour. If we forbear to dilate on the ghastly sufferings and unspeakable misery which the several cases disclose, it is because the simple record is more eloquent than the most indignant commentary. The list might, doubtless, be swollen yet more. Many poor creatures die of starvation upon whom no inquest is held. Last February, for example, it appeared from the Registrar-General's report that five individuals perished of starvation in London alone in one week. Our catalogue shall, however, be limited to cases of starvation published in the leading journal, and upon which inquests have been held. It is only an act of justice to our daily contemporaries to state that the most miserable and forlorn outcast cannot die of exhaustion, exposure, and neglect, without inquiry or comment, even when their columns are engrossed by matters of the weightiest import. Last winter subscriptions to a very large amount were obtained by various charitable associations in consequence of the appeals to which they opened their columns.

Now to our dismal record!

January 19, 1864.—Inquest on Mary Barrett, aged 74. Died in the street. She had applied to the workhouse, and set out to go to the Whitechapel Union, but was suddenly taken ill, and died while sitting on a doorstep. A juror said the case was one of starvation, and the coroner said it was painful to think that the deceased had been forced to beg in order to support existence at such an advanced age. Verdict—"Died of disease, accelerated by exposure to the cold, and destitution."

January 22.—Case of William Allen, aged 65. Had no place of abode, and slept at night wherever he could. Dying from bronchitis, he applied to the relieving officer of St. Luke's for a medical order and relief, saying that he was destitute and ill, and had no friends. While inquiries were being made he had to walk about the streets. He was ultimately taken into the workhouse at night, but died the following morning. The jury said it was disgraceful to keep the deceased walking about the streets, instead of admitting him at once. Verdict—"Death from bronchitis and disease of the heart."

January 22.—Hugh Irving, aged 40. Said he had applied for relief at the workhouse (St. George's, Southwark), but that the officials would give him none. Verdict—"Death from want, accelerated by previous illness."

February 16.—Lydia Taylor, aged 39, of St. Luke's, a widow, got her living by stitching button-holes in gentlemen's collars at 2½d. a dozen. Had no bed to lie upon, not even a few shavings; sometimes lay on the boards, and at other times sat up all night. Did not apply to the parish; was afraid they would make her go into the workhouse. Often without fire, and her dress was scanty and threadbare. Verdict—"Death from pleuro-pneumonia, the result of exposure to cold, and destitution."

February 26.—Naomi Norman, aged 63, single woman. Had not been able to work for many years, but had a sister who gave her a shilling a week—as much as she could spare. The parish, Shoreditch, only allowed her 1s. a week, and a loaf. Had no clothes but two petticoats and an old gown, and no blankets or sheets to keep the cold from her at night. Evidently died of cold and want. The coroner stated that the "protracted sufferings and miserable death of the deceased were deplorable." The doctor said, "the immediate cause of death was rupture of the heart. Privations, want of nourishment, proper clothing, and of warmth, would undoubtedly have

accelerated the rupture of the heart; there was no trace of fat in the interior of the body." Verdict accordingly.

Let us now supplement this black register of last February by the following cases which appear in the Registrar-General's report for the week ending February 20:—

1. The son of a schoolmaster, aged 12 years, died at West Hackney from effusion on the chest, from want of proper food.

2. The daughter of a sawyer, of New-square, Limehouse, died from effusion of serum into the pericardium, from want of food and clothing, and exposure.

3. The daughter of a weaver, of Bethnal-green, died of emaciation from want of proper nourishment.

4. The infant son of a labourer at Mile-end, from cold and exposure.

Add the cases of Lydia Taylor and Naomi Norman, and it is found that six persons died within a few days in the metropolis for want of proper nourishment!

March 4.—Inquest on George Golding, aged 32. Was found by a policeman seated on a doorstep in Hoxton; seemed to be dying, said he was destitute and ill, and had slept about the streets for several nights. He was miserably clad, and so emaciated that he looked like a man of 60. Was carried to the workhouse to die there. It was found that "the whole system—head, brains, spinal cord, chest, and lungs—was in that state that he could not have worked and had wanted nursing." Exposure and want of food had predisposed him to disease and accelerated death. Verdict accordingly.

March 10.—Sarah Dove, aged 46, of Bethnal-green; husband casual employment in the docks. Had asthma for years, could not work herself, and wanted proper food, as well as bed and body clothing. The parish surgeon said she must go into the parish infirmary, but the authorities would not take her into the workhouse without her husband and children. The husband preferred to work and keep the children out of the workhouse, and the poor woman was sacrificed to the harsh rules of the union. Verdict accordingly.

March 11.—Charlotte Hampton, aged 50; a dressmaker, but could get no work. Moans were heard in her room, and she was found in a dying state. The relieving officer gave an order for her admission to the workhouse, but seven hours elapsed before she was sent for by the workhouse people, and she was then unable to speak. The doctor said the deceased had not a particle of fat in her body; that she was shockingly emaciated; and that, if she had had food, she would not have died. Verdict accordingly.

March 12.—Anne Palmer, aged 26. Found insensible, and lying on the flags in Union-street, Spitalfields—miserably clad, and quite wet from the rain. "Hardly a trace of fat in the system." Verdict—"Died of dropsy and effusion of serum into the pericardium, caused by privation and exposure."

March 25.—John Myers, of Shadwell, aged 42, a dock labourer, and man of sober habits, but unable to work. His landlord, just before the severe cold and snow set in, had the window of his room taken out and the door removed, in order to compel the deceased to remove. Found rolling about the floor in agony on Sunday afternoon, having tasted no food since Friday. Being Sunday no parish medical order could be obtained, and on Monday morning he was found dead on the floor. He was scarcely covered by a small piece of sheet, the only article of clothing he had on. Verdict—"Death caused by inflammation of the lungs, accelerated by exposure, want of clothing, and necessaries."

To this lamentable catalogue for March the Registrar General adds the following:—

1. A girl, aged one year and nine months, died on the 25th, at 8, Leg-court, Westminster, from mesenteric disease, accelerated by want of proper food and care (inquest).

2. The wife of an in-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital died in Charing-cross Hospital, of collapse, apparently from want (no inquest).

April 5.—Inquest on James Braddock, aged 52, found dying in the streets from hunger and sickness. No trace of food found in the stomach. Verdict—"Death from typhus fever, accelerated by destitution."

After the "cold wave of the atmosphere" has passed away from the metropolis the deaths from starvation happily diminish. Our next inquest is on—

May 2.—Elizabeth Bendall, of Bethnal-green, aged 73. Found dead in bed. No food in the stomach, no trace of fat in the system, and the blood was like water. She refused to enter the workhouse, and used to receive about half a quartern loaf of bread a week. Verdict—"Death from bronchitis, accelerated by want of nourishment, clothing, and warmth."

May 5.—Mary Taylor, aged 30, of Deptford. Found destitute in the street by the police, and died a few hours after-

wards. The union surgeon said that death had resulted entirely from destitution and starvation. Verdict accordingly.

May 10.—Mary Ann Poole, Bethnal Green, aged 23. Was seen by a neighbour passing his house, and too faint to go any farther. This woman brought her out a chair into the street, and got her some water. She was completely destitute and miserably clad. Had not slept in a bed for three weeks, but had passed the nights sleeping in courts and under archways. She was carried to the workhouse, for she was spitting blood, and unable to walk to it, though it was only 300 yards off. Verdict: "Died from enlargement of the heart and congestion of the lungs, accelerated by privation, exposure, and want of medical attendance."

In May an inquest was held, and afterwards a Poor Law inquiry took place, regarding the death of Mary Ann Anfield, wife of a quilt-winder, Bethnal-green. She was brought to the workhouse infirmary, was refused admission, and kept outside in the rain until she became so ill that her husband was obliged to take her back. She was afterwards admitted, complained that the food given her was so hard she could not eat it, and died shortly afterwards. Her death had clearly resulted from congestion of the lungs, caused by exposure and want of nourishing food and stimulants.

July 4, 11.—Inquest on Elizabeth Wright, aged 82, living in Bethnal-green. She had refused to go to the workhouse, and her death was clearly caused by the want of the common necessities of life. Verdict accordingly.

July 15.—George Henley, aged 63, Spitalfields; had been a cabinet-maker, but suffered from paralysis of the limbs. Only had proper food "now and then." Verdict—"Died from disease of the heart, accelerated by long privations and the want of sufficient food."

Sept. 5.—Lucretia Jeffreys, died from disease and destitution.

Sept. 15.—Jane Moss, aged 40, and Emma Moss, aged 38. Lived with their brother, who had been a solicitor's clerk, at Chelsea. Their dead bodies were found in a state of decomposition, and "resembling skeletons covered with green tissue-paper more than human bodies." No traces of food were found in either of their stomachs. Verdict—"Death from exhaustion from fever or the want of proper sustenance."

Nov. 7.—Elizabeth Asprey, aged 48, a poor shoebinder, of Houndsditch. When she could get anything to do she could not earn more than 1s. or 1s. 3d. a day in the busiest times. Body much emaciated. The surgeon said she had died from pleurisy, accelerated by the want of proper food. Verdict accordingly.

Nov. 8.—Eliza Collinson, an infant nine weeks old, daughter of a labourer at Bethnal-green. The father, mother, and six children had been in the workhouse with fever. When they came out, as they did not belong to Bethnal-green, they went to Shoreditch workhouse, but they were refused admission into the casual ward until twelve o'clock at night, and they were obliged to sit on the stones. The family of eight then took refuge in a wretched back underground cellar, about 6½ feet high, and 9 feet long, by 8 feet broad. A very small bundle of shavings in the corner served as a bed; there were no bed-clothes. The only furniture was a couple of backless and bottomless chairs. The mother, a miserable-looking woman who appeared to be dying, said at the inquest she could not suckle the deceased, for she had no milk, and the infant lived on half-pennyworths of arrowroot, bought "just as they could manage the money." The doctor described the emaciation of the body, and said it only weighed 6 lb. The cause of death was want of nourishment. Verdict accordingly.

Nov. 28.—Another heart-rending case! A man, name unknown, was discovered dead on a dung-heap, in the stone-yard at Shadwell—a piece of waste land completely unsheltered, where he had lain exposed to the pitiless storm of the previous night. He was found in the morning by a poor woman, who was picking up bones and rags. No one knew him, and he was never identified; but a police-constable who had seen him preparing to lie down on a dung-heap the night before made him "move on." It blew and rained hard all night, but when the deceased was found by the rag-gatherer, it was freezing and "miserably cold." He was dressed in an old tattered coat and trowsers, which were soaked with wet. He was shockingly emaciated, and the stomach and intestines were quite empty. The blood was thin and fluid, denoting long privation. Verdict—"That the deceased, being a man unknown, was found dead on a certain dung-heap, in the stone-yard, Shadwell, from the mortal effects of exposure and destitution."

Dec. 17.—D. W. Keefe, aged 25, of Bethnal-green, a fur-dresser, but consumptive, and unable to work. He and his

sister were in great distress, and suffered terrible privations, but never applied for parish relief. Cause of death "disease of heart and lungs, accelerated by destitution."

Dec. 28.—Mary Hale, aged 64, King's-road. She used to go out charring for a few pence when she could get it to do. The parish would not assist her unless she went into the workhouse. She was last seen on Wednesday; on Friday she was missed, and found dead on the floor. Her bed was formed of old rags and newspapers, and the doctor had to cut the rags off the body to examine it. Two old bones were found in the room, but there was nothing on them; and there was also a bit of very old and hard crust. The deceased was dreadfully emaciated. The stomach was empty, and the small intestines were empty and contracted, as in cases of death from starvation. Verdict—"Found dead from the mortal effects of cold and starvation."

December 28.—The case of Timothy Daly, aged 28, a railway navvy, who died from exhaustion, produced by preventable bed-sores, contracted in the infirmary of the Holborn Union, is not strictly a case of starvation; yet it may not inappropriately conclude the dreadful list, since it illustrates the callous neglect of workhouse officials, and helps to justify the insuperable dislike of the poor to enter the houses expressly built and established to render deaths from hunger impossible.

Public and private charity cannot too soon apply itself to a more systematic and comprehensive attempt to relieve the vast mass of misery which the Poor Law fails to alleviate. Otherwise the public feeling will be shocked, during the coming year, by a repetition of the hideous cases of starvation which form so dark a blot in the annals of the year 1864. And our readers will be pleased to bear in mind that the cases we have given indicate but faintly the number of deaths in the metropolis alone from hunger and nakedness. They are only the great and glaring cases; those which have baffled concealment, and forced their way into the public presence.

THE WRECK OF THE "RACEHORSE."

THE loss of one of her Majesty's ships is an event happily so rare, that when it occurs we feel more than the ordinary curiosity which a shipwreck excites, and are eager to learn by what mischance such a calamity has befallen us. Perhaps the main accompaniment of this curiosity is the anxiety to be assured that the reputation of her commander for seamanship and vigilance has "moulted no feather;" for to his countrymen his good name is almost as dear as to himself. If it comes not out clear after investigation, the result is a national as well as a personal loss. Do what our soldiers will, it is on her navy that England rests her highest hopes and her fondest pride. To the bravery of those gallant seamen who through many a bloody fight have carried her flag triumphant, and on the captains who have led them so worthily, she looks above all for the maintenance of her glory and her strength. It is not, then, to be wondered at if the brief and mournful story which has just reached us leaves an aching void, when we look in vain to discover that the ship which has foundered, and the ninety-nine souls who have perished off her deck, have met their fate by no fault on the part of their commander. But neither upon this point do the despatches received by the Admiralty throw any light, nor do they give us any insight whatever into the causes which led to the disaster. We read only that the ship struck on the evening of the 4th of November, and that, when the next day dawned, out of 108 men whom she carried, nine only survived.

The *Racehorse* left Shanghai on the 1st of November, under orders from the Commander-in-Chief to repair to Chefoo, a harbour at the southern entrance of the Gulf of Pe-cheli. At 8.30 p.m., on the evening of the 4th, about five leagues south-west of Chefoo Cape, and about two miles E.S.E. from White Rock, she struck, apparently, from what follows, not far from the shore, and certainly, as we read in the despatch of Lieut. Nicolas, of the *Insolent*, in comparatively smooth water. Nor does there seem to have been any anticipation at this moment of what was speedily to follow. Boats were lowered, and stream-anchor and cable placed in the cutter ready to lay out. But before that could be done heavy rollers set in, swamping both cutters and gig, and breaking entirely over the ship. In this peril the masts were cut away, and, in the hope of saving the lives of the crew, the ship steamed full speed on shore. In vain. The wind had now increased to a gale; and, as the rollers washed away the skylights and filled the ship, no resource was left but to send the ship's company aft, state in what position they stood, and encourage them with the assurance that if they only held on till daylight

there was every hope of all hands being saved. Alas! that hope was not to be realized. One by one, from the effects of cold and the force of the sea, the poor fellows dropped off, till nine only, including Commander Boxer, were left. This is nearly the sum of what we know of this melancholy event. And it may be observed that we learn it not from Commander Boxer, but from Lieut. Nicolas, of the *Insolent*, who writes by his desire.

It would be useless to speculate upon the causes of the wreck of this ship, from whose deck so many brave fellows have gone down into the sea to do their country service no more, indeed, but to add to its honour in their death. In that awful night there was no murmur of complaint, no sign of cowardice, no cry of distress. As long as they could move hands and feet, the crew went about their duty as calmly as if their ship had been quietly afloat in harbour. "The conduct of the officers and men," writes Lieutenant Nicolas, "during this frightful night was most cool and collected, obeying every order smartly and energetically." There is truly a touch of grandeur in this steadiness of men standing upon the verge of death, and beholding their messmates one by one swept away into the deep, whither they felt they must soon follow them, more admirable than the most splendid display of courage in the face of an enemy. For here there was no roar of cannon, no maddening sight of blood, no stimulus of combat, no prospect of glory to inspirit them. Death came to them in its loneliest and most dismal form: at night, in the midst of tempest, below, around, and above them, with the trembling wreck on which they stood for their only footing. Only men to the "manner" of heroism born could in such an hour preserve the self-possession, the discipline, the devotion to duty, and the unwavering courage which marked the last moments of these noble-hearted sailors. Honour to their memory! If England needed proof that the heroic spirit is still fresh and lusty in the hearts of her children, she could ask none more convincing, none, alas! more sorrowful, than the fortitude with which the crew of the *Racehorse* went down into that grave which has covered so many of her best and bravest sons.

THE ACCIDENT AT DUNDEE.

AN accident occurred at Dundee on the second day of the new year, arising out of an arrangement so excessively stupid, that, sad and fatal as the result has been, it is really and truly nothing more than might have been expected. It may be said that a crowd of people never assemble in a place of public amusement without peril to life or limb. A cry of "Fire!" or the fact of fire, is followed by a rush for escape, and hundreds of persons are in a moment impelled towards one, or two, or three points, panic stricken, and regardless of everything else but the *saute qui peut*. Woe to the unfortunate who loses his footing. There is no pause in the onward rush, though the man, or woman, or child who has fallen is trampled to death. We have seen this again and again. And when a theatre or other place of amusement has been built of late years it has been trumpeted as one of the main advantages of the building that it could be emptied in a few minutes by the increased modes of egress. At the best, however, there will always be an "ugly rush" for escape when an audience is seized with panic, whether they have gone to see Mr. Fechter act or to hear Mr. Spurgeon preach. But though a greater or less amount of peril will always attend the exit of an audience in such cases, there need not be anything like the same danger when the rush is from the outside, and the contention, not for life, but for a good place. And yet our arrangements are so defective that no one who loves his ease will risk the squeeze and crush of getting into the pit of a theatre on an attractive night. Women run the risk at the peril of broken ribs, children at the peril of being suffocated. For there is no disguising the fact that even the comparatively respectable people who compose the pit of an English audience lay aside all courtesy, even to women, in the struggle for a front row.

But bad as our general arrangements are in this respect, they are perfection compared to those of the popular place of entertainment in Dundee, which has just been the scene of one of the most frightful accidents we have ever read of. It lies immediately under the Presbyterian Church in Bell-street, and the entrance is by a single door, which has to be reached by the descent of a flight of fifteen steps, between the lowest of which and the door lies a space of six feet. At the top of the stairs is an iron gate, opening in two halves inwards, and against this gate on the night of the accident a crowd, eager for admission, was pressing, an hour and a quarter before the time for the performance, which completely blocked up the street, and was

more than sufficient to fill the hall twice over. Such was the position of affairs when the wife of the proprietor, without waiting for the arrival of the police, whose business it was to guard this very dangerous pass, resolved to admit the crowd, and called to her aid the hall-keeper and some persons in her employment to assist her in keeping order. The practice, it appears, was to open only one-half of the gate partially, so that but one or two persons could gain admission at a time. But when some forty or fifty people had been admitted in this way, the excitement of the crowd became so great that, first the partly opened half of the gate, and then the other half, was forced open, and the mass of people in front rushed headlong down the flight of steps. Here was just the danger which any man with an eye in his head might have foreseen all along. The young and weak, nay, even the strongest men, were thrown down and trampled under foot by those who followed them, and these in their turn shared the same fate, till bodies were piled on one another several feet high, "lying," says a witness, "some heads up, and some feet up—some one way and some another . . . in one mass just like a heap of straw." The rest, on the upper part of the stairs, "were hanging over with their whole weight on the top of them;" yet, with this terrible sight before their eyes, it was some time before they made any attempt to hold back. At the back of the crowd, though the groans and shrieks in front were appalling, the people pressed on, thinking that the appeals which were made to them were only a ruse to cheat them out of their chance of witnessing the performance; and it was not until a strong detachment of police arrived in the street that there was any possibility of ministering to those who lay struggling, writhing, and dying in front of the door.

"When the people began to clear away from the top of the stairs," says the witness we have already cited, "those who were on their feet could see what to do, and we set to work as soon as we could. We began to drag out those who appeared to be injured. The scene was indescribable. One or two I got hold of by the head, and had to drag them out by main force; and others I got hold of by the legs, or any part of the body which was nearest. Such persons as I got out I carried to the top of the stairs, and left in charge of one or two there till I got others. All were insensible. Not one could speak." Many, indeed, were already dead from suffocation; others just showed signs of life, and died on their way to the hospital. Some touching episodes are narrated. A boy had been in vain petitioning his mother all day for leave to go to the entertainment. At the last moment she consented, on condition that his father should go with him to take care of him. When the bruit of the disaster reached her, she rushed to the hall and found first her son lying dead, and a little way off her husband. Dreadful as was the calamity itself, the coming of mothers and wives and husbands to identify the dead bodies of their relatives was more heartrending still. And side by side with these affecting scenes was the detestable selfishness of the crowd at the top of the stairs, who would not be persuaded to hold back, and of the people who had already gained admission to the hall, who, in the midst of wail, and mourning, and death, thought of nothing but demanding the repayment of their money.

Nineteen dead bodies, male and female, were the result of the evening's entertainment. It would be idle to say that this was an inevitable accident. It was so clearly the natural issue of a scandalously defective mode of entrance to the hall that it might easily have been foreseen. And we cannot help saying that the authorities who licensed such a place of entertainment, were guilty of the very grossest negligence.

THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

WE recommend to the *Saturday Review*, and those who unite with it in lauding the noble art of self-defence, a careful perusal of the reports of the contest which came off on Wednesday, at Copthorne, between a ruffian named Wormald and another ruffian named Marsden, in the presence of some two and three hundred other ruffians and patrons of ruffianism. The attempt to fight had been baffled on the previous day by the Buckinghamshire police. So the venue was changed, and on Wednesday the men found themselves face to face, at full liberty to do each other what damage they could, with stakes to the amount of £400 as the reward for the victor.

We are told by its admirers that the practice of prize-fighting helps to keep up and develop the national pluck. Those who take the other side of the argument think that it helps to develop the national substratum of brutality; and they object, moreover, that it is an outrage upon every sense

of decency, morality, and religion. No man who respects himself will give open countenance to the practice of duelling. But in this—its lowest, most brutal, and disgusting form—it finds abettors. Men of education, holding the rank of gentlemen, will stand by and take delight in seeing a brace of gladiators pound away at one another till they are covered with blood, their faces beaten into a misshapen mass, their eyes closed up, and their brains reeling with the blows they have inflicted on each other. As the contest draws towards its close, and the men are carried up to "the scratch," scarcely able to stand, the passions of the spectators wax fiercer. They have staked money on the result, and if their man is only to win for them by dealing a death-blow to his opponent, they will rather the latter should die than their money be lost. Nothing more infernal was ever witnessed in a civilized land than the closing rounds of the fight between Sayers and Heenan. When the English champion had blinded the "Benicia Boy," his backers cried to him to "go in and kill him." A carnival of devils could hardly have surpassed the hideousness of that disgraceful scene. Yet there are writers who think that good can come of such gala days of blackguardism: that the chivalry of the English character can be replenished and re-invigorated by contests which would be disgusting between bull-dogs.

These gentlemen must have revelled to their heart's content, if they were present, at the fight on Wednesday. We read in the reports that after Wormald and Marsden had shaken hands they retired to their respective corners and placed themselves in fighting attitude. With the first blow Wormald drew blood from his antagonist. With the next he proved beyond doubt his superiority; and after three rounds he retired almost without a touch, while even at that early period Marsden was severely punished. Ordinary notions of courage would have suggested that a fight in which the men were evidently so unequally matched should be stopped, even supposing that it had any justification in the beginning. But fifteen rounds more were fought, the incidents of which we find recorded in the *Morning Post* as follows:—

"In the fourth round Wormald caught up his adversary and threw him violently on the ropes. In the fifth and sixth rounds Marsden received several severe blows, but in the seventh he was more successful, for, catching Wormald in his gripe he whirled him round and threw him heavily on the ground. In the eighth round Wormald was again thrown, but not violently. The following rounds were fought with varied successes, severe blows being inflicted on either side, and each man being occasionally thrown. At the end of the twelfth round, Marsden exhibited signs of great distress, and it was for some time doubted whether the fight could be continued, but he rose and advanced wildly to renew the conflict. Marsden, though able to stand, had not strength to strike a blow, and while in that condition received a succession of violent blows upon his now shattered face. At length, completely exhausted, he fell to the ground in front of his opponent, and a cry was raised that he was 'done.' His seconds sponged him, but there were no signs of returning animation, and all this time Wormald's backers were calling upon the prostrate Marsden to come up to time. He was lifted and poised upon his legs for a moment, while his opponent felled him like an ox, no attempt being made by the unconscious Marsden to parry the blow. Four times more was he put up in the same way, four times more knocked down; and at length, with what was called the commencement of the 19th round, Marsden's friends appeared to become alive to the fact that their friend's life was in danger. They, therefore, threw up the sponge, and Joseph Wormald, of Whitechapel, hammerman, was declared the winner of the champion's belt, with the £400 attached to it."

Talk of the ring keeping up British courage! We have never read or heard, except in the annals of prize-fighting, anything more disgracefully cowardly and unmanly than this fight. Again and again was the unfortunate Marsden brought up to time and felled by his opponent, as a butcher would fell an ox. From the first, he had little hope. As round succeeded round his defeat became inevitable. But for eighteen rounds the brutal work went on, and in many of them Marsden was only put upon his legs to be struck down, an unresisting mass of bruised and bleeding flesh, by his comparatively unhurt antagonist. A few of his friends indeed, when at the thirteenth round he fell helplessly forward on his face, raised a cry for him to be taken away. But the "honour" of the ring requires that the combatants shall come up at the call of "time" until the second of the beaten party throws up the sponge. And so the hideous sport went on for five rounds more, till Marsden's life was almost extinct. How he looked when all was over an evening contemporary informs us:—

"As Marsden sat in a public-house near the station, after the fight, he was scarcely recognisable. He had received an awful blow on the right side of his neck that had produced a sort of wen of an enormous size that disfigured him very much; every feature was either swollen or distorted, though his flesh was as hard and elastic as training and care could prepare it. His excellent physical condition had been

quite a theme among the pugilists. His right arm, to complete the list of his sufferings, had been heavily battered against one of the stakes of the ring, and obviously gave him great pain. As Marsden, swollen, limping, and careful, crossed the railway to enter the train, he must have brought vividly home to some, at least, of the spectators, the mischievous character of such contests. There halted along, an object of silent commiseration, one of the boldest even in that crowd of reckless men, certainly nearly the handsomest, as he was indisputably the most erect figure of all before the fight began, now a wreck broken in body and spirit."

Now, if any rational purpose can be served by such exhibitions as this fight, we shall be glad to know it. They bring together the lowest scum of the community under the patronage of a few so-called gentlemen, with more money than brains, to develop into their worst activity the lowest instincts of our nature. It is bad enough when men, infuriated by anger, attack each other like bulldogs. But when they make their match in cold blood, go into training for the fight, shake hands before they begin it, and then assail each other with the ferocity of savages, we say that the contest is one in which there is not a single redeeming feature. From a Christian point of view, it is fiendish; from a moral and social point of view, infamous; from an heroic point of view, brutal and dastardly.

THE CHURCH.

THE IRISH CHURCH AGITATION MEETING.

THE terrific storm, which was foretold for last week with such a profuse display of Ultramontane signal-drums, has passed over the Church in Ireland with the breath of the gentlest zephyr. The Establishment still stands; and the Lion of St. Jarlath is the only true prophet who foretold that Irish agitation was dead, and that it was folly to attempt to revive it. Not only is the Church unshaken, but this great deliberative meeting of Popish bishops and coal-porters has riveted it more closely than ever to its already firm foundations. It is a good thing sometimes to prove a negative, though it may do no more for us than leave things as they are. A negative experiment in philosophy, we are told, is light-bearing, though it may not produce any positive fruit to add to our happiness. The light thus gained at least points out our way, and enables us to distinguish between the true and the false, the practicable and the impracticable. It is well to know that it is fruitless to attempt to discover the philosopher's stone or perpetual motion, and that the North-west passage, now that it is discovered, could not in the least shorten our way to China. It is also well for a like reason, that Paul Cullen, pseudo-Archbishop of Dublin, the Liberation Society, the Messrs. Bright and Goldwin Smith, and all others who denounce the Irish Church as an injustice, a scandal, and an anomaly, should know that the cry for its destruction does not come either from the Liberal Protestant party or the educated Roman Catholic laity in Ireland. A half-filled hall, the presence of only seven Roman Catholic bishops out of thirty-four, the absence of the priesthood, no tenant-farmers carrying up a "rint" to Dr. Cullen to aid his programme,—these features of the great meeting are an accurate and a reliable measure of the extent to which the Irish Church is really felt to be a grievance by Irishmen. The excessively small number of priests on the platform—a defection from patriotism noticed and most deeply lamented by one of the Ultramontane organs—is the most striking fact connected with the whole affair; a fact, however, which requires no explanation for those who are acquainted with the under-current of feeling which has for years been working among the Roman Catholic clergy. The truth is that Ultramontanism is too bitter a pill for even Irish priests to swallow, and that there is, among these clergy, a party, of which Dr. McHale of Tuam is the representative, which does not exactly relish the fetters with which Dr. Cullen has bound them, and will not follow him as their leader. This party is evidently giving the cold-shoulder to the Cullenite agitation; and, as they know more of Irish character and Irish feeling than his Grace does, it may be considered certain that they look on this novel agitation as an utterly hopeless and impracticable undertaking. Nothing can more clearly show that the Irish Church is not the monster grievance which the anti-State Church and Liberation societies, looking at it with green spectacles across the Channel, have for a long time imagined it to be.

Another curious feature of this display of impotence to excite an excitable people, is the utter prostration of the intellects and consciences of the few laymen present at the shrine of priestcraft. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Paul McSwiney, took the lead in this prelate-worship. Although, on entering office, he had taken an oath "disclaiming, disavowing, and solemnly abjuring any intention to subvert the Established Church as settled by law," and swearing that he "would never exercise any privilege to which he might become entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion or Protestant Government of the kingdom,"—yet this impartial mayor declared at the meeting that he would be "a slave, a coward, and the veriest poltroon," if he did respond to the influential requisition sent to him. In this chivalric chief magistrate's opinion, the bishops, not his own order, were the persons who could "direct them safely and surely in constitutional agitation." The august assembly of coal-porters were advised to "take the counsels of those who were authorized to instruct them, and

would instruct them safely." How authorized to instruct them, and in what things? The now ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin says, "in constitutional agitation;" but it is evident, from the programme of the meeting over which he presided, that not only religion, but everything connected with political, social, and private life, literature, science, and art—the whole of human existence and the whole of human knowledge—is comprehended. In every possible subject these Episcopal pastors can instruct "safely." The Pope's Encyclical could not claim a power more extensive than is here voluntarily surrendered into the hands of Dr. Cullen by the chief magistrate of the second city of the Empire. And it is with Irish Liberals of this stamp and like Mr. W. O'Neill Daunt, who, with the proverbial zeal of all proselytes to a new faith, out-Herods Herod in the virulence of his attack on the Established Church, that the bright particular star of Rochdale seeks an alliance. Wide as the poles asunder as are Mr. Bright and the Cullenite party in their notions of Liberalism and the methods of their faith in things human and divine, they have one point at which they touch—a common hatred of the Establishment. The lesson which we may learn from the take of this stray Englishman on the hook of Peter Paul McSwiney, when Irish Liberals would not bite, is that the fall of the Irish Church, whenever it takes place, will be but the capture by the enemy of the outworks of the Church in England, and that that Church itself is the real object of attack. So, at least, Mr. Bright himself informs us, when he says that "Free Land," "Free Church," are the watchwords with which Irishmen "should unite with the popular party in England and in Scotland for the advancement of Liberal measures." Not only is the Establishment in England and Ireland to be assailed, but Established Presbyterianism in Scotland is doomed, and must be delivered over to the Free Kirk, United Presbyterians, and Scotch Episcopalians. We now understand the nature and aim of this projected coalition between Irish Ultramontanism and English Radicalism, and can be prepared for the result. It is *à propos* just at this moment that the joint opinion of the Right Hon. Joseph Napier, the Attorney General, and D. A. J. Stephens, Esq., Q.C., has been given that a Church Defence Institution in Ireland would not be contrary to the provisions of the Irish Convention Act, and may, therefore, be lawfully established.

But the demand is, not for a partition of the "enormous revenues" of the Irish Church among the hungry Roman Catholic priests and Dissenting ministers that flock round the prey, but for the complete appropriation of its revenues to secular uses, and the introduction of an universal voluntarism. It is no mere Irish question. If the principle on which these agitators go be sound, the Church in England also must be given up, the Church in Scotland must be abandoned. On whatever grounds it is asserted that the Established Church is "evil and odious," "a national insult," and an "injustice" in one country, the same holds good as to the others. If the Irish Establishment be a national insult to Roman Catholics, the English Church is a national insult to Dissenters, and the Scotch Establishment to the several denominations of Scotland. That the disproportion in numbers of the population is greater in Ireland can make no difference in the fact of the insult; the real principle attacked is, in all three cases the same, that of a State Church. If there be ten or eight millions of Dissenters and Catholics in England, the State Church is as much an insult to these ten or eight millions as if they were sixteen millions, or four-fifths of the population. They would have as much right to complain of one-half of their countrymen being pampered by the pay of a State religion, while they were left to voluntarism, as Ireland has to lament that a fifth part is so pampered. Whatever difference there is between the two cases is in degree and not in principle. A State Church or voluntarism—that is the true question, and such are the issues which the Anti-State Church Society and the Irish Papal legate have raised.

Is, then, a State Church to be abandoned? If it is, are we to appropriate its revenues to secular uses and put voluntarism in its place; or is the spoil to be divided among all the denominations? If the revenues of the Church are to be divided, the text which the unhappy arbitrator to whose lot it may fall to assign the proportions may well select for his address to the hungry expectants, should be, "What are they among so many?" The loaves and fishes would not suffice for so great a multitude, and voluntarism or a miracle should come to their aid. The "enormous revenues" of the Church in Ireland give, at present, only £200 per annum, on an average, to each incumbent and £75 to each curate. What would the remuneration be for religious duties discharged, were this revenue divided among twice as many priests and dissenting ministers in addition? About the pay of an average Irish National schoolmaster! What a flood of literates would then inundate the Emerald Isle. Dr. Cullen knows this well, and also that his priests would lose, in the offerings of the faithful, by this bargain for poor State-pay; and, therefore, very disinterestedly he rejects the suggested division of ecclesiastical spoil.

There remains, then, voluntarism, or some cross-bred mixture of it and State-pay. This brings us to our first question—"Is a State Church to be abandoned?" We cannot see on what principle it should. A State Church means, simply, that the State, that is the laity, have determined to exercise a controlling influence over religion, as an instrument working powerfully for good politically and socially, in the kingdom. Religion cannot totally be separated as a spiritual thing from the temporal relations of life; and as these latter come within the province of statecraft, the State is interested in determining the form of the national religion. It is no more than the nation, through its proper channels of legislation, and

Government fixing on a creed and assigning revenues for its support. Were it to decline such interference and leave religion altogether to voluntarism, it would not only allow a valuable engine of power to pass from its hands, but create an *imperium in imperio* which would not fail, through the intermeddlings and usurpations of an arrogant hierarchy and priesthood, or the leadership of some knot of fanatical and sainted divines, to become perpetually a thorn in the side of the Government. This is what happened in the mediæval ages, through the usurpations of the Papacy, and is now actually the case in the free churches of America. The remedy for a danger so palpable is, in these islands, in the supremacy of the sovereign in Church and State, and in the control over the Church exercised by Parliament. The great blessing of the Church of England is, that its creeds and its discipline cannot be changed without the consent of the laity, and that priestly tyranny within its pale is impossible. That its ministrations are not, in fact, accepted for the time being by a large section of the people, does not make it the less the Church of such absentees from its shrines. It is theirs still, and they have a voice, through their representatives in Parliament, in all legislation by which its interests are affected. They possess these rights, though the State, in its tenderness, does not require from them any corresponding duties. And if at any time their representatives in Parliament be numerous enough, they can by legislation, instead of destroying it, so alter its form that they can resume membership in its communion. For the State, then, to confiscate the revenues of the Church of the present, would be to destroy the Church of the future, as well as break faith with that of the past. To divide its revenues among multifarious denominations would be to fritter away the temporal support of religion without producing proportionate good. The only true wisdom is, while lamenting the present divisions of opinion, to look forward in hope to the day when all Protestant denominations of Christians at least may coalesce in some common centre. For that day and generations yet unborn, and for the sake of that hope, the Established Church in England should be preserved, the Established Church in Scotland preserved; yes, and the Irish Establishment too, though it be "a national insult" to the Cullenite party—not to Irishmen generally, as the aggregate meeting has demonstratively proved.

TRACTARIAN DISSENT.

As Tractarianism exists, and we cannot prevent it, it is perhaps well that there should be a few instances of its full developments free, and unrestrained by bishops, Articles, or a Liturgy. Such samples would afford a visible proof of the extent to which that form of religious manifestation would be carried, were there a way as well as there is a will. No unpleasant questions could be then raised as to the propriety of a reredos, of crosses and crucifixes, of censers and candles, copes, albs, piscinas, &c. All such things are in their right places, fresh as the air of heaven, wherever a free High, or Tractarian, Church exists. We have called this condition of religion "Tractarian Dissent," and the expression is scarcely a misnomer. The thing itself scarcely exists yet, except in the case of Brother Ignatius, or of Mr. Marchmont, of the Elgin-road Chapel; but the late threatenings of a High Church schism in certain quarters shows that it is quite possible. As, in the Church of England, there is, at one extreme, a tendency downwards into the low regions of puritanism, at a certain point in which descent the bonds of "assent and consent" are changed into dissent; so, at the other extremity, the High Church sparks fly high upwards, beyond all attraction of the Church, until they are at last suspended in a kind of mid-heaven between England and Rome.

But Tractarian dissent is thus not only a possible thing, but, in the instances we have mentioned, it actually exists. Mr. Marchmont, of Notting-hill, who was fined one shilling the other day for having an unlicensed place of worship, is not a Churchman but a Congregationalist, who has traversed the Church of England right across from Puritanism, and planted himself in Tractarian regions of belief. In his chapel on the Elgin-road, much to the annoyance of the incumbent of the parish, he performs Divine service according to the ritual of the Church of England, but free from all Episcopal restraint, and with the fullest accompaniment of censers, candles, and crucifixes, &c.; so that those who desire to see a nearer approach to Popery than English churches allow, will there find it in perfection. Brother Ignatius of Norwich is now so well known that we are all accustomed to his monkish mummery, fantastic dresses, and ridiculous processions. His last performance, however, at Christmas surpasses all his other antecedents, and shows the folly of this unfettered semi-Romanism in its most disgusting features. The description of his altar and its ornaments on Christmas Day are alone sufficient to show the extreme to which this movement is tending. On the altar were two statuettes of angels; above them was a large crucifix, and on each side two massive candles, with tiers of smaller candles rising above them in succession. In another part of the chapel was a statue of the Virgin and child also surrounded with candles. Further on, a figure of St. Benedict. But the great attraction was a miniature stable with rack, manger, and straw in the minutest detail. In a cradle in the manger was a wax figure of the infant Christ, with a figure of the Virgin kneeling by in deep adoration. This little scenic representation of the birth of the Saviour was, throughout the service, the object of the most devout adoration by Brother Ignatius and his confraternity; and the whole service seemed to be conducted, in reference to it, as the grand idol of the occasion.

It is unnecessary to enter into further details of this ceremony; but we now clearly see what the goal is to which these practices are tending. Our best hope is, that Brother Ignatius may so work them out to their natural consequences, that Englishmen will become disgusted, and a wholesome reaction soon set in.

THE CHURCH INSTITUTION IN IRELAND.

It will be remembered by our readers that some time ago an opinion was given by a distinguished Queen's Counsel in Dublin to the effect that the introduction of the Church Defence Institution into Ireland, and the election of archdiaconal members to represent Irish Churchmen at its meetings, would be contrary to the provisions of the Irish Convention Act of 1792. At the time we stated our doubts about the correctness of this view of the case. Since that, however, a case has been submitted by the Committee of the Church Institution to the Attorney-General (Sir Roundell Palmer) and D. A. J. Stephens, Q.C.; and the opinion given by the eminent counsel is that the rules and proceedings of the Church Institution do not come within the provisions of that act. After referring to the ruling of Lord Chancellor Eldon, that the Convention Act had in contemplation the interfering of representative persons in matters of Church and State to alter the laws which relate to them, counsel state their opinion, "that the Church Institution is not an unlawful assembly within the Irish Convention Act; and that the elections or nominations of persons, called representatives of bodies of the clergy or clergy and laity in Ireland, to that assembly is not lawful, whether the persons so elected or the assembly of which they form part may or may not, from time to time, petition the Crown or Parliament for alterations in the law." They consider also that "a meeting in Ireland of the Central Council to carry out the objects of the Institution would not, in their opinion, be an unlawful assembly within the meaning of the Convention Act."

Mr. Napier takes a similar view of the question. He considers that "procuring alterations in matters of Church and State is an essential ingredient in the statutable offence," and that therefore a defensive association is not forbidden by the Convention Act, as we before pointed out.

DR. COLENZO AT CLAYBROOK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In the supplement to the LONDON REVIEW for Dec. 31, 1864, you state—"Subsequently his (Dr. Colenso's) ill-judged attempt to force himself in September into a Leicestershire pulpit, in defiance of the inhibition of the Bishop of the Diocese, gained for him no credit in the minds of sober men."

I beg leave to say this is an incorrect statement, for, so far from Dr. Colenso attempting to force himself into a Leicestershire pulpit, it was at my earnest request that he came to Claybrook to preach for my parish Sunday schools, and when I told him that the Bishop of the Diocese objected to his preaching he immediately replied that he certainly should not preach in my church. This being the case, I think in fairness you ought to correct your statement of "forced himself."

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

R. H. JOHNSON, now forty-six years Vicar of Claybrook.
Claybrook Vicarage, Lutterworth, Jan. 4, 1865.

[Our statement did not imply that Dr. Colenso attempted to preach without the invitation of the Vicar. But the facts stated at the time—viz., that after the Bishop of Peterborough had intimated his intentions, it was advertised that Dr. Colenso's sermon would certainly be delivered; that he evaded the serving of the inhibition upon him, and so compelled its being delivered to him when he was actually robed in church; and that he attended a meeting held afterwards to denounce the conduct of the Bishop of Peterborough—fully justified our assertion.—ED. L. R.]

MR. BUXTON ON THE CLERICAL SUBSCRIPTION COMMISSION.—At the meeting of the electors of Maidstone held on Tuesday, Mr. Buxton made the following remarks on the result of the Royal Commission on Subscription, of which he is a member:—"It would not be fitting for me to mention the conclusions at which that Commission has arrived, but as some account of our proceedings has appeared in the newspapers, I may, without indiscretion, observe that I was surprised and delighted by the anxiety evinced by all my colleagues on that Commission to treat scrupulous consciences with the utmost regard, and to give the amplest scope to thinking minds that would be compatible with their fidelity to the doctrines expressly affirmed by the Established Church; and I think that the recommendations of the Commission, carrying with them the authority of four archbishops, four bishops, and several other dignitaries of the Church, as well as several judges, peers, and statesmen, will be hailed on all sides with lively satisfaction, and, if adopted by Parliament, will do much towards preserving the intellectual vigour of the Established Church."

ANOTHER BROTHERHOOD.—The Tractarian party are rapidly driving their principles to a *reductio ad absurdum*; and all that seems wanted is a full swing to disgust the English people with their follies, and lead to a reaction. A new brotherhood, it seems, is about being established in Leeds under the title of the "Brotherhood of the Holy Redeemer;" and the originators of this society, the members of which are to be subject to strict rules, and required to attend prayers at the usual hours appointed in the Roman Catholic Church, are the clergy of the parish.

THE TORQUAY REREDOS.—The Bishop of Exeter has given way in the matter of this questionable piece of sculpture, and consented to its remaining in its present place on the condition of some alteration being made in its details. It is said that these changes have been effected without any alteration being made in the figures first sculptured. Does this mean that the *crucifix* is unchanged?

TAKING THE VEIL.—It is stated that the Duchess of Norfolk's recent visit to France was for the purpose of taking a farewell of the Lady Minna Fitzalan Howard, her Grace's second daughter, who, after passing through the customary course as a novitiate, has taken the black veil. "The beautiful and pious recluse," says a contemporary, "completed her twenty-first year last month."

THE ENCYCLICAL.—The *Weekly Register*, in an article on this document, says that the English papers publish a laborious mistranslation, in which the words of Christ's Vicar are so travestied as to make him appear to have launched an anathema against civil society, public law, popular institutions, and modern liberalism. In order to correct the false impression made by such dishonest misrepresentation, the *Register* publishes the Appendix to the Encyclical in full in the original Latin. Let the reader judge if the English press is so dishonest.

PROTESTANTISM, FROM THE ITALIAN STAND-POINT.—A Milan paper gives the following amusing but false account of the Protestantism of Great Britain and Ireland:—"Non-Catholicism is divided into three branches. 1. The Greek schismatics. . . . 2. The Anglicans, who derive all spiritual supremacy from the supreme depository of political power in London, and who, therefore, acknowledge the spiritual jurisdiction of bishops nominated by the Crown. In matters of religion in England the Queen commands, the ministers are but her organs; meetings are sometimes assembled to protest. For example, in 1858, the Queen defined that Baptism is not a sacrament necessary to salvation. The *Times* is the organ of Anglicanism. 3. The Protestant Church of Scotland, or Anglican Reformed. In the British Empire the Anglicans are in a minority compared with the Catholics and Dissenters. They have but 700,000 followers, scarcely one-tenth the number of the Catholics, yet they receive from the island 20,000,000*l.* yearly. The Anglican Church is divided into four ecclesiastical provinces, with thirty-two dioceses, 1,387 benefices, 2,450 parishes. The average income of every bishop amounts to 175,000 *l.* And the Catholics are obliged to pay tithes to the Anglican priests of the districts in which they live."

THE JEWS.—There are in the world about 7,000,000 Jews; about half that number were in Europe. Russia alone comprises 1,200,000. It is remarkable that in England, France, and Belgium, where the Jewish race is completely emancipated, the number is diminishing, while it is increasing elsewhere. At Frankfort-on-the-Maine there is one Jew to every sixteen Christians. In France there are 80,000 Jews, in England 42,000.

BISHOP COLENSO.—It is said that Bishop Colenso intends within the next few weeks to proceed to Natal and take possession of his diocese, notwithstanding the sentence of deprivation passed upon him by the metropolitan.

FATHER COLLINS OF SKIBBEREEN.—The Roman Catholic Bishop of Ross has threatened to excommunicate all those who took part in the burning of Mr. Collins, the priest, in effigy, at Skibbereen, unless they make ample reparation within a given time.

FINE ARTS.

THE LONDON THEATRES.—CHRISTMAS PIECES.

The pantomime of "Cinderella" at Covent Garden Theatre, written by one of the most experienced authors of the day, who conceals himself under the title of the "Brothers Grinn," is the most brilliant production ever put upon this stage. The subject is happily chosen, and as happily treated. Like the Drury Lane pantomime, it is full of amusement for old and young, and the opening allows the pretty, original story free play, without overlaying it with burlesque writing. Mr. W. H. Payne, as the Baron Pumpoline, and Mr. Frederick Payne as his footman, are provided with several scenes in which their inimitable pantomimic acting is seen to advantage. It would be difficult to find anything more truly humorous of its kind, than a combination of a fantastic hornpipe and an equally fantastic minuet, danced by Mr. Frederick Payne in the Baron's kitchen. The dresses of the ballet are exceptionally rich, in the style of Louis XIV., and the scenery by Mr. T. Grieve is a most tasteful mass of prismatic colour, tinfoil, living figures, and mechanical contrivances. As a contrast to all this gorgeous spectacle, we have one beautiful, calm, moonlight picture, representing the palace gardens of Prince Ugolino, in which all the stage business of Cinderella's fairy equipage is most poetically arranged. The procession of meats and drinks to the banquet is a very grotesque piece of pantomimic invention, and in the comic scenes a huge inflated elephant is played with by clown and pantaloone with singular effect. After the elephant, comes Donato—the great one-legged dancer, and after Donato comes an ingenious three-legged dance by the Paynes—an old pantomimic trick which has not been seen for many years. Much has been written about Donato's dancing, but the most we can say of it is that it enables him to conceal his physical defect. He is a small, good-looking young Spaniard, dressed in a gay crimson velvet dress, a good timist, a good player on the castanets, and a very clever twirler of a cloak, which he uses in what is called a mantle dance. In this dance he spins round with considerable rapidity in the centre of a spiral column formed by the cloak. The leg he

has lost is the right one; and the steps he is able to perform with the left leg are necessarily very limited, but he moves from place to place with great ease, and relies much upon that very graceful and incessant motion of the body which is one of the chief characteristics of Spanish dancing. His performance is very ingenious, and is not so painful to look at as we expected it would be. Of course we can have nothing to say in favour of such exhibitions at a first-class theatre. A place like the Alhambra—an acknowledged theatre of varieties—is the proper home for all such oddities.

The "pantomimic extravaganza" at the Princess's Theatre, called "The Magic Horse and the Ice Maiden Princess," was very hurriedly got up, and it is played merely as an introduction to the "Streets of London." The authors are Messrs. Best and Bellingham, who made their first appearance last year at Sadler's Wells with a clever burlesque of the "Bohemian Girl." The writing of the "Magic Horse" is rather slovenly, and there is not much humour in the action, but Mr. Vining has spared no expense in putting the piece on the stage, and Mr. F. Lloyds has given it some very brilliant and artistic scenery. Mr. Lloyds is one of the most tasteful students of the school of Beverley, and his last scene in this extravaganza (to say nothing of his clever panoramic pictures in the "Streets of London") is full of fancy, and elegant combinations of form and colour. The acting is of the average order, Mr. C. Seyton and Miss Jenny Willmore being prominent in all that stereotyped fun—that music-hall dancing and singing—which gratifies the multitude. Miss Marston represents the Ice Maiden with great grace, and acts burlesque like a lady.

Her Majesty's Theatre has never been famous for pantomime. Mr. E. T. Smith's venture a year or two back was not very successful, and Mr. Harrison's present venture—"The Lion and the Unicorn," can only be regarded in the light of an experiment. Mr. H. J. Byron has invented and written the opening, and has chosen a legend which is somewhat obscure and uninteresting. One or two of the scenes have the fault of being too realistic—too much like the harlequinade scenes, and Messrs. Danson's fairy scenery is hardly up to the Beverley standard. An effective variation of the "ghost illusion" is shown, under the riddle-maze title of "Eidos Aeides," and Miss Furtado and Miss Cotterell are prominent as a prince and princess of the old burlesque type in the opening.

A slight farce, written by Mr. Stirling Coyne, on the somewhat worn-out subject of the Davenport Brothers has been produced at the Adelphi, with Mr. Toole in the chief character. Such trifles of the hour are pleasant enough if they are served up hot, but not when they are brought on at midnight after an exhausting drama in nine acts. The cast is strengthened with the names of Miss Woolgar, Mr. Paul Bedford, Mr. Billington, and others, but they have very little to do except to assist in rough practical jokes, fit only for a comic scene in a pantomime.

Miss Bateman has returned to the Adelphi with the popular pastoral drama of "Leah," bringing with her Mr. Swinborne and Mr. Jordan, to play the characters formerly represented by Mr. Arthur Stirling and Mr. Billington. The two gentlemen just introduced to an Adelphi audience belong to what we may call the muscular school of actors—a school which includes Mr. Anderson, Mr. Ryder, and many others. Miss Bateman is so well "managed" on the American-French plan that it is probably unnecessary to give her any advice, but we may suggest that before her friends stamp her as the modern Siddons, it would be well for her to appear in more than one character. Mozenoth's "Deborah" or "Leah" is pre-eminently a play which acts itself, and no matter how or where it is performed, it always secures the sympathies of large and mixed audiences.

The Haymarket Christmas piece is a slight and delicate extravaganza by Mr. Byron, called "Princess Spring-time," and is founded on one of the Countess D'Aulnoy's sugary stories. This is only the second burlesque which Mr. Byron has written for this house, and he has striven very carefully and successfully to suit his market. He has given the actors a sparing allowance of "cellar-flap" dances, and of couplets depending for their effect upon modern slang, and he has arranged the last scene with a great deal of poetic taste and fancy. A banquet at which a mild burlesque king makes a speech interrupted by a noisy toast-master, is very humorous, and better than a similar scene in Mr. Brough's extravaganza at the St. James's, but we should like the very mouldy joke about "bless you, my children," changed for something else at the end, because we have heard it at least three thousand times during the last quarter of a century. Mr. Byron has given Mr. Compton some good lines, and the following are delivered by this high and dry actor with evident relish:—

"I grew extremely nervous when it blew,
And heaved a sigh from fear; the boat heaved two.
Then the waves rose—they always do in gales;
Such mountains! I imagined it was whales.
Though I was too afraid of course to speak.
I thought of Wales, and then we sprung a leak!
We felt sure, to escape a watery lot,
The vessel wanted lightening, which it got,
Together with a good supply of thunder;
Then we went over—that's to say went under."

Miss Nelly Moore and Miss Louise Keeley are charming as a pretty princess and prince, but we should like to hear a little more singing from the latter lady. An extravaganza in which she is not allowed to sing a brilliant song, is like a scene at the Gallery of Illustration, in which Mr. John Parry is not allowed to touch the

piano. The scenery by Messrs. O'Connor & Morris is rich and artistic, and Mr. Oscar Byrne has arranged a very effective ball ballet, in which all the ladies dance as efficiently as principal dancers. Mr. Sothorn has returned to this house with "David Garrick," and "Lord Dundreary Married and Settled."

Mr. Byron's old Princess's pantomime, "Jack the Giant Killer," one of the best modern pantomimes ever produced on the London stage, has been revived by Mr. Sefton Parry at the New Greenwich Theatre.

Mr. Anson's Annual Dramatic Almanac for 1865—the ninth yearly edition—has just been issued, and, amongst much information that is doubtful, it contains much which is useful to play-goers and theatrical people. The list which it gives of London and provincial music halls, shows how these popular places of entertainment have got neck and neck with the play-houses. In London there are thirty-one music halls, and only twenty-five theatres; and in the chief provincial towns there are one hundred and sixteen music halls, against one hundred and twenty-seven theatres. Mr. Anson's list of play-houses is more perfect than his list of music halls; but taking his own figures, the two rival places of amusement are about equal. These are only a few of the great facts which may be brought forward when the public is roused, in its own own interests, to demand theatrical free-trade. The profits of Mr. Anson's almanac are given to the Dramatic, Equestrian, and Musical Sick Fund.

A mixed morning theatrical performance, on a large scale, is being organized for the benefit of Mr. Paul Bedford. Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton have given the free use of Drury Lane Theatre, and a large number of our leading actors and actresses have promised their assistance. The performance will probably take place in about a fortnight, and it is hoped that the proceeds will enable Mr. Bedford to annul his bankruptcy. The Duke of Cambridge and other distinguished noblemen have given their names as patrons, and something more. It should be mentioned that Mr. Bedford's misfortune was not the result of personal extravagance.

We have been asked to explain the meaning of—"cellar-flap break-down,"—a technical term which we have applied more than once to burlesque dancing. A "break-down" is a comic negro dance, introduced many years ago in a song called, "Jim along Josey," soon after Mr. Rice made "Jim Crow" popular. This dance so took the fancy of young thieves and street vagabonds, that they practised it incessantly on the wooden flaps of public-house cellars—and hence the title. The more the term and the origin of the dance is explained, the more degraded appears a form of entertainment which relies so much upon such a "gaff" attraction.

SCIENCE.

At the last meeting of the French Academy, M. A. Netter drew the attention of the *savans* to an important observation which he has made in regard to patients suffering under typhoid fever. It appears from this gentleman's investigation, that in fevers of the typhoid stamp the interior of the mouth is subject to certain alterations which have not received sufficient attention from physicians. A peculiar blackish foetid matter is secreted by the mucous membrane, and forms a suitable nidus for numerous parasites. The air which the patient inhales for the purposes of respiration in passing over the unhealthy membrane becomes impure, and is in this condition introduced into the lungs, thus slowly poisoning the system. Such being the case, M. Netter suggests the employment of acid gargles, which, according to the results of his experience, are always attended with favourable consequences. The gargles should be constantly repeated.

In one of the last numbers of the *Revue Contemporaine* some interesting details concerning the apparatus employed in boring the Mont Cenis tunnel are given. The machine consists of a piston working horizontally in a cylinder, and carrying a chisel fixed upon it like a bayonet, which at each stroke dashes with violence against the rock to be pierced. Each time the chisel recoils it turns round in the hole, and as the latter is sunk deeper and deeper the frame or shield, which carries not one but nine perforators, advances in proportion. While the chisel is doing its work with extraordinary rapidity, a copper tube of small diameter keeps squirting water into the hole, by which means all the rubbish is washed out. Behind the shield there is a tender which, by the aid of a pump set in motion by compressed air, feeds all these tubes with water. "The noise caused by the simultaneous striking of all the chisels against the rock is absolutely deafening, enhanced, as it is, by the echo of the tunnel. All at once the noise ceases, the shield recedes, and the tunnel is perceived riddled with eighty holes, varying in depth from eighty to ninety centimetres. These holes are now charged with cartridges, slow matches are inserted, and the workmen retire in haste. The explosion seems to shake the mountain to its foundation; when all is over, the ground is covered with fragments of the rock, and an advance equal to the depth of the holes has been obtained."

Those who are in the habit of preparing oxygen for chemical experiments will do well to examine the mixture, which is usually sold as "chlorate of potash and black oxide of manganese." A very serious accident has lately occurred from the employment of an adulterated specimen of this powder, in which charcoal was substituted for binoxide of manganese. By mixing charcoal with the chlorate of potash, a compound having much of the appearance of

the genuine article is produced; but this mixture is as dangerously explosive as gunpowder, and has, within the last month, caused the death of two individuals (Mr. Crowther, of Manchester, and his son), who were engaged in the manufacture of oxygen gas.

A useful form of magnesium lamp has just been devised in Paris. The objections to the previous forms are, first, the irregular illuminating power of the flame; and second, the occasional extinction of the light. To obviate these difficulties, M. Matthieu Plessy employs a small flame of hydrogen, which the end of the magnesium wire burns. By this means an equable illumination is obtained, and the magnesium wire cannot cease to burn, whilst the hydrogen flame being neutral, no injurious optical effects are produced.

In sinking one of the cylinders for the new sea-forts at Spithead, a jaw-bone of the red deer (*Cervus elephus*) was discovered by Mr. T. Harris, and has since been forwarded to the British Museum. It consists of the left ramus of the lower jaw, and has five teeth *in situ*, the crowns of which are all quite worn, proving it to have belonged to an adult and rather aged individual. On the inner side of the teeth and jaw are patches of a thin incrustation of iron pyrites. The bone is extremely fresh-looking, and, although found at a depth of 40 ft. in the shingle, must have been deposited at a comparatively recent period.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS.—*Monday*:—Royal Geographical Society, at half-past 8 p.m. 1. "Visit to the Sources of the Tigris and Euphrates." By J.G. Taylor, Esq., H.M. Consul at Diarbekr. 2. "Lake Nor Tyai-san and its Neighbourhood." By M. A. Abramof. — *Tuesday*:—Zoological Society of London, at 9 p.m. 1. "On the Anatomy and Habits of the Water Ouzel." By Dr. Crisp. 2. "On the Fishes of Cochiti." By Dr. F. Day. 3. "On the Myology of *Cercopithecus Dabæus*." By Mr. St. George Mivart. The meetings will henceforth commence at half-past eight instead of nine p.m. Institution of Civil Engineers, at 8 p.m. Renewed Discussion upon Mr. Joseph Taylor's Paper, "On the River Tees." — *Wednesday*:—Microscopical Society, at 8 p.m. "On the Vinegar Plant."

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

WE have before us a Prospectus of this Company, and gather from every page of it that it has met with signal, if not quite unprecedented, success. We read in one page of its undoubted security, in another of its largely increasing business, in another of its great liberality, in another of its wide-spread fame, in another of its vast capital and resources. In over seventy-nine pages of closely-printed matter all is success and jubilation.

We have little doubt that all that this office says of itself is true; and a Life and Fire Insurance Company is not to be judged as an individual would be if he turned autobiographer. A corporation cannot blush, and if it does not trumpet forth its own merits there will be few or none to tell of them. Whatever flowers may be born to blush unseen, they are not those which grow in the garden of an Insurance Company under active and energetic management; and no one can read the history which this Company gives of itself, or reflect on the magnitude it has attained, without allowing that the management has been active and energetic.

The Company was established in 1845, and by the end of 1863 its fire premiums amounted to £341,668, whilst its life premiums, the amount of which we have been unable to pick out of the mass of matter in the prospectus before us must have been large, although not so large—for we are told that the income of the Company exceeds £600,000, and we find that the new life premiums—i.e., the premiums on new insurances as distinguished from renewed insurances—were over £13,000 in the year 1859, and had increased year by year until, in the year 1863, they amounted to over £24,000. Why the total life premiums for the year were not given in the report as well as the total fire premiums, is a question which will probably suggest itself to but few readers of the report, but for which it would be difficult to find a satisfactory answer, since the labour that has been bestowed on the report excludes the idea of haste or carelessness. Are we too suspicious if we guess that the very able manager of this Company (and the author, probably, of the report) thought, on a review of all the figures, that the total life income of the Company was best left in the clouds?

And this brings us to our point. With all the possible fullness of detail on many points which would appear to tend, and which in very many, perhaps even in all cases, really tend to the credit of the Company, and the praise of its management and resources, there is no cash statement and no balance-sheet. In over seventy pages of detail no space is found for a debtor and creditor account of cash, nor for a statement of the assets and liabilities of the company. Now we cannot help thinking that there must have been reasons for this omission, and that these documents would hardly so well have served the purposes of the Company as those *excerpts* of figures which it publishes, and dwells so much upon. It is no doubt true that the company is compelled to file its accounts in the Registration Office of Joint-stock Companies, and that the requisite information is to be had at that office by those who can afford the time to go there in business hours, and will pay for the inspection or for copies of what they want. It is probably true that the annual cash account and the balance-sheet, with all requisite details, were

laid before the meeting of shareholders at which the report was read. But why, amongst such almost superfluous and often repeated details as are given in the book before us, no cash account and balance-sheet are given, is a question to which we cannot suppose any sufficient answer that would be creditable to the Company. Here is, as we think, a blot on its escutcheon, which would seem, nevertheless, to display fair and honourable quarterings.

There are some old and undoubtedly successful and respectable companies—the “Sun” and the “Phoenix” are, we believe, instances—which publish no accounts. But then they *don't pretend to do so*. They don't publish books of over seventy pages with what read like accounts. If they do a sound and successful business it would, we have no doubt, be better for them to publish their accounts. It would, we have no doubt, increase the confidence of the public, and so augment their business and their profits; besides this, it would compel others, and less stable companies, to do the same, and so diminish the chances of successful rivalry. But, not doing it, they don't pretend to do it. And our objection to the prospectus of the “Royal,” now before us is, that by a sort of *embarras des richesses* of details of figures, they pretend to give all possible information, and yet withhold their cash account and balance-sheet.

We might, in point of fact, go a step further, and observe that such partial statements as are embraced in the book before us are not only *defective*, but *misleading*. We will give as an instance of what we mean the following sentence, which occupies the first page of the prospectus:—“Capital: £2,000,000. Accumulated funds in hand exceed £1,000,000. Annual income exceeds £600,000. In the year 1863 alone, an amount exceeding £156,000 was added to the available funds of the Company after paying all claims and expenses.” Now, this sort of curt announcements of figures, occupying one whole page, and quite properly, is made for the purpose of catching the eye and impressing the memory of any one who happens to look at that page only, and we say that such a one would probably be misled. He would consider that this £156,000 indicated great success, and would not perceive that it was, as we take it, to be merely the credit cash balance of the year, chargeable with the accrued liabilities of the year, and probably with the payment of the dividend about to be declared. Those who, or he who, put forth this statement intended to raise the impression that this fact was a fair criterion of prosperity and success, which it is not. It is quite possible that the cash balance of an insurance company may be very much against it, and that nevertheless it may be much richer at the end of the year, and that its cash balance may be very much in its favour, and yet that its transactions might result in a heavy loss. Again, the capital is stated at £2,000,000. No doubt this amount is subscribed for, but it would certainly give a better idea of the resources and actual position of the Company if the word “subscribed” had been prefixed, and if the amount actually paid up had been added. The funds of the Company are said to exceed £1,000,000. Again, this information, without the further information of how much of this is capital, and how much is reserve against liabilities is not very valuable. As it is evidently put forth as a material fact, it is so far, although no doubt true, misleading.

We see one other paragraph on which we must offer a comment. It is this:—

“Among the incidents which have tended to the advancement of the ‘Royal,’ within the last few months, may be reckoned, its action with respect to the losses sustained by the explosion of the *Lotty Sleigh*, which, although only consistent with the general tenor of the conduct of the Company, and ultimately proved to be no more than what had been done in former times by the oldest and most proverbially honourable among its contemporaries, yet attracted attention and public favour by its unhesitating promptness.”

It is a miserable commentary on this that the “Royal” has refused as other offices have, to recognise the claims arising out of the explosion at Erith. In the above paragraph the “Royal” distinctly, as we think, implies that it was only fair, honourable, and customary, to acknowledge such claims, and only challenges for itself in particular the praise of unhesitating promptness. If we have been wrongly informed, and the “Royal” has paid the claims arising out of the Erith explosion, we shall be happy to insert a rectification.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding all this criticism, we recognise in the “Royal” an energetic, and, we would wish to believe, a successful management. We should probably quite believe this but for the doubts inspired by its reticence. It has certainly got together, in some twenty years, a surprisingly large business, which ranks it amongst the leading insurance companies; and we believe that it has done this by a prudent and effective cultivation of its own connections, and not by buying up the connections of failing or less successful companies. If in the year 1865 it publishes, with its annual report, a cash-account and a balance-sheet set forth in due form, we shall by no means subject it to any hostile criticism, nor endeavour to expose any one weak point unless it happen to be of major importance. What we object to now is the extreme abundance of information from which we cannot well discover the position of the company, and the omission of information from which we could do so. A journalist who devotes any attention to this branch of business cannot, we think, better pursue his vocation of being useful to the public than by endeavouring to extract from public companies full and intelligible statements of their actual condition.

THE JOINT STOCK COMPANIES' DIRECTORY.*

Few books with such an unpromising title are calculated to afford so much information as the volume so opportunely published by Messrs. Charles Barker & Sons. It professes to give a correct analysis of all the more important particulars of the numerous companies formed within the last three years. The revelations it affords are likely to prove most valuable to all who have occasion to make themselves acquainted with the proceedings and engagements of our public companies. To bankers and such as are engaged in large financial transactions, as well as to all shareholders, such a book of ready reference has become a necessity, and the only wonder is that one has never been published before. As a first effort, it must be pronounced singularly accurate and reliable, but it is beyond doubt capable of great improvement. There are many particulars which might easily be supplied in future editions, that would add greatly to its value. Some companies are omitted altogether, and the addresses of directors are in no cases given. One gentleman whose name figures in the list as a director of nine companies has the privilege of belonging to two others which are not mentioned at all. In some instances the capital is not stated, nor in any are we told how much of it is actually subscribed. In no cases are the names given of the solicitors of the company. It would, again, be a great advantage to see the secretaries' and auditors' names classified, and given in the index in the same way as the directors', for not only would these details prove useful, but the public would readily learn by them in what cases the same gentleman discharges similar duties for a large batch of companies. Such information, if shareholders could obtain it, would no doubt have a salutary effect on the salaries paid to their officers.

To be a director in as many as twelve different companies at the same time, is but a moderate achievement according to the present standard. How gentlemen so circumstanced can attend to their various duties is a problem we confess ourselves unable to solve. By working night and day, they may possibly keep abreast of their business engagements, but it is to be hoped such unfortunate individuals have no domestic calls upon their time. The wife of a man who does his twelve companies every week of his life may be well supplied with the little luxuries the extra guineas so earned are often fondly supposed to purchase; but it must not be forgotten that there are many other considerations which, in the long run, fairly balance the account, and leave little or nothing on the right side after all. Fancy what must be the capacity of a man who has undertaken to direct the affairs of an hotel at Liverpool, another at Newmarket, a third at Nice, and two others in London, besides a mining company, a gold company, a steam-cultivation company, and a bank, to say nothing of the demands upon his time and attention in respect of his own private concerns. We see in this directory the name of a gentleman whom we should hardly have thought equal to a very heavy intellectual load, yet he carries on his mind the weight of two or three railways, three different descriptions of insurance offices, a credit company, a bank, a foreign carrying company, a navigation company, an irrigation and canal company, a mining company, and a telegraph company, beside one or two other trifles not worth mentioning. On the whole, whilst we say that this volume contains information of a most valuable and interesting character, we hope to see it greatly amplified and improved if it is intended to supply what is wanted, namely, the fullest and clearest particulars as to all public companies. Such a directory should contain information on every point that can be required. It should in its way be as complete as the London Post-office Directory itself, and we have no doubt the publishers will take measures to make it so. We see no reason why we should not know the names of all shareholders as well as of directors. We have taken the trouble to calculate the number of hotels constructed within the last few years, and find that there are now no less than sixty-one such companies, and that they require a capital exceeding six millions of money as their nominal capital. Shareholders know pretty well that this by no means represents the actual expenditure on this account, which will probably exceed ten millions, and they would like to know who the persons are who are responsible for this considerable sum.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about 3 per mille premium, and the short exchange on London is 25·17½ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3·17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about 3·10ths per cent. dearer in Paris than in London.

By advices from Hamburg the price of gold is 425 per mark, and the short exchange on London is 13·4¾d. per £1 sterling. Standard gold at the English Mint price is therefore about 1·10th per cent. dearer in Hamburg than in London.

In Colonial Government Securities, Canada 6 per Cents. (Jan. and July, 1877-84) were dealt in at 95½ ex. div.; 5 per Cents., 84½ 5½ ex. div.; Mauritius 6 per Cents. (Jan. and July, 1878), 105½ ex. div.; New Brunswick 6 per Cents., 97 ex. div.; New South Wales 5 per Cents. (1888-92), 92½ 3 ex. div.; Victoria 6 per Cents. (April and Oct.), 106¾ 7½.

United States 6 per Cent. Bonds 5·20 Years (1882) were dealt in at 46 5.

India Stock (1874) was dealt in at 212 14; ditto 5 per Cents. (1870), 102¾ 3; ditto 4 per Cents. (1888), 98 ¼; Bonds, 8s. 10s. prem.

* London. Charles Barker & Sons.

The biddings for 30,00,000 rupees in bills on India took place on Wednesday, at the Bank of England. The proportions allotted were—to Calcutta, 17,33,000 rupees; to Bombay, 12,00,000 rupees; and to Madras, 67,000 rupees. The minimum price was as before—1s. 11½d. on Calcutta and Madras, and 1s. 11¼d. on Bombay. The applications within the limits amounted to 71 lacs. Tenders on Calcutta and Madras at 1s. 11½d. will receive about 7 per cent., and on Bombay at 2s., about 76 per cent; above these prices, in full.

The private and the joint-stock banks were extremely busy on Thursday last. At Messrs. Glyn, Mills, & Co. it was a period for coupon and call payments. The heaviest amount was the call received for the new issue of the ordinary stock of the London and North-Western Railway, which alone represented in the aggregate £1,300,000. Some of the joint-stock banks were well employed in paying the half-yearly interest which had accrued on deposits.

Messrs. Baring Brothers have received advices from their agents at La Guayra announcing that the recent order of General Guzmán Blanco for the resumption of payments of 55 per cent. of customs duties has been rescinded by an order of the Caracas Government pending the decision of the Federal Court as to certain alleged claims of Government creditors, and that they (Messrs. Baring's agents) had been required to refund 18,443.45 in pagaves at Puerto Cabello on account of the duties.

The General Credit and Finance Company of London (Limited) are in receipt of advices from their agents, Messrs. H. L. Boulton & Co., dated La Guayra, December 9, 1864, of duties collected as follows, on account of the Venezuelan Six per Cent. Loan, 1864:—Per statement No. 11, from La Guayra, \$1,346.37; No. 12, from ditto, \$3,929.49; No. 19, from Puerto Cabello, \$855.36—total, \$6,131.22.

Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co. have announced the dividends due the 12th inst. on Buenos Ayres 6 and 3 per cent. Bonds, also on Grand Russian Railroad shares.

A special meeting of the London and South-Western Railway Company is called for the 19th of January, to consider the proposed amalgamations of the Exeter and Exmouth, and Thames Valley Railways with this company; also to consider "Arrangements for the use in perpetuity by this company of portions of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company's metropolitan lines and City undertaking, connecting this company's railways with Ludgate-hill and other stations on those lines."

The following companies are prepared to receive tenders for loans on debenture:—Great Western and Brentford, in sums of £100 and upwards to replace debentures falling due; Lancashire and Yorkshire, for a period of years to replace loans paid of; London, Chatham, and Dover, of £100 and upwards, secured either on the general undertaking or the metropolitan extensions, for three or five years, at 6 per cent. per annum; London and South-Western, for three years and upwards, to pay of debentures falling due; Midland, in sums of £100 and upwards, for three years to meet debentures falling due; North Staffordshire, for three, five, or seven years, at 4½ per cent. per annum, to replace debentures falling due; Staines, Wokingham and Woking, for a limited amount for three, five, or seven years, at 4½ per cent. per annum, to replace loans falling due; Tewkesbury and Malvern, for three, five, or seven years, in sums of £100 and upwards, at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum.

With respect to the declared value of our exportations the Board of Trade tables thus far, which comprise only eleven months of the year, show a total of £148,340,865., against £132,135,368 in the same period of 1863, or an increase of 12 per cent., these figures being to that extent the highest ever recorded.

The Post-office authorities have announced that henceforward, printed prices current and printed commercial lists received in this country from the colonies and foreign countries will be classed in all respects with newspapers, and will not be charged on delivery with any postage above that usually charged upon newspapers from the same colonies and foreign countries.

Messrs. Fenn & Crosthwaite have just published a useful table of the fluctuations of the principal stocks and securities during each month of 1864 and during the year. Thus we find Consols have fluctuated between 92 and 87½; Bank Stock, 245 and 234; Brazilian 5 per Cents., 102½ and 94; do. 4½ per Cents., 90½ and 80½; Buenos Ayres 6 per Cents., 96½ and 90½; Dutch 4 per Cents., 102½ and 95½; Greek, 26½ and 20½; Italian 5 per Cents., 69½ and 63½; Mexican 5 per Cents., 48½ and 34½; do. ex Coupon, 30 and 25½; Peruvian 4½ per Cents., 88½ and 76; Portuguese 3 per Cents., 49½ and 46½; Russian 5 per Cents., 93 and 86; Sardinian 5 per Cents., 86½ and 80½; Spanish 3 per Cents., 53½ and 47; Passives, 37½ and 28; Certificates, 15½ and 9½; Turkish 6 per Cents. (1854), 94 and 87½; Venezuela 3 per Cents., 25 and 18; and 6 per Cents. (1862), 61½ and 48½. In railway stocks, Caledonian have fluctuated between 132½ and 117½; Edinburgh and Glasgow, 98 and 83; Great Eastern, 51½ and 42; Great Western, 80½ and 62; Great Northern, 153½ and 125½; London, Chatham, and Dover, 46½ and 37; London and South-Western, 103½ and 91; London and Brighton, 109½ and 100; London and North-Western, 122½ and 106; London and Blackwall, 84½ and 64; Manchester and Sheffield, 68½ and 49; Metropolitan, 124½ and 97½; Midland, 141½ and 126; and South-Eastern, 96½ and 80½. In banks and finance companies, however, the most marked variations have taken place. Thus, the Alliance Bank (with £25 paid) have fluctuated between 70½ and 27; London (£50), 181 and 145; City (£50), 149 and 107½;

London Joint-Stock (£10), 53½ and 36½; London and County (£20), 83½ and 56½; London and Westminster (£20), 105 and 76½; Union of London (£15), 65 and 40½; General Credit Company (£4), 10½ and 5½; International Financial (£5), 13 and 5½; London Financial (£15), 29½ and 20½. The Bank of England bullion at the end of last year stood at £14,362,605, and is now £14,100,974, showing a decrease of £261,631. It touched its highest point, £14,429,201, on the 23rd of March, and its lowest, £12,454,244, on the 4th of May. At the Bank of France the total at the commencement was about £7,400,000, and, after having fallen to about £6,000,000, it recovered to £14,560,000 on the 23rd inst., and is now £14,400,000. The changes in the Bank rate of discount, which were 12 in number in 1863, have this year been 15. On the 1st of January the rate was 7 per cent., and after ranging between 6 and 9 per cent., it is now 6 per cent. In the cotton market the price of fair Surat, which advanced in 1863 from 17½d. per lb to 24½d., is now about 19d. The stock of all kinds in Liverpool was last year 281,300 bales, and it is now 466,300. In the wheat market there has again been almost uninterrupted heaviness. The price at the commencement was about 44s., and it has gradually fallen to 38s.

THE *Moniteur* publishes two Imperial decrees relative to foreign commerce. By the first merchandise of all kinds and from all countries may be imported under any flag at St. Louis (Senegal) and at Gorée. At the former they will be subjected to an *ad valorem* duty of 4 per cent., and at the latter will be exempt from Customs and navigation dues; all access to the river of Senegal above St. Louis remains interdicted to foreign vessels; goods imported at St. Louis may remain in bond for one year, at the expiration of which time the duties must be paid; the productions of the country taken on board at St. Louis and Gorée may be exported under any flag or to any country; but if brought into France by foreign vessels will be subjected to a surcharge of 20f. per ton measurement, conformably to the law of July 3, 1861, relative to the Customs' régime of the French West India Islands and Réunion. By the second decree the port of Cayenne is open to French and foreign vessels. Merchandise of all kinds and from all countries is admitted on payment of an *ad valorem* duty of 3 per cent. When brought by foreign vessels they will be subject to an extra charge of 10f. per ton, when coming from non-European countries on the Mediterranean and on the Atlantic, and of 20f. from other places.

It is stated from Paris that M. de Bonnefons departs for Mexico on the 15th January, to assume the post of Minister of Finance, and that he will be accompanied by an efficient staff of French officials. A well regulated finance department in Mexico may therefore be anticipated.

ADVICES from St. Petersburg indicate some important changes relating to imprisonment for debt. The maximum of the duration any one can for the future be incarcerated for debt is five years; and the following scale is now the law of the land:—For 100,000 rs. and above, five years; 60,000 rs. to 100,000 rs., four years; 30,000 rs. to 60,000 rs., three years; 10,000 rs. to 30,000 rs., two years; 2,000 rs. to 10,000 rs., one year; 100 rs. to 2,000 rs., six months. Debts under 100 rs. are exempt. On the 27th ult., it was stated that 115½ millions of roubles had been subscribed for towards the new Russian lottery loan of 100 millions. The amount subscribed is very far below that anticipated, but this is accounted for by the exaggerated reports abroad as to the large sums which capitalists intended to invest, which induced many people to offer smaller amounts than they had originally intended. Attention is called to the fact that the loan has been decided on and issued without the approval of the Council of State, the decree by which it was made known simply stating that it was the work of the chief committee of finance.

THE Italian Minister of Commerce has issued a circular, in which he urges the Chambers of Commerce to caution merchants in their transactions with the United States on account of the constant fluctuations in the value of the American paper money caused by a forced currency.

SIGNOR SELLA has drawn up a report upon the results of the demand made by Government for the payment of the Land-tax in advance. Five-sixths of the amount of the tax have already been paid, and the Minister states that the success of the measure is complete and certain.

THE usual monthly auction for the sinking fund of the Passive Debt took place at Madrid on the 31st December. The prices fixed by the Government were:—For the First Class Interior, 41 50; Second Interior, 25; and Second Exterior, 34 50. The tenders sent in ranged from 39 90 to 41 90 for the first description, and from 25 to 25 84 for the second. No offers were made for the Second Class Exterior.

THE Bank of Holland (Amsterdam) has reduced its rate of discount to 5½ per cent.

THE Eastern exchanges, just received, show movements pointing to increased remittances of silver from England. At Shanghai a rise of 1½d. has occurred, at Calcutta ½d., and at Bombay ½d. At Canton no change has taken place.

A LETTER from Trebizond (Asia Minor), written in the middle of December, says:—"In commercial matters I have the satisfaction to report that Persia will in the course of the winter send to Trebizond for shipment to Europe 40,000 bales (equal to 20,000 camel loads) of cotton. From information I can rely upon, Georgia will export to Trebizond 20,000 bales (equal to 10,000 horse loads). Imeritia alone will give 10,000 bales. Every other branch of the commerce of Trebizond is stagnant."

A LENGTHY discussion had taken place in the American Senate on the bill authorizing the expenditure of \$20,000,000 for fortifications and floating batteries on the Canadian frontier. The bill has been referred to the committee for foreign affairs. Secretary Fessenden intends to offer another loan of \$100,000,000 of Ten-Forty Bonds.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE WAR IN AMERICA.*

THIS is a history of the third year of the civil war in America, written from a somewhat novel point of view. We have had more than one narrative of a portion of the struggle, from writers who sympathized keenly with the Federal side. We have others from equally ardent partisans of the Confederate cause. In both cases the writers have invested their own friends with a blaze of glory, and have consigned their opponents to outer darkness. We have had to pick our way as best we might through a flood of panegyrics; nor has it been at all times easy to understand how the heroes came to grief, and how those who were depicted in colours the very reverse of heroic triumphed—how consummate strategy failed, and helpless blundering succeeded. Mr. Pollard does not perplex us in a similar manner. His position as a thorough-going Southerner, but at the same time an opponent of Mr. Davis's government, enables him to make some approach to impartiality. He is able to confess that his own side did not always win, and did not always deserve to win. Having a whipping boy in the person of the Confederate President, he can afford to do justice to the merits of Federal generals. It is quite possible, indeed it is highly probable, that the injustice is rather shifted than wholly got rid of, in this process. We have noticed several instances in which very scant allowance is made for the difficulties with which Mr. Davis has to contend; and upon one point we are quite certain that the Confederate Government were right, and that the author's censure of them is wholly undeserved. Although the Southern people may not unnaturally feel indignant that General Lee did not retaliate upon the people of Pennsylvania, for the devastation of Virginia and Tennessee, we believe that the refusal to imitate the North in waging a barbarous and unsparing war, was consistent with sound policy, as it was certainly dictated by humane and generous feeling. It was worth while to forego the indulgence of passion, and the pleasure of revenge, for the sake of conciliating the good opinion of mankind, and of maintaining the morale of the army. And if we admit, as is not unlikely, that Mr. Davis and his colleagues committed many errors of administration, their steadfast resistance to the popular cry for retaliation is no slight proof that they possess, in a high degree, the far-sightedness and the firmness of statesmen. We do not, however, care to enter into these controversies; for we are entirely destitute of the information which is requisite for the formation of a sound opinion. We only allude to them for the purpose of cautioning readers against the querulous tone in which Mr. Pollard speaks of the Confederate Government. When he deals with purely military matters, he appears to much greater advantage. Although it cannot be said that the literary merits of his work are very conspicuous, it contains a great deal of valuable information. His descriptions of the operations on both sides are clearly, if roughly, written; and, as we have already said, he is substantially fair to the generals on both sides.

The present volume embraces the period between June, 1863, and June, 1864, and commences with an account of Lee's advance into Pennsylvania after the battle of Chancellorsville. We can all recollect how brilliantly that campaign opened, and how grievously the hopes of the South were dashed by the defeat which their army sustained at Gettysburg. According to Mr. Pollard, Mr. Jefferson Davis was greatly to blame for this result, inasmuch as he failed to collect an army under Beauregard which might have threatened Washington from the South, and thus have prevented Meade from moving with his whole army into Pennsylvania and then throwing himself across Lee's advance. But, considering the manner in which the Confederates were at that time pressed on all points, we do not believe that it would have been possible to assemble another army in Virginia. The truth seems to be that Lee relied too much upon the unskilfulness of Hooker, whom he had just defeated; and that he did not anticipate having to deal with a commander of Meade's ability and vigour. Hence, after crossing the Potomac, he did not advance upon Washington as rapidly as he might have done, but allowed his antagonist to seize the advantageous position of Gettysburg. There the Federal lines, drawn up on a hilly range, had to be stormed in the face of a powerful and well-directed artillery. It is not surprising that, although the Confederates fought with the utmost resolution, and carried more than one part of the enemy's position, they were at last driven back with heavy loss. But, although they were defeated, they were not disorganized; and they made good their retreat into Virginia without serious loss, and almost without molestation. Nevertheless, it is impossible to deny that this abortive result of the campaign was a serious blow to the South.

But it was to sustain about the same time a blow still more severe in the fall of Vicksburg. Mr. Pollard's account of the siege and capture of that stronghold will be read with great interest, for it is certainly the best explanation we have yet seen of an event that took everyone by surprise and has ever since appeared not a little mysterious. After long resisting every effort of the Federal generals, it was at last taken by Grant without any serious loss, and with hardly anything worth calling a struggle on the part of its defenders. This ignominious result seems clearly traceable to the incapacity of General Pemberton. He long remained blind to the plans of General Grant, which consisted in landing his army to the south of the place, and then making a *détour* so as to approach it

from the rear; and even when the enemy had actually landed at Grand Gulf, his operations were desultory and timid. He clung to the defences of Vicksburg with the main body of his army, while he left small outlying detachments to fall an easy prey to their opponents. And when, in obedience to an urgent summons from General Johnston, he did move out, he took a course which could only end, as it did end, in disaster. Johnston, as the superior officer, had planned a combination by which he and Pemberton might fall together on a portion of Grant's army under Sherman. On the receipt of the orders directing him to co-operate, Pemberton telegraphed to Johnston, "I comply at once with your orders":—

"Yet he did not move for twenty-eight hours. A council of war had been called, and a majority of officers approved the movement indicated by General Johnston. Pemberton opposed it; but he says, 'I did not, however, see fit to put my own judgment and opinion so far in opposition as to prevent a movement altogether.' So he determined upon an *advance*, not to risk an attack on Sherman, but, as he says, to cut the enemy's communications. He abandoned his own former plans; he disobeyed Johnston's order, and invented a compromise equally reprehensible for the vacillation of his purpose and the equivocation of his despatch. He moved, not on Sherman's rear at Clinton, but in another direction towards Raymond. The purpose of General Johnston's order was to unite the two armies and attack a detachment of the enemy. The result of General Pemberton's movement towards Raymond was to prevent this union, and to widen the distance between the two armies."

The result was that Grant forced the Confederates to give battle, on ground of his own selection, at Baker's Creek, and assailed them there not only with greatly superior numbers, but under circumstances which gave him all the advantage of a surprise. A disastrous defeat ensued. The Confederate troops lost nearly all their artillery, and what was still more unfortunate, their organization and their morale. They fled as a mere mob, past position after position where a stand might have been made, and rushed pell-mell into the lines of Vicksburg. From that moment, the fall of the place became little more than a question of time, since Johnston's army was far too weak to warrant him in attacking Grant's. But the place might have been defended for some time longer than the siege actually lasted. The garrison was no doubt exposed to considerable hardships, but not to hardships at all equalling in severity those which have been borne by the defenders of other fortified places. Provisions were still abundant; and if the surrender of 23,000 men, 90 pieces of artillery, and 40,000 small arms was inevitable, it need not have taken place on the morning of the 4th of July—the anniversary of American independence. That last humiliation might at least have been spared to the Confederates.

The fall of Vicksburg involved that of Fort Hudson; and it was followed by other losses in Mississippi and Louisiana. The state of affairs in Tennessee was not much more favourable to the Confederates during the summer and early autumn of 1863. During the months of August and September, Bragg was compelled by Rosecranz to retreat as far south as Chicamauga Creek; while General Frazier, who was entrusted with the defence of Cumberland Gap, surrendered his whole force of 2,000 men without firing a shot. Nor was this all. After allowing more than one opportunity of attacking Rosecranz with advantage to escape him, Bragg did at last turn upon the Federal general at Chicamauga Creek; but his dispositions were so ill made, and he showed so much remissness in the pursuit of the defeated enemy, that his victory was followed by no decisive results. Had he displayed anything like vigour, he might have dispersed the Federal army, and have taken possession of Chattanooga. As it was, Rosecranz was able to congratulate his troops that notwithstanding their defeat they still held "the key of East Tennessee and North Georgia, and of the enemy's mines of coal and nitre." The consequences of Bragg's incapacity were fully developed at a later period, when Grant took the command of the Federal army, gained the battle of Missionary Ridge, and drove the Confederates before him to Dalton in Georgia. Nor have we even yet exhausted the list of misfortunes which befell the Southerners during the closing months of 1863. For in October Lee failed in an attempt to flank Meade, and get between him and Washington; and in November Longstreet was repulsed with heavy loss before Knoxville.

To set against so many disasters, the Confederates could only find comfort in Beauregard's defence of Charleston; in Morgan's brilliant raid into Indiana and Ohio; and in some minor operations of little or no importance. Never since the war commenced were their prospects so darkly clouded as at the end of 1863. But the resolution of the President did not falter; and the patriotism and self-devotion of the people were equal to the emergency. There was no sign of faltering; no hint of submission. With the new year the tide turned. In February, General Pickett gained a victory in the neighbourhood of Newburn, North Carolina; and General Finnegan repulsed a Federal inroad into Florida. But these events were of comparatively small importance compared with the complete frustration of the campaign which Grant had planned in the South-west:—

"It was known by the beginning of February that three distinct Yankee columns, from as many different points, were now under way in the South-west. A very powerful cavalry column, under command of Generals Smith and Grierson, had started from Corinth and Holly Springs. An infantry column, composed of the two corps of Hurlbut and McPherson, under command of General Sherman, was under

* The War in America 1863-64. By Edward Pollard, late Editor of the *Richmond Examiner*, and Author of "The First and Second Years' War in America." London: Saunders & Otley.

way from Vicksburg. A combined land and naval expedition was moving from New Orleans. While Mobile was the plain objective point at which the latter force aimed, it is probable that Sherman did not design to make an overland march from Vicksburg to Mobile—about three hundred miles. There is reason to believe that he expected, when he marched out of Vicksburg, to reach Selma, in Alabama. The heavy column of cavalry that started from Memphis, and constituted an important part of his forces, was to move rapidly across Mississippi and Alabama, cut the interior railway lines, destroy the bridges and Government workshops, lay waste the country, and gain the rear of General Polk, harass and delay his retreat, and, if possible, force him down towards Mobile, while Sherman rushed upon him in front. Had General Polk retreated upon Mobile—the attack upon which by the Federal fleets was calculated, if not designed, to draw him in that direction—Sherman would have occupied Meridian, Demopolis, and Selma, and thus have rendered his escape impossible, and the fall of Mobile, from lack of provisions, and without a blow, a matter of absolute certainty. The possession of Mobile and Selma would have given the Federal commander two important water bases; the one on the Mississippi at Vicksburg, the other at Mobile, on the Gulf; two navigable rivers communicating with the latter—the Alabama and Tombigbee—and two railways ready to hand; viz., the Mobile and Ohio, and the Vicksburg and Jackson roads. Once in possession of these important points, and his army firmly established in the triangle formed by the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers, and the railroad leading from Selma to Demopolis and Meridian, and we should no more have been able to dislodge him from his position than we had been to drive the enemy from the Virginia Peninsula and Fortress Monroe."

Sherman advanced as far as Meridian; but he then found himself under the necessity of retreating, in consequence of the defeat of Smith and Grierson's cavalry by Forrest. He reached Vicksburg in safety, but his army was greatly demoralized, nor had he attained any military advantage whatever.

In March came the defeat of Banks's expedition to the Red River; and in April Forrest's ride through Kentucky, and the recapture of Plymouth by General Hoke. There were good auguries of success in the more important operations of the year which were now about to commence. In the beginning of May, Grant opened the campaign of the Potomac by crossing the Rapidan; and a few days later Sherman moved against the Confederates, who were then in position at Dalton. At this point, the history of "the third year of the war" (according to Mr. Pollard's arrangement) properly closes. Seduced by the fascination of the subject, he does, indeed, give us a general sketch of the early part of the two great campaigns of the year 1864. But we shall not follow him here; more especially as he promises to return to the subject in another volume.

We have purposely confined ourselves to those portions of this work which deal with the military history of the year; they are at once the most interesting and the most valuable. But those who care to know what is thought of Mr. Davis by the Opposition party at Richmond, may usefully consult the chapters devoted to politics. At the same time, we are bound to say that we are by no means impressed with the weight or soundness of Mr. Pollard's political criticisms.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT STEPHENSON.*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

ON Thursday, October 8th, 1829, took place the world-famous competition of locomotives for the £500 prize offered by the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, on which occasion George and Robert Stephenson's engine, the "Rocket," came off victorious. The stipulated conditions were an engine to run seventy miles at a rate of not less than ten miles an hour, drawing a gross weight of three tons for every ton of its own weight, which was not to exceed six tons, pressure of steam 50 lb. The "Rocket" accomplished the distance at an average pace of twelve miles an hour, occasionally attaining a speed of twenty miles, and beating all competitors. It owed this great success to the introduction of two improvements—the tubular boiler, a suggestion of Mr. Henry Booth, the secretary of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company, and an efficient blast-pipe. The speed of a locomotive is limited by the quantity of steam it is able to generate in a given time—a point determined by the amount of heating surface in the boiler, and the velocity of the draught. The first locomotives had merely a single flue returning upon itself. Such a plan, however sufficient for stationary engines, where the size and weight of the boiler, not being restricted, permitted of the flues being made sufficiently capacious to afford any amount of heating surface, was altogether inadequate to supply the needs of the locomotive, where, the aggregate machine having to be moved at a great velocity, the size and weight of the boiler required to be confined within the narrowest possible limits. The first locomotives had never been able to travel more than about seven or eight miles an hour, their single-flued boilers not affording sufficient heating surface to raise steam to supply the cylinders with greater rapidity than this rate of running required. The tubular boiler, by subdividing the currents of heated air into a great number of separate streams, each surrounded with water, supplied the desideratum. In fact, the problem demanding to be solved in the case

of the locomotive was the most perfect practical embodiment of the motto *multum in parvo*; and the tubular boiler, with the addition of the blast-pipe, furnished the solution.

Taken alone, the tubular boiler would have been inoperative, for it is easy to understand that heating surface can only generate steam by transmitting heat, the supply of which, being the necessary antecedent to its transmission, must necessarily take precedence in point of importance over all other functions. Now, heat can only be rapidly supplied by the rapid combustion of the fuel; that is, its rapid combination with atmospheric air, necessitating a rapid rush of air through the fire; but just as the volume of heated air is subdivided in its passage to the chimney, is the friction increased, and a more powerful draught required, to maintain the velocity of the current unimpaired, whilst the simple and usual way of doing so, by increasing the height of the chimney, is not practicable in locomotives. The solution of the difficulty is furnished by the blast-pipe—placed in the centre of the lower portion of the chimney—through which the waste steam, after doing its duty in the cylinders, rushes with great force, driving the column of heated air upwards before it, and creating sufficient vacuum to produce a very powerful draught through the tubes and the fire. Strange to say, this use of the blast, so essential to the performance of the locomotive, seems to have been stumbled upon so gradually that some doubt hangs over its origin. According to one tradition, James Stephenson, whilst acting as driver of the first Killingworth engine, turned the eduction-pipe into the chimney to get rid of the nuisance of the waste steam which covered him with moisture, and interfered with his line of sight. According to another tradition, the expedient was first adopted in the second of Mr. Hedley's Wylam locomotives, the construction of which was anterior in date to the first Killingworth engine. Whichever account be the correct one, it seems pretty clear that the discovery of the capacity of the waste steam for increasing the draught was made by accident, whilst the following curious letter suffices to show that, even up to the time of the construction of the "Rocket," George Stephenson's knowledge on the subject was very limited and imperfect:—

"Liverpool, Aug. 13th, 1829.

"DEAR PHIPPS,—As I understand Robert is gone to Canterbury, I may mention to you that I have put on to the coke engine a longer exarsting pipe riching nearly to the top of the chimeney, but find it dose not do so well as putting it into the chimeney lower down. I think it will be best near the level of the top of the boiler. By doing so it will look neater. The coke engine is doing extremely well; but the "Lankshire Witch" is rely doing wonders.

"I am, dear Phipps, yours truly,

"GEO. STEPHENSON."

The evaporative power of the "Rocket" was 18.24 cubic feet of water per hour; that of one of Stephenson's engines in 1849 was 77 cubic feet per hour; but it should be observed that the weight of the engine had in the meantime been increased in a still greater ratio.

Given the locomotive, we are not amongst those who think that any great genius was displayed in planning the other arrangements of railways, or that even at the present day their state of mechanical perfection is at all satisfactory. The 4 feet 8½ inches gauge was unquestionably a grave error, adopted without foresight, and destined to entail an enduring legacy of evil. The defective construction of the wheels and springs still causes an amount of jolting and vibration not only unpleasant and detrimental to the durability of the miscalled permanent way, but also inimical to the durability of the health and lives of the passengers, if the verdict of medical men is to be believed. The proportion of dead weight to the load—necessarily an important element in any system of transport—is also quite an anomaly, and such as no engineer ought to rest contented with; for, whilst in an omnibus the dead weight is only about 35 per cent., or little more than half that of the load, in a passenger railway carriage it constitutes 80 per cent. In other words, in carrying a given load on a railway, the tractive power is encumbered with eight times the amount of dead weight required to carry the same load in an omnibus. The great obstacle to reducing the dead weight within reasonable proportions is the mistake that has been made in constructing railways to carry only one tier of passengers, when the most ample strength and weight were always present at the base of the carriage in the wheels and framing, to enable an upper tier to be carried with perfect safety, and with the most trifling addition to the total weight. A locomotive, weighing upwards of thirty tons, dashing along at fifty miles an hour with an express train of heavy carriages and their altogether insignificant passenger load, doubtless presents to the eye a grand exhibition of force in motion; but reason whispers that it is force misapplied—a spectacle showing how to expend power and minimize the result—an opprobrium to engineering—the destroyer of permanent ways—a devourer of dividends.

Five chapters of the present work—being nearly a fourth of the whole, and forming certainly not its least important or least interesting portion—have been contributed by Professor Pole, and are devoted to the task of describing some of the more important professional labours which occupied the attention of Robert Stephenson during his busy career. His inquiry into the merits of the atmospheric system of railway propulsion, and his great iron railway bridges, have been judiciously selected by Professor Pole as well adapted to display the cautious and exhaustive method of investigation adopted by this eminently successful engineer, as a preliminary before commencing works of importance involving modes of con-

* The Life of Robert Stephenson, F.R.S., &c., late President of the Institution of Civil Engineers. By J. C. Jeaffreson, Barrister-at-law. With descriptive chapters of some of his most important professional works, by William Pole, F.R.S., Member of the Institution of Civil Engineers. Two vols. London: Longman & Co.

struction hitherto untried. This portion of the work comprises an admirably lucid and concise introductory chapter on iron bridges, written with a view to assisting the reader in judging of the peculiarities and merits of the vast and novel structures of this kind to which—as Professor Pole justly remarks—Robert Stephenson will probably eventually owe his widest fame.

The subject is one in which he took so great an interest, that, notwithstanding the pressure of his professional avocations, he consented to contribute the article on "Iron Bridges" for the eighth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The following extract gives a favourable specimen of his style, and is at the same time replete with information:—

"The exclusive use of iron for the construction of bridges is of modern date, though no other material is so peculiarly adapted for such a purpose; its use was, however, long delayed, not so much because its advantages were not appreciated, as from the great cost and even impossibility of obtaining iron in large masses. It is now most extensively employed in bridge-construction, and though in elegance or durability it cannot compete with stone where the span is moderate, yet there are numberless cases where its adoption has been the means of solving many of the great problems of modern engineering. Its use has more especially become an absolute necessity in railway bridge-construction, where headway is so frequently of paramount importance, and where rapidity of execution is often a more necessary consideration than even economy or durability; while the defective foundations that have so often to be contended with, render the lightness, the independent strength, and the pliable character of iron of the utmost value for such structures."

The first iron bridge ever erected was a cast-iron semi-circular arch of 100 feet span across the Severn, at Coalbrook Dale, in 1779. In 1796, Telford constructed an iron bridge, with a single arch of 130 feet span—also over the Severn—near Shrewsbury, and the same year witnessed the completion of a cast-iron bridge over the Wear, at Sunderland, certainly one of the boldest in design, especially considering its date, ever constructed. The span of this bridge, which is in one segmental arch, is no less than 236 feet, only 4 feet less than the centre arch of Southwark Bridge, the largest in existence, and yet it contains only about one-fifth the weight of iron. In 1801, Telford proposed to replace London Bridge by a single cast-iron arch of 600 feet span, and the works were even put in hand, but the scheme was ultimately abandoned on account of the inconvenient rise that would be required in the approaches. Robert Stephenson pronounced Southwark Bridge to be unrivalled as an example of the cast-iron arch bridge, whether as regards its colossal proportions, its architectural effect, or the general simplicity and massive character of its details. We fear this opinion as to its architectural effect must be regarded as fatal to the claims of its author to the possession of any great aesthetic endowment with regard to form. All arches which make an abrupt angle with their perpendicular supports (as is notably the case with those of Southwark Bridge), instead of blending imperceptibly, are essentially ugly. The contrast may be seen by comparing London or Waterloo Bridges (two of the most perfect and beautiful architectural structures ever erected) with Southwark; if there be any individuals who cannot recognise the comparative elegance of the arches of the former two bridges, all we can say is that they are hopelessly doomed by Nature to a state of barbarism regarding all that concerns beauty of form. Robert Stephenson, however, by no means stands alone amongst his engineering brethren in manifesting a deficiency in that class of perceptions for which the old Greeks were so renowned. Surrounded in this metropolis with modern railway works, we have obtruded on us on all sides specimens of arches so grossly and needlessly ugly, that nothing but blindness to their deformity can explain their origin or their toleration. Let us contemplate, for example, the front of the Great Northern Railway Station, and surely, if we have any sense of the beautiful in form, we shall be ready to conclude that by some inscrutable law the ability of engineers to win the confidence of directors must be in an inverse ratio to their aesthetic perceptions.

Of all Robert Stephenson's engineering works, we prefer his high-level bridge at Newcastle. The appearance of the bridge would doubtless have been improved by having an odd number of spans instead of six, but still the design as a whole is one on which the eye can rest with almost unmixed satisfaction, combining as it does in a high-degree fitness with architectural effect.

In 1847, Robert Stephenson was invited by the electors of Whitby to become their representative in Parliament. He was elected without opposition, and continued to sit for the borough till his death, in 1859. In politics he was a staunch Tory, and the atmosphere of the House strengthened rather than weakened his political convictions.

"Protectionist to the marrow, he disdained to relinquish his belief in protective principles, even though persistence in them brought him into direct collision with experience. To his dying day he argued warmly in favour of the great commercial fallacy, but it was remarked by his most intimate friends that it was the one solitary subject about which in his last years he would in discussion lose his temper, and that exceptional irritability appeared to them a sign that his confidence in arguments, rejected by the rest of the world, had been gradually impaired."

Although the success of his own career was identified with the introduction of one of the greatest conceivable novelties and innovations, he presented the curious spectacle of being bigotedly Conservative, and inimical to changes emanating from others. Before the consumption of smoke in locomotives with coal as fuel

was an accomplished fact, he one day, in the lobby of the House, astonished a brother M.P., a great advocate of progress, by undertaking "to affirm, on his experience as an engineer and his knowledge as a chemist, that it was impossible to consume smoke without a great waste of fuel." When in the height of his practice, his professional income is said to have reached £30,000 per annum, and it is to be regretted that there is reason to believe that his close application to business at one period of his life, acting on a constitution naturally delicate, contributed to shorten his days, and bring about his premature death, at the comparatively early age of fifty-six.

Each of these volumes contains a frontispiece, presenting an excellent portrait of the subject of the biography. The first is from a crayon drawing, by George Richmond, in 1849; the second from a photograph, by Meyer and Pierson, in 1858. The second volume is further illustrated with five plates of Robert Stephenson's most celebrated railway bridges.

THEOLOGICAL WORKS.*

IN the group of books on religious subjects before us will be found, in their usual proportions, the reasonable and the practical on the one hand, and the fanciful and conjectural on the other. It is really wonderful, the tremendous spinning power the theological faculty is possessed of, and the endless fanciful forms into which human thought may be uncoiled by reasoning, sometimes from symbolical interpretations and second meanings, at others from those metaphysical refinements which have ever been the most fertile sources of the corruptions of religion. There is, however, no subject which furnishes a wider field for these flights of human fancy than prophecy, and the formerly supposed unknown future—now, it seems, no longer unknown—including the whole train of events which, extending from the present time, are to end in the battle of Armageddon and the second advent of Christ.

We accordingly find in our collection three works in which speculation has taken this turn. In "Two Years After and Onwards," the author of a brochure which, eleven years ago, under the title of "The Coming Struggle," excited some attention, describes almost in historic detail the events of European history from 1866, in which the downfall of the Papacy is to commence, to the end of the world. The sixth and seventh vials of the Book of Revelation, he tells us, are now being contemporaneously poured out. The former is falling on "the Sick Man"—the Turkish empire. Its first droppings commenced in 1820, with the Greek Revolution; about a quarter of the contents of the bottle came down during the Crimean War; and the grand emptying will take place at some not very remote day, when Russia will return to the charge, seize Constantinople, and Turkey will be no more. The earliest outpourings of the seventh vial date from the French Revolution of 1830; but the final development of its woes will be brought about by the agency of the "three unclean frogs" which came out of the mouth of the great dragon. These frogs represent France with its democracy and infidelity. By the action of this power, a war will be provoked between Austria and Prussia on the one hand and France on the other. The first result will be the annihilation of the temporal power of the Papacy, and the defeat of Austria. The "King of the North"—the Czar of Russia—will come to the aid of Austria and despotism; and France and democracy will be crushed out of existence, the northern King remaining sole autocrat of Europe. Great Britain, the symbol and instrument of vital Christianity, true to her principle of non-intervention, will stand aloof from all this warfare, but will eventually be forced into collision with Russia in defence of her Indian empire. The Jews, in the mean time, by the aid of England, have been restored to Jerusalem. Outside the Holy City, in the field of Armageddon—the Valley of Hinnom—the hostile armies are arrayed, England and Israel on one side, and Gog and Magog, that is, Russia, on the other. As the conflict is about to commence, a trumpet is heard; the Son of Man is seen coming with his angels on the clouds of heaven; Russia is destroyed, and the Millennial reign of Christ on earth commences with a universal spread of Christianity. Such is to be the coming future of Europe, according to this writer. Without attempting seriously to confute these idle speculations, we shall simply remark that such precise naming of nations and places is not only opposed to the nature of prophecy, which must ever be more or less obscure, but would be the surest means of preventing its fulfilment. We may feel confident that, if Gog ever finds himself, under the foreshadowed circumstances, and with this prophecy before his eyes, approaching

* Two Years After and Onwards. By the Author of "The Coming Struggle." London: Houlston & Wright.

Religious Reformation Imperatively Demanded. By James Biden. London: Simpkin & Marshall.

The Second Advent. By the Rev. J. Stephenson, D.D. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

The Life and Lessons of Our Lord. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., F.R.S.E. London: John F. Shaw & Co.

An Exposure of Mr. Spurgeon's Sermon on Baptismal Regeneration. By John Pulman, of the Inner Temple, Barrister. London: William Macintosh.

Sermons on Moral Subjects. By His Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman. Dublin: J. Duffy.

Sermons. By Henry Ward Beecher. Vol. I. London: J. Heaton & Sons.

Heart-Work Essential to Personal Religion. By the Rev. Christopher Bowen, M.A., Rector of St. Thomas, Winchester. London: William Hunt & Co.

Our Eternal Homes. By a Bible Student. London: Frederick Pitman.

A Review of "The Life of Jesus, by M. Renan." By J. B. Paton, M.A. London: H. J. Tresidder.

Armageddon, he will hastily effect a flank movement, and choose a new base for his operations on less suspicious grounds, and thus defeat the prophecy.

A very curious book is Mr. Biden's "Religious Reformation imperatively Demanded," also prophetic, but peculiar in that line. It is partly a reply to Dr. Colenso. That heresiarch is totally wrong about the Pentateuch, in Mr. Biden's opinion. It is certainly not a true history, but it is nevertheless a true book. With the exception of the first chapter of Genesis, the whole is an allegory representing the progress of Christianity. The "mist" which went up from the garden of Eden is "spiritual truth, obscured by the mist of earthly sentiment, watering the face of society." In the four rivers which watered the garden, we have symbolized, Paganism, Mahommedanism, Popery, and Protestantism—all misty religions. The deluge, which swept away a wicked generation, is the type of the "reformation imperatively demanded" by Mr. Biden, which is to commence A.D. 2006 with the death of Protestantism, the birth of which is itself typified by the birth of Noah. Very complimentary to Protestantism! The statement in Genesis that "Shem lived after he begat Arphaxad five hundred years," Mr. Biden expounds as follows:—"A prophetic announcement that Protestantism would survive for five centuries, or until A.D. 2157." We thought its death was already fixed for A.D. 2006.

We have one more brochure on prophecy—"The Second Advent," by the Rev. Dr. Stephenson, vicar of Patrick-cum-bourne, Kent. It is of a far less pretentious character than the two former essays, and more in accordance with a reasonable interpretation of Scripture. It consists of suggestions on Advent, in which the author tries to reconcile the conflicting statements of the Bible, which, in some places represent the time of that coming as uncertain, in others gives signs by which its approach may be known. The key of this difficulty Dr. Stephenson places in the distinction between two events—Christ's meeting his own people *in the air*, and his subsequent arrival *on the earth*. The former is uncertain; the latter will be known by signs, and there is some interval between them. We fear that the learned doctor, in his key to this mysterious cipher, has struck on a distinction without a difference.

We are glad to turn now to a far more practical subject—handled, too, by a very distinguished interpreter of prophecy. In his volume on the "Life and Lessons of our Lord," Dr. Cumming has rendered a real service to the cause of Scriptural instruction. It is just the kind of book that was wanted for family readings. The lessons are short—each treats of a single event in the life of the Saviour, or parable or lesson taught by Him; and the whole are written with the felicity of expression, and simplicity and attractiveness of style for which Dr. Cumming is noted. Prophetic speculations seem to be purposely excluded; for even in the lesson on Christ's prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem, nothing of the kind is introduced. Dr. Cumming writes, moreover, in no narrow denominational spirit, as may be seen in his remarks on the several modes in use of receiving the Lord's Supper. Comparing them to the changes in the ever-varying clouds above, he says:—

"We have each our preferences; but when preference, as it relates to form, is exalted into a vital principle, then we leave Scripture, or Protestant ground, and go over to Popish, or superstitious ground. We may prefer, as in the Church of England, to receive the communion kneeling, or, as in the Church of Scotland, sitting—but we must remember that the kingdom of God is neither kneeling, sitting, nor standing, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

Another essay of a practical kind is Mr. Pulman's overwhelming refutation of the *ad captandum* arguments of Mr. Spurgeon's sermon on "Baptismal Regeneration." It is one of the ablest replies to that eloquent but illiterate preacher which we have seen. One of the best points is the proof by which the author shows that it is Mr. Spurgeon and not the Church of England that teaches that "baptism saves souls." The following description of Mr. Spurgeon's egotism is well to the point:—

"It will be observed that in the first nineteen lines of his sermon we have twenty capital I's, irrespective of eight other personal allusions. In another paragraph, at page 314, it is still worse—for there, in twenty-eight lines, we find twenty-eight capital I's, and thirteen other references to himself. Does it not show—

"The pastor either vain
By nature, or by flattery made so, taught
To gaze at his own splendour, and exalt,
Absurdly, not his office, but himself."

We can strongly recommend this pamphlet to such of our readers as can enjoy a good argumentative castigation, well pointed with sarcasm and ridicule, and administered to an ignorant and presumptuous judge of the consciences of his fellow-men.

The quieter, more dignified, but not less useful, field of Occasional Sermons next engages our attention. But here we are, at the very threshold, confronted by a difficulty. Books of sermons are so like one another, and the topics are so trite and commonplace, that, except on the occasion of some unusual treatment of a striking subject, one is at a loss what remarks to make beyond a few criticisms on composition and style. To combat the particular Church views set forth by Cardinal Wiseman in his volume of "Sermons on Moral Subjects" would certainly be here out of place, even did our review allow the space necessary for such comments. Besides, the task would be endless, and not very interesting to our readers. The fascinating style of the Cardinal,

and his well-known lucid manner of treating a subject, will alone be sufficient to recommend this volume to all readers who have faith in his teaching. The discourses are eminently practical, and, with but a few exceptions, very faintly reflect the peculiar dogmas of Rome; some of them, such as the sermon on "Charity," and that on "The Salvation of the Rich," are perfectly free from anything of the kind, and might be preached in the most Puritan of pulpits without exciting a shade of suspicion of Popery. We shall not, however, recommend them for that use to clergymen who do not preach their own sermons, as teachers of his Eminence's school, though *dona ferentes*, require to be watched with a proper degree of suspicion.

The discourses in Mr. Beecher's volume are on the ordinary topics of pulpit ministration. They are a fair specimen of the best style of popular pulpit oratory; and the author's late visit to this country will, no doubt, invest them with interest for many readers. The discourse on Infant Baptism will be found a valuable contribution to the Spurgeon controversy; and, in our opinion, that gentleman, were he open to conviction, might be much benefited by it. All Mr. Spurgeon's arguments are anticipated, and fully refuted. The following is a good practical answer to the observation, "How ridiculous it is to baptize a child!" Mr. Beecher replies, "But a child is a one-year old tree transplanted, and the one-year old tree is far better off than the twenty-five-year old tree. I would rather take the chances of a child, with its inherent purity of disposition, than those of an adult that has, with the Spirit of God, the light of his own volition, and the wisdom of his own understanding." The figure is certainly apposite, and well illustrates the advantages of early transplantation into the vineyard of Christ. We may observe, in leaving these sermons, that discussions on political questions, arising out of the present American war, are conspicuous in them by their absence; and that is no small recommendation to the volume.

We will now give a passing glance at some small works of a serious and deeply religious tone. In "Heart-work essential to Personal Religion" are some very suggestive Essays, which may be read with profit. Mr. Bowen is thoroughly in earnest, and writes with much tenderness and pathos, his object being to show the necessity of the life of the heart in religion. The subjects treated on are such as heart-searching, heart-brokenness, heart-service, and the faith, confidence, and culture of the heart. "Our Eternal Homes" is written in a similar strain; but the topics are of a more speculative kind. The style is light and easy, and the several questions considered are discussed with fairness and without any unreasonable overstraining of texts. The headings of some of the chapters appear fanciful, such as, for instance, "Heavenly Scenery;" but still what the author has to say is not without some authority, or undeserving of examination. In the chapter on "Guardian Angels," he has brought together much evidence to prove the probability of there being such spirits ministering to the wants of good men on earth; and we know that this is an opinion strongly held by some highly intelligent and well-educated Christians.

We conclude by directing attention to Mr. Paton's able review of "The Life of Jesus," by M. Rénan, which first appeared in the *London Quarterly Review*, but is now republished in a separate form, with notes. The subject is not only handled with ability, but in a spirit becoming the gravity of the occasion. Invective, sarcasm, and attempts by witticism to create an impression unfavourable to his opponent, are avoided by Mr. Paton, while M. Rénan's several positions are successfully assailed by a line of very solid argument.

MR. HOLLINGSHEAD'S ESSAYS.*

FOR downright plainness of speech, rough vigour of thought, keenness of insight into shams, and honest hatred of all pretences, few living writers, of that class which is chiefly concerned in the production of "light literature," can surpass Mr. John Hollingshead. Wherever he sees a mischievous absurdity, a successful manoeuvre, a social lie, or a rampant injustice, he marks it with a quick, detective glance, and runs it down remorselessly. He takes credit to himself, in these the latest of his volumes, for having, "while writing for a living in many periodicals of very opposite views," always maintained what he calls his "Benthamite principles;" but, whatever his views may be on abstract questions of political economy, he does not often obtrude them on the reader. It is not as a theorizer that we read him; it is as an able, hearty, sharp-witted, and clear-seeing exponent of social life and manners, pretences, and false assumptions. For this species of work—a work very necessary to be performed in a highly artificial state of society such as ours, with its unhealthy excrescences and fungous growths—Mr. Hollingshead is, in many respects, singularly well adapted. He has great industry in the collection of facts; he never lacks boldness to speak what he believes to be the truth; and he possesses a felicitous art in putting forth his knowledge so as to attract the attention of most readers. Great observation of character, a dry and furtive humour, satirical powers, if not of the highest order, of sufficient pungency to make themselves felt pretty frequently, and a style distinguished for clearness and force, are exhibited by Mr. Hollingshead in the papers here collected from magazines and newspapers. We confess we do not understand the division which

* To-day. Essays and Miscellanies. By John Hollingshead, Author of "Underground London," &c. London: Groombridge & Sons.

has been made, into "Day Thoughts," for Vol. I., and "Night Thoughts," for Vol. II., for we can perceive no distinction between them; and some of the papers seem to us not of sufficient weight, importance, and elaboration, to be worthy of reprinting; but, for the most part, these essays are far too good to be buried alive in back numbers of old periodicals. They contain a set of lively and effective photographs of the epoch in which we live; and on that ground alone will be interesting a few generations hence, as preserving much which, by that time, will probably have passed away. It is therefore a good thing that they should have been promoted to the safer and more permanent station of the library shelf; and, in the meanwhile, the present generation has an amusing book added to its stock, in which it may see itself reflected with a good deal of truth, though with some severity.

Mr. Hollingshead's two volumes containing seventy-nine essays between them, on a great variety of subjects, we shall not be expected to enter into any great detail in noticing them, but shall best consult the reader's interest by presenting a specimen or two of our author's powers. Here is a good exposure of quack medicine impositions:—

"There is one set of these antibilious pills, known as treasures of the desert, which are highly silvered for the sake of appearance, and then sold in boxes at one shilling and one penny halfpenny. They consist of scarcely anything but aloes and soap; and one pennyworth of pillcochie, as it is termed, would make about two boxes. This may be considered a highly profitable nostrum, and I congratulate the oriental proprietor upon his valuable property.

"Another set of pills consists of extract of colocynth, extract of aloes, Castile soap, and a little oil of cloves, and another set, called antibilious, is made chiefly of aloes, scammony, jalap, and gamboge, with a very small quantity of camomile. Another set that is labelled restorative, consists of about equal parts of gamboge and aloes; and the most popular set of them all, warranted to cure every disease, is composed of aloes, a vegetable matter like scammony or jalap, and soap.

"Another set of the professedly antibilious division of pills is made up of aloes, scammony, gamboge, jalap, calomel, soap, and syrup of buckthorn. A very popular bilious and liver pill is made of aloes and colocynth; and certain well-advertised vegetable pills, credited with the most marvellous qualities, consist of aloes and cream of tartar; or gamboge, aloes, colocynth, cream of tartar, and a vegetable matter like horehound. The pills which are reputed to keep off death until the patient reaches twice the allotted age of man, are made of nothing more remarkable than aloes and a vegetable extract like colocynth. This simple compound has yielded one or two fortunes and a parliamentary membership, and is still a much more productive property than all the cardinal virtues put together.

"The basis of all these pills, and many others, appears to be a common and cheap substance which is usually called bitter aloes; and upon this is built up a mixture of soap, scammony, jalap, colocynth, and frequently gamboge. Of all these substances, the last is by far the most dangerous, in fact, it is ranked amongst the acrid or hot poisons. In the United States (still amongst the great credulous Anglo-Saxon race), where nostrums abound, perhaps, more than in this country, it has been proved that calomel is at the bottom of nearly all the cheap aperient pills. The reason that gamboge has been selected by the quacks in England as a principal ingredient of their antibilious pills, is because of its great activity as an aperient. Nine people out of ten believe in a nostrum all the more firmly the more it prostrates them, and a strong mixture is accordingly provided.

"There is another class of pills which may be alluded to—the stomachic, dinner, digestive, and tonic pills. They are composed of aloes, ginger, rhubarb, ipecacuanha, and a volatile oil, such as cloves or peppermint. . . .

"Certain pills have been advertised very extensively of late in the form of an appeal to nervous sufferers, from a 'retired clergyman,' who undertakes to send the recipe on the receipt of a single postage stamp. The prescription generally sent upon application runs thus:—

"'Alcoholic extract of ignatia amara, thirty grains; powdered gum Arabic, ten grains; make into forty pills.'

"This recipe is usually accompanied with a sincere and earnest hope that, under Divine Providence, it may be found to produce the desired effect. It commonly happens that no one can make up the prescription but the dispenser to the 'retired clergyman,' and another application has to be made, accompanied with two-and-sixpence in postage stamps, to obtain a supply of the pills. These pills have been examined, and found to contain no particle of the active principle of the ignatia amara, but their real ingredients were eight grains of gum, eleven grains of starch, and one grain of a greenish matter wholly inert. It is fortunate, perhaps, that the 'retired clergyman' is cautious enough to send such a preparation, for if the pills containing the real ignatia amara were taken with any degree of indiscretion, it is very probable that death would be the result."

There is real creative humour in the article called "Re-christened," in which an account is given of a club composed of ladies and gentlemen with strange, ugly, and sometimes repulsive, names—names such as really exist, though they sound like the wildest creations of the most extravagant caricaturist. In this paper, however, Mr. Hollingshead has, we think, suffered himself to be carried away into an occasional coarseness not usual with him; and we therefore prefer quoting some excellent remarks on "Mr. Dickens and his Critics," in answer to certain very purblind objectors who, because they disagree with the politico-economical notions occasionally suggested in the novelist's works (and Mr. Hollingshead himself dissents from them), seek to depreciate his genius to the level of mere buffooning:—

"PHIL. You cannot suppose—nor can the bitterest opponents of Mr. Dickens imagine—that, with all his force and originality of intellect, he is above the comprehension, if he thought proper to apply himself, of those abstract principles which are of vital importance to the welfare and good government of the country?

"HYLAS. The question is, not what he is capable of, but what he is. I for my own part, think it no easy task that a mind of Mr. Dickens's unequalled imaginative power should work in direct opposition to the dictates of that imagination, and throw off the accumulated sentiment of a life.

"PHIL. His opponents do not add to the force of their remarks upon his political principles, when they endeavour to detract from his wonderful literary merit, by treating him as one of the herd of mere comic writers, the Jan Steen of literature, whose mission it is to make men grin and silly women cry—perhaps the most eminent buffoon of his day.

"HYLAS. When the turmoil of the present century, with all the virulence of its political debate, and all the petty jealousies of its literature, shall have passed away; when those who penned the stinging epigram or the caustic satire shall be weak or dead, or dying—dying, and anxious to give worlds to cancel many a brilliant injustice which their hasty pens have put upon record, then, and not till then, shall we arrive at a calm estimate of the value of the writings of Charles Dickens. Even now I love to picture him far from the din of the critical Babel, surrounded by those delicate and beautiful creations of his fancy, that ideal family, the children of his pen. There, in the twilight of his study, I see him sitting with his arm round Nell the favourite child. Her face seems worn and sad, but when she looks up in his eyes, it becomes suffused with heavenly light. At his feet rest little Dombey and his sister hand-in-hand, and nestling to the father who has called them into birth. Poor Joe is there, the fungus of the streets, crouching like a dog beside the fire, grateful for food, and warmth, and shelter. I hear the clumping of a little crutch upon the stairs, and in hops Tiny Tim, the crippled child. Above them hover the shadowy forms of other children, children who on earth were poor and suffering drudges, workhouse outcasts that the world had turned adrift, but which are now on high, a blessed band of angels. And yet this man, great critics, is only a mere buffoon, and nothing more? Truly, a fit companion for that low player of the olden time, who wrote 'King Lear,' and acted at the Globe."

In "Pocket-Money Authors" Mr. Hollingshead makes a manly protest against the supercilious tone towards their brother journalists adopted by certain highly genteel and very select writers; though we must say that in the preceding paper, on "Slop-slop Literature," the essayist seems to us to fall into much the same tone. Many other papers are devoted to the consideration of important subjects; and the two volumes are full of facts and opinion worthy of consideration, and frequently suggestive of thought.

THE BROOKES OF BRIDLEMERE.*

MR. WHYTE MELVILLE is a very pleasant writer, and generally contrives at least to interest and amuse his readers. Sometimes he aims at doing more than this, and plunges into history with a most praiseworthy determination to instruct; but we prefer his spirited sketches of our contemporaries to his more elaborate pictures of our ancestors, and derive far more gratification from the conversation of one "Kate Coventry" than from that of all the "Queen Maries." In his present work he has been content to describe the ordinary life of the present day, and has confined himself to the limits of a society with which he is thoroughly well acquainted, so that he has produced a very readable book, written in an easy and flowing style—a story which is amusing without being over-facetious, and which interests the reader without exciting him too much. It may not be a great work of art, but it belongs to an agreeable and meritorious class of performances; one to which we gratefully have recourse when we are tired of solitude, and are desirous of a pleasant chat, or are bored with joggling along life's highway, and are glad to wander into a field of fancy, to which access may be gained without any great intellectual effort.

The family of the Brookes of Bridlemere comprises five persons—the father, a country gentleman of the ordinary type, remarkable for little but the effects of a paralytic stroke; his brother, Sir Archibald, a Bayard in modern attire; his daughter, Helen, the heroine of the story; and his two sons, Walter and John. The latter of these, who is also the elder, is a fair representative of the young squire of bucolic and agricultural tastes, who is not very learned or bright, but is healthy and honest and brave. His younger brother, on the other hand, is clever and brilliant and fascinating, but possesses only a very small stock of principle. The consequence is that he allows himself to become embarrassed by debts he cannot pay, and even performs a dishonourable action in order to ease himself from their pressure. The knowledge of this swindling transaction enables a money lender, named Multiple, to induce Helen Brooke to accept his addresses, that disinterested sister sacrificing herself in order to save her brother from exposure. She hates Mr. Multiple, but she promises to marry him, and it is only with great difficulty that she can be rescued from his clutches towards the end of the third volume. Such conduct on the part of a not over-romantic young lady is so improbable, that it is difficult to take any great interest in the scenes in which she and Mr. Multiple figure; and that worthy himself is so singularly unreal a

* The Brookes of Bridlemere. By G. J. Whyte Melville, Author of "The Gladiators," &c. London: Chapman & Hall.

character that we are convinced he must have been a personal acquaintance of the author. He mixes in the best society, and yet he is little better than a thief, and only a few removes from a murderer. He knows everyone intimately, yet no one knows who or what he is. One of the most exciting scenes in the book is borrowed from the "Northumberland Street Tragedy" which caused so much sensation a few years ago; and in it Mr. Multiple plays the part of the homicidal usurer, his intended victim being Jack Brooke, who had visited him on behalf of his brother Walter. A better portrait than Mr. Multiple's is that of his partner, Mr. Pounder, whose hardness in the city and softness in his suburban home are capably depicted. But the best characters in the book are those of Lord Waywarden, a nobleman-farmer, wedded to a fine lady, and of Mrs. George Stoney, the sister-in-law of a model young brewer, who loves, and is loved by, Helen Brooke. The Earl is a very natural and amusing sketch, and there is a good deal of humour in the description of the scenes in which Walter Brooke successively attacks him, and his Countess, and his daughter, Lady Julia, in the hope of gaining that young lady's hand. It will be seen that our author introduces the reader into excellent society, and indeed he not only makes him acquainted with the inferior nobility, but actually places him on such a familiar footing with a duke, that he is allowed to overhear a conversation which his Grace holds with his Duchess, while sitting, like a ducal Diogenes, in his tub. Mrs. George Stoney has no great dignity to boast of, but she is a pleasant English matron, and a favourable specimen of middle-class married ladies, not very refined, perhaps, nor altogether free from a suspicion of vulgarity in her prosperous days, but in adversity developing all kinds of practical virtues and serviceable good qualities. She is infinitely preferable to Helen Brooke, who is unnecessarily cold and haughty, and yet not only agrees to marry a man she detests, but actually takes pains to please him, and shows little gratitude at being saved from him. On hearing that he is coming to dinner one day, at the time when she hates him most, she "does not disdain to put on two more rings and an additional bracelet, in honour of her unexpected guest." She wished, it seems, to "look her best, even in his eyes." And when her uncle tells her that Mr. Multiple may possibly absolve her from her obligations to him, we are informed that Helen blushed; the idea of liberty was, indeed, more than sweet, but there was, nevertheless, something of pride and pique in the tones with which she answered, "If such a humiliation were possible, uncle Archie, of course a lady does not hold a gentleman to the fulfilment of his promise." But if the heroine is unsatisfactory, the other personages who surround her make up for her shortcomings, and there are so many spirited scenes in which she does not figure, that her disagreeableness is not made unpleasantly manifest.

ENGLISHWOMEN IN INDIA.*

ALTHOUGH, since the days when we first held dominion in the East, much has been written on the history, geography, and politics of India, and on the habits, religion, and general social condition of its people, comparatively little has hitherto been known to Europeans at home respecting the domestic management and mode of life of English ladies and gentlemen in that part of the world. The fair authoress of "The Englishwoman in India" undertakes to supply this want. Preparatory to leaving England, she consulted with several female friends who had lived in India as to what would be requisite for her on her voyage and during her residence in the East, and she was answered by a multitude of conflicting and contradictory opinions from the persons appealed to. In short, scarcely two of them seemed to agree in their views as to what was right or wrong. In one instance, our authoress yielded to the advice of her friends, and suffered for it a short time afterwards. On her arrival in India, she acutely felt the need of some little book of practical information on the requirements of English lady residents in that country. She therefore determined to supply the want if she could, and has accordingly given to the public the small volume before us, which she has endeavoured to render "a compendium of all the information actually necessary" for ladies of moderate means, seven years' daily experience having made her more and more alive to their needs and shortcomings. Her book, to quote the words on the title-page, contains "information for the use of ladies proceeding to, or residing in, the East Indies, on the subjects of their outfit, furniture, housekeeping, rearing of children," and numerous other matters. The work is divided into two parts, the first of which is comprised in several chapters, treating entirely of the subjects just alluded to. The opening chapter is a description of all the articles necessary for a lady's outfit on the voyage. Our authoress observes that she fears it is a sad truth that passengers on board ship are generally great gourmands. In support of this opinion, she quotes from one of L. E. L.'s letters at Cape Coast Castle, in which that lady says that on her outward voyage she "could think of nothing but all the nice things she could have had to eat in England, and should almost have cried with joy had a jelly been attainable." The present writer recommends, as being amongst the best provisions to take on board, a private stock of cocoa, chocolate, some very good tea, raspberry vinegar, and tins of ginger-nuts and biscuits. In addition to these, she mentions figs, dates, and

bottled French plums, or damson-cheese, which last-mentioned conserve, our authoress says, is peculiarly acceptable, inasmuch as passengers can often eat it, on account of its acidity, when they cannot take anything else. A few bottles of good port wine or champagne she considers an inestimable boon, the latter having been known to alleviate sea-sickness when everything else has failed, while the former acts as a powerful stimulant in the fits of weakness and depression which invariably succeed that affliction. Although the book professes to address itself exclusively to ladies going out to India, the writer occasionally addresses a few hints and words of advice to the other sex.

Strange to say, the management and superintendence of stables in India falls entirely to the care of the lady of the house, and it is probably the only country in the world where such is the case. The gentlemen, however, are too much engaged in their professional duties to be able to afford the time to look after such matters. Various kinds of horses are used for different purposes, each being peculiarly valuable in its way. A good deal of care is requisite in the treatment of Indian horses, as regards their feed, keep, bringing up, &c., in all which there are wide divergences from the management of horses in England. In her chapter on the rearing of children, our authoress says that India is in many respects a more healthy country than England for very young children. Diseases that are very common here, such as croup, bronchitis, measles, and hooping-cough, are but rarely seen there, except among the children of soldiers, where the mortality is frightful, from numerous causes. In India, infants are generally brought up by native wet nurses, who, besides being largely paid, are also clothed, and fed upon a regular diet provided on purpose for them. As a rule, they are very fond of their young charges, "and gentle and patient with them to a degree which would astonish the rough and ready English nursemaids." The other chapters of the work are devoted to furniture, household necessities, servants, house-keeping, travelling, &c. Little more need be said in the way of comment, as the book treats exclusively of plain, domestic, family matters. It must suffice to say that the writer has evidently studied her subject very attentively, and taken great care and pains in the compilation of all the facts she has here put forth. We have no doubt that the book will prove practically useful as a guide to ladies and other persons about to travel to India. The second part of the work consists entirely of articles relating to Indian cookery; but this is for the most part nothing more than a series of receipts, such as we may see in any common English cookery book.

GOING TO THE DOGS.*

NOT a few of our most valuable works of fiction at the present day are brought before the public in the simple and manageable form of single volumes. The writers of this class of works do not spend so much labour in the discussion of the ordinary topics of conventional society—the triumphs of ball-rooms, or the charms of (otherwise) strong-minded and amiable heroines, whose only weakness is exhibited in a propensity to disregard the life of any individual who happens to stand in their way; but, on the other hand, it may not unfrequently be found that the stories themselves are at once more interesting and probable, the characters more natural, the conversation more instructive, original, or appropriate; the moral tone of the work higher, and the design of the author to vindicate some truth, or ameliorate in some measure the condition of society or the opinion of his day, set forth with greater ability and skill than is found in the productions of more pretentious and voluminous competitors. Among the very best of its class is the work now before us. "Going to the Dogs" is alike replete with interest and instruction, invaluable to those for whose perusal it is chiefly intended, whose opinions are in process of formation, or whose position in life is on the point of being decided. The story traces the career of a young man, the son of a respectable and successful solicitor in the metropolis,—consequently of one commencing life from a starting point of advantage, and with good expectations; but whose foolish mother, dazzled by the idea and title of "a gentleman," which, in her vocabulary, means a genteel idler, thwarts every scheme proposed in the family for turning the very mediocre talents of this hopeful youth to some settled and practical purpose, with a view to his more extensive usefulness or to the future contingencies of life. He goes to the University, where his conduct is the reverse of what is steady or studious. He occasions his father great distress by his extravagance; to provide against which the careful attorney speculates, and for a time successfully, in mining enterprises. But pampered selfishness and foolish doting produce in due time their natural results. The father dies; the hero's fortune becomes a shadow; his sisters have all married tolerably well; and he himself loves and secures the affection of a charming and excellent girl, who would marry him if he had any position to offer her. He becomes the unintentional depository of a friend's secret, which at the commencement is simply a moral trouble to his conscience. How afterwards, when distress and other causes have combined to blunt the sacred sensibilities of youth, he uses this knowledge as an inexhaustible source of pecuniary imposition, and the rapid "sliding scale" by which he reaches the canine ultimatum expressed in the title of the work,

* The Englishwoman in India. By a Lady Resident. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

* Going to the Dogs; or, the Adventures of Frank; showing how he was brought up to follow neither Trade nor Profession, and what his very genteel bringing up brought him to. By A. S. Roe, Author of "What Put My Pipe Out; or, Incidents in the Life of a Clergyman," "I've been Thinking, &c." London: Virtue, Brothers, & Co.

we must leave to the researches of the reader. The slightest sprinkling—it is only slight—of religious polemics indicated in the championship of Antinomian, Irvingite, and some other sectarian views, by one or two of the characters introduced into the story, is far from detracting from the reader's special interest in the fate of the hero, which, we are quite sure, will be generally and vividly entertained by all who enter on its perusal; but what that fate may be, whether he becomes a total wreck or ultimately recovers any portion of self-respect or social estimation and position through "the unmitigated kindness" (as a learned serjeant recently expressed himself) of certain members of his family, we forbear to state. The little volume is eminently calculated both to please and to profit.

NELLY DEANE.*

ALTHOUGH chargeable with some improbabilities, "Nelly Deane," taken altogether, is a simple, graceful, and natural story, written with an easy and polished pen. The characters, of which there are few, speak and act consistently with the idea entertained of them by the reader—a merit which is by no means lessened by the fact of the narrative relating almost exclusively to ordinary life. If, with some of its very plain and homely details, the story reminds us in its style, of Crabbe, whose rather prosaic minuteness was exquisitely hit off in the well-known lines of the "Rejected Addresses,"—

"John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire,"—

we have no right to complain of being treated now and then to a fiction of a really unostentatious character.

Eustace Henry Calcott Hartley, an English youth of "great expectations," very improperly, while a student at Edinburgh, contracts a marriage with a young ballet-girl employed at the Theatre Royal of that romantic city. In due time—that is, about the expiration of the honeymoon—he divines the true character of his wife; and, after making her a suitable allowance, they agree to separate, she undertaking not to molest him in any way as long as the pecuniary advantage secured to her is continued. His coming of age, and the rejoicings thereat; his first meeting with Nelly Deane; his repairing to Oxford University, where several amusing and interesting adventures occur; the conjunction with the heroine, who is unconscious of his growing affection for her, and the effect upon his mind of the news that his wife is projecting a voyage to America; the supposed upshot of his voyage; his visit to the little Welsh sea-village, the scene of the wreck, and the example of imperfect identification that there takes place—all these are events very distinctly, and some of them impressively, narrated. Without going into the whole plot of the story, we cannot explain matters further than by saying that Eustace Hartley's wife, unknown to him, still lives, and, conceiving herself insulted by a certain slight she had on one occasion received, lives for revenge; so that, when at the altar with another bride, her hope is to effect her cruel triumph in the wreck of two lives and the wretchedness of two hearts. Here, it must be admitted, is a goodly complication of events; but the imbroglio is well managed, and the conclusion naturally brought about. The other characters are not numerous, but they are mostly lifelike and well defined. Such, for instance, are the old Doctor, Nelly's guardian; Andrew, his servant, a shrewd and careful Scot, who plays a not unimportant part in his time; Mrs. Hartley; Mrs. Grame (Andrew's mother); and Charlotte Smith, friendless and forlorn herself, but not the less for that the friend of those still more unfortunate.

The story cannot fail to leave a good impression on the minds of all who read it, both as regards the author's moral design, and its execution in a literary point of view.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.*

A SERIOUS but not altogether depressing volume is this "Among the Mountains," intended for the edification of young people, and their encouragement in those practical domestic virtues, and personal good qualities, frankness, veracity, cheerfulness, generosity, obedience to parents, brotherly affection, transparent sincerity of heart, and so forth, on which really depends their usefulness in the world, and the favourable estimation of the better portion of society. The repulsive nature and evil effects of the opposite characteristics, envy, deceitfulness, cunning, wilfulness, rejection of good counsel, and habitual neglect of religious ordinances, are also graphically exemplified in the conduct of various members of two or three families, native and foreign, supposed to be resident in Alp-land during the period of the late war. One or two of these instances may be perhaps a little overdrawn—a youth of fourteen, for example, who, necessarily ignorant of life and utterly inexperienced in either suffering or temptation, is represented nevertheless as being actuated throughout his brief career by "the highest Christian principle." Such a prodigy cannot, in a literary sense, be disposed of too early. Accordingly he disappears in the early dawn of the story. The less perfect of the juvenile characters introduced—and they are chiefly of that class—are more interesting;

* Nelly Deane, a Story of Every-day Life. Two vols. Edinburgh: W. Nimmo.

* Among the Mountains; or, the Harcourts at Montreux. By A. G. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

and their self-correction of various questionable propensities, under the influence of kind but judicious parental guidance, is pleasingly manifested. The subsequent fortunes and misfortunes of the principal family, the head of which meets his end at Sebastopol, and the struggles and privations of the good widow lady and her children, until the period of their final deliverance from sorrows of all kinds by the unlooked-for bounty of a sympathizing relative, constitute the more important part of the story itself, and of its teachings.

SHORT NOTICES.

Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. Part IX. (Chapman & Hall.)—Mr. Dickens has in this number removed the mystery surrounding Mr. Boffin's Secretary. A man, disguised as a sailor, visits Rogue Riderhood, and, working upon his fears, extorts from that worthy a promise to sign a paper declaring Gaffer Hexam to be innocent of the charges laid against him. This person is none other than John Harmon, the son of the late owner of the Bower, and heir to the fortune now in the possession of the Golden Dustman. Upon his arrival in England, he changed clothes with a sailor, Radfoot, very much like him in appearance, by whom he was drugged, and thrown for dead into the river. Escaping from these perils, he assumed the name of Julius Handford, but was soon after horrified at sight of the body of the murdered sailor, supposed by the public to be Harmon. Wishing to learn something of Bella Wilfer before proving his identity, he kept the secret to himself, and as John Rokesmith took lodgings at the Wilfers'. Hearing that Riderhood had accused an innocent man of the murder, he visits him, dressed in Radfoot's clothes; and the Rogue, conscious of his own villany in the attempt at a double murder, readily promises to clear the memory of Hexam for the sake of his family. The reader being now fully aware of the reality of John Harmon in the person of Rokesmith, much additional interest is centred in the "mercenary" Bella. The Secretary takes an opportunity to declare his affection for her, and is somewhat harshly repulsed. His proposal is treated with disdain, and he resolves to "bury" John Harmon—to "cover him, crush him, keep him down" for ever. Harmon is not the only one disappointed in love. Poor little plump Miss Peecher, the certificated school-mistress, is rendered very miserable because Mr. Bradley Headstone thinks more of Lizzie Hexam than of her; though, had she known the result of an awkward visit which he made to his pupil teacher's sister, she might have taken comfort to herself. There is no doubt that poor Lizzie is devotedly attached to Eugene Wrayburn; but whether under the carelessness which that young barrister affects there lies hidden a regard for Lizzie, the future pages of this interesting story will unfold.

Fraser's Magazine, for January (which did not arrive last week in time for notice with the other periodicals), may be briefly mentioned here. It opens with a rather severe article on President Lincoln, by an American Abolitionist, who advocates the recognition of the South on the understanding that they will emancipate their slaves. "Spiritualism, as related to Religion and Science," discusses a number of subjects into which we are not, in this place, inclined to enter. "The Condition and Prospects of our Navy" is full of extremely interesting details of the neglect, mismanagement, and jobbery of our Admiralty, from which, however, the writer thinks we are now recovering. Richardson, the novelist, is made the subject of a good critical article, wherein that little-read author is analyzed in all his virtuous pomposity, though with full allowance for his excellences. The other papers are the first of a series on "The Hierarchy of Art," by Miss Frances Power Cobbe; an essay on "Mountain Beauty" (not very conclusive); and "The Drama in London," in which a very fair account is given of the present state of our stage.

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine. Edited by W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq. Jan., 1865. *Bentley's Miscellany*, Jan., 1865. (Chapman and Hall.)—Both these Magazines are under the editorship of Mr. Ainsworth; and in the latter, a story by that gentleman, with the title, "The House of Seven Chimneys" (rather awkwardly reminding the reader of the name of one of Hawthorne's tales), is progressing from month to month. Opening this romance at haphazard, we come across a passage which strangely recalls to our remembrance the style in which Mr. Ainsworth used to revel, in days when he was much younger than he is now. Anne of Austria is being described:—"Her feet and hands were the smallest and most beautiful imaginable, and her waist taper, yet admirably rounded. Her features, lovely in expression as in form, were lighted up by large dark eyes beaming with mingled fire and tenderness. Her nose was small, and, judged by classic rule, might have been termed too flat, but it was charming nevertheless, as was her little mouth, the under lip of which protruded beyond its roseate partner! proclaiming her a true daughter of the house of Austria. Her rich brown locks were wreathed with diamonds, and gathered in crisp little curls, as was then the mode, upon her white open brow. Her dress was of yellow damask, the body being covered with twisted fringes of diamonds and precious stones. In her right hand she carried a Spanish fan, and her left hand was accorded to Cardinal Richelieu, who had the honour of conducting her to the banquet." Mr. Ainsworth is evidently quite incorrigible. After we know not how many years of authorship, he has yet to learn that taking an inventory of details, from noses to petticoats and fringes of diamonds, is not painting a portrait. And was there ever, since letters were invented, such a way of saying that a woman was underhung, as that passage about the nether lip "protruding beyond its roseate partner"! Mr. Ainsworth not only perpetuates all the worst insincerities and affectations of the Minerva Press style, but intensifies them with an infelicity which, in these days, is truly wonderful.

Hardwicke's Science-Gossip: a Monthly Medium of Interchange and Gossip for Students and Lovers of Nature. (Hardwicke.)—This is the first number of a new fourpenny periodical, which appears to be designed as a sort of scientific Notes and Queries—that is to say,

to act as a medium of communication between men who are interested in the habits of quadrupeds, birds, butterflies, moths, beetles, bees, flies, spiders, worms, fishes, and reptiles, or who are curious in the nature and the development of plants, wild flowers, ferns, mosses, seaweeds, and fungi, or who devote themselves to any of the physical sciences. It is addressed not merely, nor indeed chiefly, to persons of profound scientific acquirements, but in a great degree to humble inquirers, and intelligent lovers of nature generally; and the communications of all who have facts to relate or theories to set forth will be inserted in its columns. The idea is very excellent, and will, we should think, command a success equal to that of its literary prototype. The first number of such a publication is necessarily only a very distant approximation to what is intended, for the design has to make itself known in many and distant localities; but the issue before us contains much that is interesting in natural history and mechanical science. Some of the longer articles, however, seem to us a little too elementary for a periodical of this kind. Nevertheless, we look to the future numbers of *Science-Gossip* as valuable allies in the collection and diffusion of facts.

Two Essays. I. *Pencillings of Beauty in Nature and Art*. II. *The Magnificence of the Universe, and the Extent of Life in it*. By Edward Whitfield. (Whitfield, Green, & Son.)—We shall best give our readers an idea of the kind of writing to be found in this book by quoting a passage or two. To begin with the beginning:—"When the first parent of mankind burst into life, like some suddenly opening flower, in the beautiful Eden which the Creator had prepared for him, what a flood of emotions must have overpowered his spirit! . . . The music of nature floating to his ear on the pure breath of Eden, he would listen and listen, and turn to the spot whence the sounds proceeded, and turn anew as his ear caught some answering melody." Now for a touch or two on the seasons:—"Shall we speak of the changes wrought by the seasons in their course? The spring is proverbial for its beauty, and is universally hailed with delight. All seasons are progressive, but this more than all. . . . By the summer, the germs of spring are advanced for the use of autumn. The many-tinted colours of the former are now subdued to a more general resemblance; flowers still bloom (!), the rose most winning of the attractive tribes, and fruits expand under the protection of the full foliage which covers every denizen of the soil. The season is an emblem of the matured loveliness which graces the meridian life of woman. Autumn now steps upon the scene. . . . He stretches his wand over the sunny fields, and the yellow harvests await the sickle of the husbandman. . . . And winter—winter, with his rains and snows and tempests—has he no gem of beauty to deposit in the casket of the year? There is beauty in the crystal floor," &c. If Mr. Edward Whitfield is a boy of fifteen or sixteen, all this may be excusable as far as he is concerned, though even then his friends are justly blameable for not interposing with the wisdom of mature life between the young gentleman and the public. If he be himself a mature man, we are sorry for it. We have dipped in several parts of his volume, and find the same washy rhapsodies everywhere. The second Essay is rather better than the first, because it deals with tangible facts; but the veneer of science is of the thinnest. There are some persons, however, who prefer words to ideas, and to all such these Essays will be a prize. The book, moreover, is calculated to serve a still better purpose. The writer would seem to be also one of the printers and publishers, or a relative; and, as a specimen of type and general "get up," the volume may be found very useful by the firm. We decidedly advise Messrs. Whitfield, Green, & Son, to circulate it gratis, with that view.

Who's Who in 1865. Edited by William John Lawson. (A. H. Bailey.)—The seventeenth issue of this useful little manual is before us. It carries out, as usual, all its old features, and is full of useful and curious information touching the eminent and socially conspicuous men of the day.

A New Year's Gift to Sick Children. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Illustrated by Horatio J. Lucas. (Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.)—The first and longest paper in this collection of prose and verse, printed in the form of a thin, small pamphlet, is an account of Meadowside House, an institution, near Edinburgh, for sick children, similar to that in Great Ormond Street, Queen Square, London, which we described in our issue of December 24th. The work is sold for the benefit of the hospital, and we sincerely join in the hope expressed by the authoress that the public will spare many a shilling (the preface says sixpence—but that is not the price of the book) to the furtherance of the good design. The contents of this brochure, besides the account of the institution, consist of reprints of two of the writer's Magazine poems; but there is nothing requiring special description or comment.

We have received Part VII. of Dr. Latham's edition of *Johnson's Dictionary* (Longman & Co.);—the *Eclectic* for January, and the *Alexandra Magazine* for the same (both published by Jackson, Walford, & Hodder);—No. VII. of the *Month* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.);—Nos. XIII. of *Can You Forgive Her?* and XIV. of *Luttrell of Arran* (both published by Chapman & Hall);—Part II. of *Parable, or Divine Poesy* (F. Pitman);—No. XIII. of the *Social Science Review* (Office, Whitefriars Street);—Nos. XI. of Cassell's *Illustrated Shakespeare*, II. of Cassell's *Illustrated Gulliver's Travels*, XII. of Cassell's *Bible Dictionary and Illustrated Bible*, XIV. of Cassell's *Popular Natural History*, XIX. of Cassell's *Illustrated Bunyan*, X. of Cassell's *Illustrated Goldsmith*, and II. of Cassell's *Library Edition of Don Quixote*, illustrated by Gustave Doré;—Part I. of Dr. Spencer Thomson's *Hand-book of Domestic Medicine* (Griffin & Co.);—Part XIII. of *Homes without Hands*, by the Rev. J. G. Wood. (Longman & Co.);—*Young England* for January (Tweedie);—and the *Ladies' Treasury* for January (Houlston and Wright).

A man of the name of Gersterlergk has been brought up before the Court of Weimar for selling false autographs, letters, poems, and plays of Schiller.

MR. THACKERAY'S BOYHOOD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—There is a slight error in your Literary Intelligence of a week or two back. In a sadly ominous letter to me, dated October 1, 1861, Thackeray says:—

"I have just come back from Scotland, where I have been burying my good old step-father, who had but a few hours' illness. . . . So they pass away, and now comes the turn of our generation, &c."

Your notice dates this death ten years back. I am not a Carthusian, but was at another public school, though I saw far more of Thackeray, and was more intimate with him than most of his schoolfellows were.

In my little sketch of Thackeray, one of my main objects was to account briefly, but rationally, for certain traits in his character and writings, upon which page upon page have been written by his various critics. This attempt was perhaps worth recognising.

That I have not a greater number of amusing stories and curious traits I regret as much as your reviewer can do, but forty years have lapsed since then, and nothing is more difficult than to draw a likeness of humour from memory.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

Jan. 2, 1865.

J. F. B.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The first number of the *Englishman's Magazine* has made its appearance; but, from the outside, with its antique ornaments, reminding one of the quaint woodcut colophons of ancient Catholic printers, and its rubricated lines around the margins, we think it might more appropriately have been called *Father Ignatius's Magazine*. There are few "Englishmen," we believe, who care a straw for such revived mediæval tinsel. In the original it is all very well, and tells its own tale, indeed its own history; but the present age has, or ought to have, a style of its own, and that, we hold, is the most fitting to represent a Magazine devoted in the main to current matters. On opening it, things are much better; but we must say that the *Cornhill* arrangement of headings, pages, and general get-up, has been somewhat too servilely copied. Indeed, all our shilling monthlies appear to go upon one model, and the wretched system of imitation, so rife in all departments of book-making, extends itself also to the monthly serials. The cover, however, be it remarked in Messrs. Rivington's behalf, is thoroughly original, so much so that we doubt if it finds an imitator. It is, of course, difficult to read—it would not be in the true style of antique decoration if it were otherwise—and the editor of the last *Publisher's Circular* may almost be forgiven for having noticed it as the *English-woman's Magazine*. What with the branches of an undescribed oak curling and winding in every way impossible to nature, and the fiery red and open-mouthed dragon in the initial letter, leering sinisterly from one eye, his reason doubtless became bewildered in an endeavour to solve the mystery.

A short time since, we announced that a new and complete edition of M. de Tocqueville's works were in preparation. Within the last few days, news has been received of the death of his widow. The lady held all the MSS. of her eminent and gifted husband, and her decease may now somewhat retard the appearance of the new edition.

A new antiquarian publication is announced, under the title of the *International Historic and Archaeological Miscellany*. It is in the hands of a small limited liability company of "20 shares of £50 each, £10 to be paid the first year." It is understood that a person of the name of Bell, Ph.D., who formerly resided in Germany, is the originator, and proposes to undertake most of the editorial duties. From the prospectus, we learn that "our present periodicals, literary or political, have but incidental notices of matter of Continental literary or scientific importance. The meetings and transactions of foreign societies (often of the utmost importance to our own researches) are totally ignored; whilst, by a corresponding neglect, what British science is bringing to light has no systematic organ or regulated communication abroad. It is proposed by the above *Miscellany* to remedy this great defect; to bridge the North Sea and the Channel by a systematic, comprehensive, and particular account of everything promotive of and aiding researches in the Historical Sciences or Philology; for the latter, since the latest researches of Prichard, Bopp, Max-Müller, or Latham, must also be assigned its stand amongst the deepest depths of Archaic History: for the cradle of our races and the first institutions of society." This is all very good—the bridging of the Channel especially so for those who do not like salt-water; but we hope the wording of the projected sheet will be somewhat better looked after than it has been in the prospectus.

Good Words, perhaps the most successful of all modern religious serials, is about to have a competitor with a title that sounds strangely like an imitation—"Winning Words, a Lamp of Love for the Young Folks at Home." The second title, it appears, was that of a small monthly published by Messrs. Gall and Inglis; but these gentlemen have thought proper to alter it to that given above.

The French have just lost an eminent lexicographer, M. Bouillet, the author of numerous educational works, and famous, wherever French literature is read, as the author of the "Dictionnaire d'Histoire et Géographie," and "Dictionnaire des Sciences, des Lettres, et des Arts." The deceased gentleman, during the greater part of his life, was Professor of Literature in the University. In 1840 he was named Principal of the College Bourbon (now Lycée Bonaparte), and held that post until some disturbances by the students, which he ineffectually tried to quiet, caused him to be removed. In 1850, however, he received compensation in being named Honorary Member of the Council of the University, Inspector of the Academy of Paris, and subsequently Inspector-General of Public Instruction. So far back as 1826, he published his "Dictionnaire Classique de l'Antiquité Sacrée et Profane," on the plan of Lemprière. His "Historical and Geo-

graphical Dictionary" appeared in 1842, in one volume stout 8vo., and containing more than 2,000 pages, double columns, closely but legibly printed. This was at once accepted as the best book of the kind that had appeared in France, and, with our own books of reference in view, it may be doubted if a more concise and satisfactory work of reference exists in any language. In Paris, Bouillet's book was recommended by the University, and adopted by men of letters and men of the world; and at the present moment it may be found in almost every counting-house, and on almost every writing-desk in that city. Though it had been approved by the Archbishop of Paris, it was attacked in the *Ultramontane Univers*; and, to his great surprise and regret, M. Bouillet found that his inoffensive book was included in the *Index Expurgatorius*. He made a journey to Rome for the purpose of remonstrating or explaining, and succeeded not only in removing the interdict, but in getting the approval of the Holy See. It is understood that the "Dictionnaire des Sciences, des Lettres, et des Arts," has also gone through several editions. It does for *things* what the other does for *names*, and forms a complete Classical Cyclopædia. Throughout life, M. Bouillet was well known amongst his friends and acquaintances as a hard worker, an early as well as a late student. At the time of his decease, he was in his 66th year.

Several new editions of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" are being announced, most of them with illustrations. One of these appears to be very strongly recommended by Mr. Ruskin, for the publishers advertise his note of approval very conspicuously. Of another edition, published by Fullarton, the *Bookseller* remarks that the illustrations by the late David Scott "are of the most original description." The artist appears to have been Bunyan-mad, and to have been almost as great a dreamer as the author. Thus, in the first plate, Christian is exhibited in his home studying the Bible, with an enormous load on his back, but not depicted as heretofore; the load is shown only as a thing of the imagination—a shadow. So again, in passing the Valley of the Shadow of Death, shapes horrible, grim, and ghastly pursue the pilgrim, while the King of Terrors himself almost arrests his progress. The strangest pictures to Bunyan we ever saw are those in an old "chap" edition, printed about 1750. Like the old woodcuts which adorn the Revelations in early French Bibles, the draughtsman endeavoured to realise the full intent of the text without the slightest suspicion that allegory was intended. A Frenchman has remarked how terribly grand the Bible would appear if issued with M. Doré's pictures.

During the week, there has been issued to the "trade"—as the booksellers term themselves collectively—in English, and about a subject of considerable importance to the students of our early literature, a most interesting volume by Mr. Albert Cohn, of the firm of ASHER & Co., the eminent publishers of Berlin. The title is "Shakespeare in Germany in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries; an Account of English Actors in Germany and the Netherlands, and of the Plays performed by them during the same period." The book is a handsome 4to of nearly 400 pages, and contains some curious facsimiles of old MSS. found in Germany, throwing no small light upon the subject. The author, we believe, has passed only a very small part of his time in this country; but his respectable acquaintance with our tongue, and the extreme facility with which he appears to write it, will surprise all who open the book.

A correspondent in Paris writes:—"There is much talk amongst artists of the expected publication of private letters of the great Flandrin, whose recent death has created so wide a gap in the world of painters. Among his papers exists a pamphlet addressed to the Comte de Nieuerkerque, which is calculated to make a great sensation."

In 1859, Mr. Benjamin Pardon, the printer of Paternoster-row, printed for a Mr. Dobell a small tract on Brewing. The author, however, forgot to pay for the work done—indeed, took no further notice of the matter; so in 1861 and 1862 the printer advertised the tract with a view to obtaining back some of the money he had expended in producing it. About 100 copies were sold, producing a trifle over ten pounds. This coming to the knowledge of the author a law-suit was entered upon, and, although no decision was arrived at, the counsel on both sides having agreed to withdraw a juror, still it was pretty clearly shown that the printer had no right to publish the pamphlet without the consent of the author. His legal remedy lay in another course, although that may have failed to produce any substantial benefit for the creditor.

The Act of Parliament licensing dramatic entertainments appears to be quite as difficult of definition as our copyright laws. The summoning of Mr. F. Strange, the new proprietor of the Alhambra, before Mr. Tyrwhitt, on Wednesday last, involved a reference to so many old statutes and books, for and against stage plays, that it is probable this class of literature will, for some time, be in great request. The magistrate found himself quite undecided in his opinion, as he had never looked into the history of comedy or tragedy, pantomime or Punch and Judy. Reference to the ancient mysteries and religious plays was also made, so that the discussion may take quite a mediæval turn before being brought to a close. As the case will be taken to a higher court, much curious evidence of an antiquarian character may be expected.

Another survey of Jerusalem is announced. Colonel Sir Henry James says that the work of exploration is going on favourably, and that the only stoppage to a thorough examination of the ancient foundations of the Holy City will arise from a want of funds to carry on the labour. Mr. George Grove, of Crystal Palace antecedents, and famous amongst the clergy for his great Biblical learning, congratulates the religious world upon the report made by Sir Henry James, and speaks of the thorough reliability of those carrying on the work in Palestine. Mr. Grove also says that some portion of the funds collected for the Layard exploration in Assyria and Babylon still remain in Mr. John Murray's (the treasurer's) hands, and suggests the advisability of publishing this surplus over to help the exploring party.

Mr. Edward Edwards's important bibliographical work, "Libraries

and Founders of Libraries," a continuation of the author's well-known "Memoirs of Libraries," in two vols., is announced as in a forward state for publication. It is understood that it will constitute an independent work, occupying ground not previously touched upon. It will give us some entirely new information respecting the ancient libraries of Egypt, of Judea, of Greece, and of the Roman Empire, with many particulars of the Mediæval libraries, and those preserved in old monasteries. The collections of books formed by the Kings of England, our Government offices, and those made with such ardour by Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, Lord Spencer, and other famous collectors, will be fully described. But the most interesting chapter will probably be that concerning the libraries of some famous authors of various periods and countries, from Petrarch to Thomas de Quincey, including Boccaccio, Montaigne, De Thou, Grotius, Swift, Goethe, Scott, and Southey.

With the New Year come the usual new ventures and speculations, literary and otherwise. The old *Literary Gazette*, which at one time was the great authority in weekly criticism, is shortly to have a successor. The *Literary Gazette*, No. I., is announced for immediate publication at the office of the *Bookseller*. No programme of its intentions have been issued, but, from certain remarks which have appeared from time to time in the organ of the book-trade (the proprietor and editor of which, we believe, will be closely connected with the new sheet), it may be inferred that retrospective criticism is intended, as well as cotemporary.

After the Christmas holidays, and as publishers settle down into something like peace and order in Paternoster-row, the distribution of sumptuous gift-books and toy-volumes for children comes, for a time at least, to an end, and we get some insight into the literary expectations of the New Year.

Messrs. LONGMAN & Co. will publish this month a large number of new works, including the first volume of a new edition, with introduction, of "An Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution, from the Reign of Henry VII. to the Present Time," by Earl Russell; "Historical and Philosophical Essays," by Nassau W. Senior, Esq., 2 vols.; "The Secret of Hegel (the German Metaphysician), being the Hegelian System in Origin, Principle, Form, and Matter," by James Hutchinson Stirling, 2 vols.; "Last Winter in Rome," by C. R. Weld, author of "The Pyrenees, West and East," &c., with a portrait of Stella (a Roman model), and several engravings on wood; "Tuscan Sculptors, their Lives, Works, and Times," with forty-five etchings and twenty-eight wood engravings, from original drawings and photographs, by Charles C. Perkins, 2 vols.; "Historical Studies," by Herman Merivale, 1 vol.; "History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe," by W. E. H. Lecky, 2 vols.; "The Hidden Wisdom of Christ and the Key of Knowledge, or History of the Apocrypha," by Ernest de Bunsen, 2 vols.; "From Sunday to Sunday, an Attempt to consider familiarly the Week-day Life and Labours of a Country Clergyman," by the Rev. R. Gee, Vicar of Abbott's Langley and Rural Dean; "Village Life in Switzerland," by Sophia D. Delmar; "A Popular History of America," drawn from original sources, and written especially for Schools, Colleges, and Mechanics' Institutes, by Elizabeth Cooper; "The Management and Utilisation of Sewage of Cottages, Dwelling-houses, Public Buildings, and Towns," with numerous drawings, showing the methods of the process, by William Menzies, &c.

Messrs. SAUNDERS, OTLEY, & Co., have just published a new edition of Mr. J. M. Stuart's "Journals of Australian Explorations," in which the author mentions that he has named the large and rich tract of country he has opened up to the South Australians, "Alexandra Land."

Other publishers have announced their intentions, and we shall give a further list of new books in preparation next week.

Mahmoud Bey, the astronomer of the Viceroy of Egypt, has just published a remarkable work on the age of the Pyramids, and their connection with the star Sirius.

M. Philartète Chasles will publish in a few days, at the house of DIDIER, a volume entitled "Voyages d'un Critique à Travers la Vie et les Livres."

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Adams (Rev. H. C.), Schoolboy Honour: a Tale. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.
 Art Student (The). Vol. I. Royal 8vo., 6s.
 Bagnall (G.), Piscatorial Rambles. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
 Bateman (J.), Excise Officer's Manual. 3rd edit. 8vo., 21s.
 Beke (Mrs.), Jacob's Flight: a Pilgrimage. Cr. 8vo., 12s.
 Bell's English Poets. New edit. Cowper, Vol. II. Fcap., 1s.
 Bonney (T. G.), Outline Sketches in the High Alps of Dauphiné. 4to., 16s.
 Burke's Peerage and Baronetage, 1865. Royal 8vo., £1. 18s.
 Caracciolo (Princess), Memoirs of. Fcap., 2s.
 Chesney (Capt. C. C.), Campaigns in Virginia, &c. Vol. II. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Cureton (W.), Ancient Syriac Documents relative to the Establishment of Christianity. Folio, £1. 11s. 6d.
 Dale (Rev. R. W.), The Jewish Temple and the Christian Church. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 De Bunsen (E.), The Hidden Wisdom of Christ. 2 vols. 8vo., 28s.
 Exiles in Babylon, by A. L. O. E. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Gosse (P. H.), Land and Sea. Fcap., 5s.
 Jallot (Madlle.), Memorials of. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Johnson (G.), The Laryngoscope. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
 Lewis (G.), Shakesperian Creations. Illuminated. Small 4to., 21s.
 London and Provincial Medical Directory, 1865. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Luther's Letters to Women. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Mackenzie (M.), Use of the Laryngoscope. 8vo., 5s.
 Miracles of Heavenly Love in Daily Life, by A. L. O. E. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Oliver & Boyd's Edinburgh Almanac, 1865. 12mo., 5s. 6d.
 Perkins (C. C.), Tuscan Sculptures. 2 vols. Imp. 8vo., £3. 3s.
 Procter (Adelaide), Legends and Lyrics. Vol. II. New edit. Fcap., 5s.
 Pursuits (The) of Children. Cr. 8vo., 1s. 6d.
 Ranking & Radcliffe's Abstract of the Medical Sciences. Vol. XL. Cr. 8vo., 6s. 6d.
 Reed (J. W.), Tales of a Grammar School. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
 Schneider (Dr. G.), Manual of German Conversation. 16mo., 1s. 6d.
 Sharpe's London Magazine. Vol. XXV. Royal 8vo., 6s. 6d.
 Sheen (J.), Wines and other Fermented Liquors. Fcap., 5s.
 Smith (Charlotte), Lynn of the Craggs. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 4s.
 Stirling (J. H.), the Secret of Hegel. 2 vols. 8vo., £1. 8s.
 Trevelyan (Mrs. Kitty), Diary of. Cr. 8vo., 6s. 6d.
 Ville (M. G.), High Farming without Manure. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Voices (The) of the Year. 8vo., 12s. 6d.
 Weld (C. R.), Last Winter in Rome. Cr. 8vo., 14s.

GRATIS with this Number, a THIRTY-TWO PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing the Literary Year on the Continent, the Progress of Science, Art, Music, and the Drama, during the Year 1864.

With the Number for Saturday, December 31st, 1864, was published, GRATIS, a TWENTY-FOUR PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing the Religious Year, and the Literary Year.

Price 4d. Stamped, 6d.

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The late Francis Oliver Finch.
At Home in Paris.
Affinities of the Gaelic Language.
Consumption.

The Magazines.

Literary Gossip.

List of New Publications for the Week.

Post-office Orders to be made payable to ISAAC SEAMAN, Publisher, 11, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C.

OFFICE: 11, SOUTHAMPTON-STREET, STRAND, W.C.

The INDEX to Vol. IX. will be Issued with the Number for January the 14th, 1865.

All Back Numbers of the LONDON REVIEW may be had direct from the Office on receipt of Stamps, or from any Newsagent.

The LONDON REVIEW can also be had, bound in cloth, as follows:—
Vol. I., 10s.; Vol. II., 13s.; Vol. III., 16s.; Vol. IV., 16s.; Vol. V., 16s.; Vol. VI., 12s. 6d.; Vol. VII., 12s. 6d. Vol. VIII. (January to June, 1864) is now ready, price 12s. 6d.

Cases for binding the Volumes, and Reading Cases, price 1s. 6d. each, may also be had.

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ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN (Opera Company, Limited). Continued success of the great Pantomime, Cinderella, and the wonderful Donato.

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NOTICE to BONDHOLDERS.—In conformity with the terms on which the FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS of the PENNSYLVANIA SECTION of this Railroad were issued to the Public, the SECOND ANNUAL DRAWING of 4 per cent. of the gross amount of these Bonds will take place at the Office of Mr. E. F. Satterthwaite, 38, Throgmorton-street, in the presence of Mr. Grain, Public Notary, on THURSDAY, January the 19th, 1865, at One o'clock precisely.

The authorized issue is as under; viz.:

2,000 Bonds of \$1,000 each	\$2,000,000
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Annual Bonus.....	£1 14 11	£1 19 10	£2 7 1	£2 10 5	£3 2 1
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THE MONTH'S GRACE

allowed for Completion of Assurances for Participation in the Profits (and Guarantee Fund) of 1864 will expire on 31st January. Proposals lodged after that day cannot be included in the List of 1864.

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No. 236.—VOL. X.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1865.

[GRATIS.]

THE LITERARY YEAR

(CONCLUDED).

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Literature of France has a double task to perform. Its function is to enlighten and to amuse at home and abroad. To a certain extent, this is now the case with the literature of every country, for no author can be said to write for home consumption only; but with that of France it is pre-eminently so. This circumstance, which constitutes no trifling element in French self-glorification, has undoubtedly great advantages; but, as is only natural, it has equally great drawbacks. The worthless books which are published in other countries generally sink into charitable oblivion at home. French works, however, always wander abroad, whatever be their merits or demerits. Besides, a work which has been published at Paris cannot hide itself; it must unavoidably participate in the privileges or prejudicial effects of universal publicity. French authors should therefore be doubly on their guard before they send forth their productions. How far this has been the case during the past year, we shall soon see.

For some time, a complaint has been heard that French literature was not quite so productive as usual. Many were of opinion that this, under existing circumstances, was an undeniable merit, although only a negative one. A dull monotony was pervading all the literary productions of France, without their being, in point of morality, superior to their predecessors. The moral character of a Frenchman is often estimated according to the standard of his dulness. Adopting this standard, the current literature of France ought, of course, to be highly moral. If it were really so, the beneficial influence of French literature would undoubtedly be enormous, for this year we certainly cannot complain of its sterility. We know that French authors will be disposed to say, "Literature is only a picture of society, and our society—that is, society in France—being corrupt, we cannot give you scenes from life of an edifying moral character. Our descriptions are *real*, and therein lies their value." Reality is, in fact, the watchword of modern French writers, and the key-note to all, or at least most, of their writings. They look down with a scornful smile upon the old question about *le beau idéal*, and *le laid idéal*. The only thing they admit is *le réel*—the real—but unfortunately it is mostly the ugly real only. We do not think that French society is so bad and corrupt as it is represented in French novels; but, if it were so, the duty of French writers to improve the morals of their countrymen would only be the more obvious. If they still persist in their assertion that they are mere literary photographers, and want to be no more—that they do not care about invention, conception, and form—that they do not wish to produce ideal types, and that their sole object is to hold up a faithful mirror to society—we can only say, so much the worse for the realistic French writers.

M. Champfleury may be considered as the leader of the realistic school. He has published a number of novels, all of which tend in that direction, and his name must be but too familiar to the readers of modern French novels. That he has persevered in his defects since he wrote "*La Mascarade de la Vie Parisienne*," "*Les Amis de la Nature*," &c., he shows in his recent novel, "*Les Demoiselles Tourangeau*." The *Demoiselles Tourangeau*, who are three in number, are the daughters of a rather eccentric architect, who is quite a genius in designing the most wonderful schemes, which have only this inconvenient drawback, that they are, one and all, impracticable. Madame Tourangeau is a striking contrast to her husband, being a placid, motherly woman, of a very domesticated nature. Thus, whilst the lofty designs of the restless father never come to anything, the mother's quiet management of her household produces highly beneficial results. The strongly-contrasted couple have a son, Michel, who, as the brother of three sisters, naturally has an intimate friend. This is Lucien. The characters of M. Tourangeau's children likewise present a very strange contrast. Mademoiselle

Christine, the eldest of the three sisters, is described as a devout mystic, of a kind which belongs more to the middle ages than to our own times. The life of a penitent, however, which she leads without having sinned, soon exhausts her physical powers, and the modern saint is sent to the fashionable watering place of Vichy to recruit. In former times, female devotees of a still more delicate constitution than that of Mademoiselle Tourangeau, could endure still greater physical hardships, even if they lived only on herbs and fruit, and had, besides, strength enough to undertake long and trying pilgrimages. But we suppose it was the strength of their belief which sustained them. They were also in due time canonized, in reward for their self-denying manner of living. Our modern heroine, however, lacked after all that strong belief which makes the spirit subdue the flesh; for, although she met at Vichy a Jesuit missionary, who urged her on in her life of devotion and exhausting penances, she does not, as might naturally have been expected, take the veil, but unnaturally drowns herself. This is the first sad result of an ill-regulated mind and a mistaken life.

The character of Emelina, the second *Demoiselle Tourangeau*, is a product of our own days, which, although an exotic plant in this country, will easily be understood. She is a staunch adherent of the principles so energetically, poetically, and perniciously advocated by George Sand in her former writings. She laughs at the exaggerated piety of her elder sister; not because it is exaggerated, but because it is based on sentiments which she as a free-thinker finds thoroughly ridiculous. The eternal burden of her declamations is: *Emancipation des femmes*, and down with the tyranny of men! It need hardly be added, that Mademoiselle Emelina is, like nearly all the fair champions of female emancipation, full of maudlin sentimentality. After having run away from home, and after making in vain a proposal of marriage to Lucien, her brother's intimate friend, she is sent by the author to Russia as companion to a rich and eccentric lady. The end of the sentimental female emancipator is not so melancholy as that of the religious enthusiast, but still her life was a mistaken one. There remains to the unfortunate Tourangeau family the gentle Juliette only, who, if we are to believe French novel writers, is a true personification of female perfection, according to the notions of the French. She is no religious fanatic, nor does she trouble herself about fine sentiments and the redress of visionary wrongs; but she is, as most young ladies who are obliged to seek their future tyrants through the medium of advertisements describe themselves, of a quiet, cheerful disposition, and of a thoroughly domesticated character. She is the model of a wife, such as a farmer would wish and require. She is an excellent cook and a sensible housekeeper, and is rewarded for all these homely virtues by the love and hand of Lucien. As for Michel,—during the time that one of his sisters ruined her body and mind by a self-inflicted penitentiary life which ultimately led to self-destruction; whilst the other got half crazy by her sentimental and extravagant notions, and was condemned to live in Russia; and whilst the third managed the house and attended to the fowls,—he applies himself to science with the same zeal as Mademoiselle Christine had shown in religion, and, after several years of incessant study, publishes a work, and becomes all at once a celebrated man.

The history of the Tourangeau family is related with great minuteness and dulness. It is given in the form of a journal, which Lucien is appointed by the author to keep, he being the friend of the family and thus in a position to chronicle all the events concerning the Tourangeaus. What, it may be asked, is the object of the author in giving us descriptions full of tedious detail about the actors of his tale? M. Champfleury simply wished to solve a great psychological problem—to find out the mysterious law of nature which makes it possible that children of the same parents should represent the most varying contrasts. The diversity of character is accounted for by M. Champfleury, according to certain physiological hypotheses, which he mistakes for physiological laws, and which bring the author to the conclusion that the father of every man of genius must have been "un homme bizarre." This strange theory, which is contradicted by many pages in biographical history, would, if correct, only confirm the analysis given by Dr. Moreau in his well-known work on *Morbid Psychology*, and

which tends to show that genius is a disease of the nerves. M. Champfleury's novel derives some importance from the fact that it represents a class of books now much in fashion in France. It is what they term there a study in "mental pathology," and relates the most trifling incidents with a detailed minuteness which is throughout tedious, and not unfrequently disgusting and improbable, although the author pretends to describe only that which is real. Thus, he gives not less than twenty-four "amoureuses" to a sub-prefect, who is described in the following terms:—"Un singe de quarante ans, le buste serré dans un habit noir, la physionomie verte, les besicles d'or sur le nez, et un crâne fuyant, dont les cheveux ont été prématurément dévorés par les travaux administratifs." It is really to be regretted that M. Champfleury not only obstinately perseveres in his faults, but makes rapid progress in them; and the more so, because he has evinced great talent as a novelist in some of his earlier tales, which were not written with the pretentious purpose of creating a sensation, and also because he has found numerous imitators, and continually finds more numerous readers.

M. Ulbach may be set down as one of the followers of M. Champfleury, or, if he should deprecate that designation, as another representative of the Realistic School. His reputation as a novelist—and a reputation he has—dates only a few years back. His *début* was a novel, which had originally appeared in the *Feuilleton* of the *Presse*, and was afterwards published in a separate form. "L'Homme aux Cinq Louis d'Or"—such was the title of his first novel—was favourably received; and in the preface to a recent edition of this novel, he makes the frank avowal that it was written in the short space of three weeks. He wisely refrained in the first edition from making known this fact (which after all is not a very rare occurrence with French authors), as it would probably have been considered, as an excuse for the novice in light literature. And the French know well that "qui s'excuse s'accuse." Besides, the work would have been received with suspicion. The French are well accustomed to such literary feats of unusually speedy composition by some of their most popular authors; but then those authors enjoyed already a well-established reputation. The short plays, which M. Scribe was said to have composed during the drive from his residence to the theatre, were not the less favourably received; nay, the author was still more enthusiastically applauded, as the public admired in the production not only the literary merit, but also the successful achievement of a rather difficult task. Quickness has found its admirers at all times, but it does so still more in our own days. It is the occult divinity to which all do homage. The old saying "Chi va piano va lontano," has certainly lost its credit. But, if it was wise on the part of M. Ulbach not to reveal to the public the secret of the speedy origin and composition of his work, it certainly was not necessary; for "L'Homme aux Cinq Louis d'Or" bore all the unmistakable traces of haste, not to say carelessness. The author has bestowed more care on his novel "M. et Mme. Fernel," which met with considerable success. Nevertheless, its style is very defective and unequal—now dull to the extreme, now gorgeously high-flown, and always careless and diffuse.

The success which the author attained with "M. et Mme. Fernel" has probably had a pernicious effect on his literary development as a novelist. His style has not improved since he wrote "L'Homme aux Cinq Louis d'Or," and his conceptions have become, if possible, still more realistic. M. Ulbach's latest work of fiction, which he wishes us not to consider as a work of fiction at all—and this circumstance is certainly not the least blameable in the whole composition—is called "Mémoires d'un Inconnu." Who is this "Unknown"? Nobody knows anything about him, except M. Ulbach. And, in order to show us how utterly "unknown" he was, the author gives, in the Epilogue, a most minute and painful description of a scene which, unfortunately, often occurs at Paris, viz., the exposure of the dead body in "La Morgue," and the subsequent melancholy burial. When the unfortunate man is exposed to the gaze of the multitude, hundreds pass by, but nobody recognizes him. He has no papers about him—he lived alone and died alone. Nobody knows him, except M. Ulbach. And he tells us his story. This *Inconnu*, who is designated by the discreet author by the simple initial "C.," was in the year 1852 established as a physician in a provincial town. The young *Æsculapius*, however, was also a politician—a Radical; and hence came his great misfortune. Being connected with a paper called *Le Progrès*, he is, of course, soon expelled from France. The "Minister of the General Police," who does not assign any reason for his ukase, graciously grants to the young physician a respite of eight days. He might have appealed and shown contrition, or, at least, have made comfortable arrangements for his involuntary journey; but "C." is too proud for all this, and so he leaves France immediately. He goes, where all these involuntary travellers resort to—to London.

Now we must inform our readers that our young French exile is not only a politician and a physician, but, what would seem incompatible with all this, he is at the same time exceedingly sensitive and sentimental. He is much better situated than hundreds of French exiles who come to London, where there is nothing to be seen "qu'un ciel gris, que des

maisons grises, qu'un horizon froid." But "C." always sighs after his "chère patrie," and he could only have found some momentary consolation in the genuine friendship of an hospitable Englishman, or in the affectionate compassion of one of "ces jeunes ladies si blanches, aux si longs cheveux." Unfortunately, "C." meets in London with neither. When he smiles in the crowded thoroughfares at the hospitable faces, the passers-by most unceremoniously push him aside, without, as he bitterly complains, their even doing as much as lifting their hats, which seemed "cloués à leurs têtes." We can very well imagine what a ridiculous figure such a sentimental fool must cut in the streets of London, who stares at all the good-natured faces with the naïf expectation that they will at once invite him to partake of their hospitality and friendship, and to forget for a while his "chère patrie" in their comfortable homes.

But "C." also wonders, why *ces jeunes ladies si blanches* do not take any notice of him, and do not tell him by their looks, "*Pauvre exilé! nous te souhaitons une patrie.*" It was certainly unkind of the fair young ladies that, they did not cast a glance at him; but we feel sure that, if they had done so, and had perceived the lackadaisical expression in his face, they would undoubtedly have wished him—at all events at Jericho.

Not exactly finding in the grey and cold atmosphere of London what he sought, "C." emigrates, after having received a letter from his cousin, full of genuine womanly affection, to Australia. Full three months he tries his fortune as a gold-digger, but, having failed again, he joins a commercial expedition to the South Sea Islands. Still, fortune nowhere smiles on him. He is a "transplanted tree," and cannot thrive on foreign soil. So, after having tried everything, and failed in everything, he avails himself of the amnesty granted by Imperial clemency, and returns to France. A "comfortable home" is offered to the returned exile in the family of his cousin, where he is cordially received by her husband. But in the same way as he lacked the necessary energy to lead an active life abroad, he does not possess now the necessary strength to lead a quiet life at home. By way of romantic digression, he also makes love to his generous benefactress. But the cousin resists heroically, and the *homme blasé*, the incorrigible sentimentalist, repairs to Paris to maintain himself by his own exertions. He fails, and, being a man without principles, he ends his life in despair, and his body is exposed in the Morgue. Nobody recognizes *l'Inconnu*, but M. Ulbach knows all about him; the whole correspondence relating to the unfortunate man has been confided to him, and thus he is in the position to give us his memoirs. They seem to be conceived in a liberal spirit, but with the best will we can have no sympathy with such a weak character. Everything that you read here is real, gentlemen, M. Ulbach emphatically assures us; there is no sham about it; no fiction, no illusion, is contained in these pages; what they contain is throughout the work of the *Inconnu*:—"Ma part est celle d'un secrétaire, le véritable artiste, le véritable écrivain, c'est celui dont le cœur a saigné et s'est égoutté lentement sur ces notes réunies par moi. Je ne suis pas responsable que des torts de style."

The object of M. Ulbach seems to have been to produce a kind of Werther of liberty, which we consider just as absurd as if anyone were to attempt to give us a Cato of Love. We do not know whether he has written the "Mémoires d'un Inconnu" in as short a space of time as the "Tragedy of Love" was written by Goethe; but we might surmise as much from the tone of the whole composition, which bears the stamp of hastiness. Besides, you cannot forget the author for a moment; you hear him on every page in all the long speeches, reflections, and conversations. M. Ulbach's book is a perfect specimen of the productions of the Realistic school now prevalent in France. It is dull, monotonous, without any lively action or animation whatever. But one point we must mention in praise of M. Ulbach—a point which shows that he is at all events a man of conscience. After having attributed to the *Inconnu* numerous faults and bad qualities, and, moreover, the authorship of the *Mémoires*, he is at least honest enough to declare that he alone is responsible for the defects of style. It would indeed have been very hard to lay this charge also on the unfortunate *Inconnu*.

Whilst the adherents of the Realist School occupy themselves with scenes taken from actual life during the real Second Empire, other writers, who belong to the historical school, of which Alexandre Dumas was the chief representative, do not neglect the military life during the First Empire, nor even the ancient annals of chivalrous times. M. Charles Deslys' "L'Héritage de Charlemagne,"* for instance, represents the great mediæval hero in the most ridiculous modern accoutrement. M. Deslys has adopted all the faults of his great master, without possessing his merits, which made his historical romances readable in spite of their unhistorical character.

The military history of the great French Revolution and the subsequent Empire has been the subject of numberless works of fiction. But it seems that the soil is not yet exhausted. M., or rather MM., Erckmann-Chatrian's novels mostly occupy themselves with the same topic, so much used and abused. A beginning was made with "Madame Thérèse," then followed "Fou Yegof," and now there has appeared the "Histoire d'un Conscrit de 1813." Waterloo is sure to come in the literary series, as it did in the actual course of events. The conscript of

* See LONDON REVIEW, Sept. 17, 1864.

1813 is Joseph Bertha, a journeyman watchmaker, who quietly pursues his sedentary employment at Melchior Goulden's, the clockmaker of Phalsbourg. This occupation is the more to his taste, as it does not require much bodily exercise; his business movements being confined to the winding-up of the clocks in his native town. Joseph is slightly lame. Still, he is buoyant, and good-looking enough to touch the heart of Catherine; and the awkward circumstance of his lameness is only a matter of self-congratulation, as it renders him apparently safe against military service. The description of the perfect happiness of the young lovers forms the best portion of the book. But the merciless conscription now appears with all its terrors. The Emperor is in want of soldiers; quantity is more looked to than quality, and a slight lameness by no means insured exemption from military service. The anxiety and sinister forebodings of the young lovers are very impressively described; and so also is the dreadful scene, when the fatal hour has struck in which the drafting proceeds, and Joseph Bertha is one of those unfortunate persons who draw out a very low number. Two hearts are broken, but the Emperor has one soldier more, although a lame one. The provincial watchmaker soon becomes inured to war, in spite of the lover's despair. He fights, and fights well, as a Frenchman is expected to do, *c'est dans le sang*. The conscript of 1813 has now ample opportunity for becoming acquainted with all the indescribable horrors of war, and though still fighting like a brave soldier and a good patriot *pour la chère patrie*, he abominates the service of the goddess Bellona, and makes his philosophical reflections—such as a poor provincial watchmaker is capable of making—on the evils of war and on the so-called "legitimate" murder of our fellow-creatures. Joseph Bertha witnesses the reverses of the great French army at the battle of Gross-Görschen (or Lützen, as Napoleon preferred calling it), and at the still more decisive battle of Leipzig; and when he returns home, his abhorrence of war has not diminished, even after the lapse of fifty years, when he tells his touching story with its striking adventures.

The "Histoire d'un Conscrit," which originally appeared in the *Feuilleton* of the *Presse*, is a notable book, and deserves the more praise as it contains a very wholesome lesson—a lesson to which many Frenchmen seem now inclined to listen. Its tendency is to counteract the insatiable ambitious craving after glory, still so prominent in a certain class, and to show, by a lively recital of the calamities of war, the evil consequences of national, or rather military, vanity. Some of the historical incidents related in the "Histoire d'un Conscrit" are quite new to the public, whilst others are only too well known, and have been frequently made use of in works of fiction. There may also be here and there too much detail and too little animation; nevertheless, the book may be pronounced as being well-written. M. Erekmann-Chatrian's work belongs to a new collection, which deserves some mention on account of its adopting an old English practice. All buyers of French books must have felt the great inconvenience of seeing them falling to pieces, even before they were once read through; and then the trouble of cutting them up! In order to remove this inconvenience, the publishers of the *Conscrit* have adopted the English fashion of issuing their publications in cloth boards and ready cut, without increasing the price.

We have picked out the most respectable and meritorious of the recent military novels to serve as representatives of the whole class; but we hardly know which novel to mention as conveying a correct idea of a school to which by far the greatest part of the present works of fiction belong, and which we would venture to designate by the name of "the School of the *Roués*." Our readers will, of course, neither expect nor desire, that we should give them a complete account of all those novels—novels reeking with seduction, perjury, and treachery. We cannot analyze the more obnoxious productions of the class alluded to without offending both against good taste and public decency; and, if we gave the details of the more harmless of these fictions, we should not adequately represent the class. We shall therefore, in order to get out of this predicament, choose a novel which is neither of the most obnoxious nor of the most harmless kind; but, being apparently written with the pretension of passing as a moral novel, our readers will be enabled to judge by comparison what the character of the others must be, which do not even pretend to be of a moral description.

The novel which we intend to present as a specimen of this school is the production of M. Adrien Robert, and is called "Le Combat de l'Honneur." Two of the principal actors in this story are a young and rich nobleman, and an equally young, rich, and beautiful lady, of noble birth. The Viscount Gerald de Villemèle, and the Marchioness Renée de Nagel, are seriously in love with each other. They live at Paris, but their love had ripened under the genial sky of Italy. They are not married. In Italy they were too happy to think of such a thing as a marriage ceremony, and when they all at once found themselves in the circles of Parisian society it was too late. Yet they were both rich and independent—the Marchioness de Nagel being a widow, of course—and their mutual love was still as warm and sincere as ever. Well, not too late for ordinary people, but certainly for distinguished members of refined Parisian society; for surely a Viscount cannot so far commit himself as to marry his *maitresse*. If he

dared to give so much umbrage to society, he would, of course, be sentenced to perpetual ostracism. But French society has no objection against his forming at the same time another *liaison* with the wife of M. Gonthier, a former school-fellow of his, who had saved his life. M. Gonthier, who is only a wine-merchant, gives further proofs of his noble mind. The Viscount's father has forged his name, and the wine-merchant acknowledges it as his own. Now the so-called *combat de l'honneur* begins. Chance throws in the way of M. de Villemèle a remarkable pistol; he buys it, and, after having overheard his father's declaration that M. Gonthier is his natural son, and the refusal of the latter to be acknowledged as such in order not to cause any inconvenience to his friend, the Viscount, he makes use of the pistol, and shoots himself through the heart. But not quite through the heart, for he recovers from the wound, and has now the courage to set at defiance the opinion of the world. Madame Gonthier, who, in right earnest, was anxious to run away with him, is now so deeply touched by her husband's noble conduct, that she makes up her mind also to set at defiance the opinion of the world, and to love him. In this work, the author was undoubtedly anxious to show the world that he too could write a highly moral novel. The *combat* was certainly not very heroic, and the *honneur* has been very tarnished indeed.

Of a higher, moral tenor, although a little savouring of the Realist School, is "Le Roman d'un Homme Sérieux," by M. C. de Moüy,* and the novel, "Neuf Filles et un Garçon," which shows that nine children may be better brought up in poverty than a tenth that is spoiled by opulent circumstances. Highly unobjectionable reading will also be found in "Le Manoir du Vieux Clos," by Urb. Olivier. It is a simple story with a good tendency. "Les Oiseaux Bleus," by M. Jules Janin, is a collection of short sketches, which are very readable, like all which comes from the hand of that able critic. The principal charm consists in the beauty and elegance of the style.

We have one more novel to mention—a novel which has created the greatest sensation. We allude to "Le Maudit," par l'Abbé . . . This story is so well known also on this side of the Channel, that a detailed exposition of it would at this moment be not only superfluous, but even tedious. Besides, the romantic plot is here of subordinate importance. The main interest is attached to the tendency of the work, and this tendency can be described in a few words. The author of "Le Maudit" has represented in the Abbé Julio the great contest now going on between the Ultramontanes and the enlightened Ecclesiastics. The work is directed against the temporal power of the Pope and the Jesuits, and their boundless ambitious aspirations. Such a work must be read. It is full of striking incidents, although the author did not aim at writing a novel, but wished to express his views as a liberal Catholic in that form which is now the most acceptable. The real name of the author is not publicly known. An Abbé Michon was designated as the author. But the Abbé Michon left people as much in the dark as l'Abbé . . . "The Maudit," which was publicly denounced by the high clergy of France, was followed by another novel from the same author. It is called "La Religieuse," and is both a sequel and complement of its celebrated precursor. Like most *second* works, it does not reach the first in excellence. The actors are the same whom we have already met in "Le Maudit"—the enlightened views are also the same; but it lacks the freshness of the first work, and contains too little of the necessary elements for a novel.

The department of poetry, or rather of verses and rhymes, was last year much cultivated in France. A few poetical productions only deserve a passing notice. M. Aug. Barbier, the author of "Les Iambes," published as far back as the year 1832, has selected the title of "Silves" for a new volume of poems, which have been written by the author during the long space of the last thirty-five years. We think that they come too late by as many years. The "Iambes," which consist of satirical poems, would now be more likely to find a public than the "Silves," which contain lyrical and meditative poems, although their diction is fine, and the sentiments which they express are, if not always poetical, mostly of a generous nature.

Gentle lyrical strains of no great pretension are contained in M. E. Lambert's "Feuilles de Rose." Much more originality and poetical vigour will be found in Aimé Giron's "Amours Étranges," and the "Fables," by M. L. Bonnel, will afford pleasant reading to those who find delight in this kind of poetry. The "Perles d'Orient," by the Chevalier de Chatelin, have been fully reviewed in this paper (May 28).

We shall not have to chronicle much more in the dramatic department than we had to do in poetry. The successful writer, M. Octave Feuillet, wrote for the *Gymnase*, "Montjoie, Comédie en Six Tableaux." M. Montjoie is a hard-hearted father and cruel husband. He is in fact the incarnation of everything mean and depraved—that is to say, throughout four acts, but in the fifth he is suddenly converted into a model of virtue. The conception of this drama is not satisfactory, and the final development is highly improbable and inconsistent with the laws of psychology. The style is not so anxiously elegant as was the case with M. Feuillet's former writings, which is a

* See LONDON REVIEW, Sept. 17, 1864.

great improvement in this able writer. The success of the piece was very great.

M. Aug. Vacquerie's "Jean Baudry, Comédie en Quatre Actes" has also met with considerable success. It is a kind of socialist drama, and an offshoot of "Les Misérables" by Victor Hugo. M. Vacquerie is the disciple of Victor Hugo, and he occupies now the dramatic position of his late master. M. Ulbach, conjointly with another author, has dramatized his own novel, "M. et Madame Fernel," but the piece was not so successful as a drama as it was as a novel. Another drama taken from a novel had nearly the same fate. This was "Le Marquis de Villemer," by George Sand. The greatest merit of this play is the tone of great propriety which pervades the whole conception. We cannot bestow the same praise on "L'Ami des Femmes," by Alexander Dumas fils, which is one of the oddest and most objectionable of French plays, and consists merely of scenes and episodes.

The drama has evidently not made great progress in France, in spite of the attempts to make the French better acquainted with Shakespeare than they hitherto were. The Tercentenary festival of our great poet was not allowed to be celebrated at Paris, but the poets and critics could freely express their comments on his writings. M. Victor Hugo published a volume of criticism on Shakespeare. On Shakespeare? Not exactly. The book bears the title of "William Shakespeare" only, but in point of fact it is rather a work on himself, or on everything and everybody else than on Shakespeare. That Victor Hugo is no critic he has proved on former occasions, and we regret the more the publication of his work on Shakespeare, as we entertain true admiration for his poetical genius.

Prof. Alfred Mézières has published several useful and meritorious works on Shakespeare himself, on his literary predecessors, contemporaries and successors. M. Rio, in his book on Shakespeare alone, labours hard to vindicate his Catholicism, and to convert the first of Englishmen into a *poète d'opposition*. M. W. Reymond has hit upon a most interesting subject, which is at once indicated in the title of his work, called "Corneille, Shakespeare, et Goethe, étude sur l'influence Anglo-Germanique en France, &c." Here is a subject worthy of a critic of the highest rank. M. Reymond, we regret to say, seems not quite up to the great task which he had proposed to himself.

We have lastly to speak of a work on literary history, where Shakespeare is also amply and exceedingly well treated, which has excited considerable attention both in France and in this country. We allude to M. H. Taine's "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise." This work, from which the French will be able to learn far more than from any other in their vernacular on the same subject, deserves likewise the serious attention and, we would add, the admiration of English readers. M. Taine's History of English Literature is, at the same time, a History of Civilization in England, which circumstance only enhances the merit of his learned and well-written work. On one point he will find English readers disagreeing with him. He ascribes such a high importance to literary history in general—including, as it does with him, the history of intellectual progress—that he thinks the study of every other kind of history beside it quite superfluous. M. Taine places political history much too low, which may be the consequence of the present state of political feeling in France.

Speaking of political history, we cannot refrain from observing that the productions in this department have not been very numerous during the past year. The famous "diamond necklace mystery" during the unfortunate reign of Louis XVI. is one of those historical problems which do not cease to engage the attention of writers on history. One of the last productions on this subject is "L'Intrigue du Collier, Episode du Règne de Louis XVI.," by M. L. Seubert. The author, whose studies on this point have been very diligent and minute, is anxious to prove the innocence of Marie Antoinette, and he seems actuated by disinterested motives in refuting the calumnies which have at all times been spread with reference to her character.

The ill-starred daughter of Maria Theresa has altogether considerably occupied the attention of the literary world and the general public during the past year. This fact is, perhaps, attributable to the sensation which was created by the publication of hitherto unpublished letters and documents, edited, after a research of twenty years, by M. F. Feuillet de Conches. There is no reason to doubt the authenticity of these historical remains, which show several redeeming traits in the character of Marie Antoinette.

A very pleasant and instructive work "Les Marchands de Miracles—Histoire de la superstition humaine," has been published by M. Alfred de Gaston. The doings of miracle-mongers, quacks, professional impostors, and, in short, of all kinds of people who live on the credulity of their fellow creatures, have already been exhaustively treated by former authors; nevertheless, the present volume is a welcome addition to this class of literature, especially at a time when a new chapter is being contributed to the history of miracle-mongers.

A work of sterling value on not so romantic a subject as the preceding ones was *couronné par l'Institut de France*. It is the "Histoire Commerciale de la Ligue Hanséatique," by M. Emile Worms. The reward bestowed by the great French Institution was well earned, and we can only express a desire

that the same author may give us a complete history of that league, which stands quite unique in the history of the nations.

A number of French works on travel have been published in 1864. English readers will not derive much information from M. Rondelet's book, "Londres pour ceux qui n'y vont pas." Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that the able author has executed his work with the honest intention of being strictly impartial. He does not find fault from national prejudice, nor does he flatter—we would almost say—from national prejudice. He describes men and things as he found them, and this circumstance may invest his work with some interest in the eyes of English readers. Only one remark struck us as rather strange. The author finds fault with the *éducation libre des jeunes filles*. Still, he praises the self-possession of English young ladies, and we do not see how they could acquire the commended *aplomb* without having enjoyed *une éducation libre*.

A good deal of useful and novel information is given by M. Rodolphe Lindau in his excellent work "Un Voyage autour du Japon." The intelligent author, who has resided for two years in Japan, is fully qualified for the task which he has undertaken, and which he has so successfully achieved. Not nearly so satisfactory from a literary point of view, but still exceedingly interesting from striking personal adventures, is M. A. Guinnard's book, called "Trois Ans d'esclavage chez les Patagons." We cannot deny our personal sympathies to the author, who had to undergo the greatest hardships amongst the savages. M. Guinnard does not write in a very attractive manner; but who could after having suffered what he did? Yet his book will fully repay the attention of the reader.

Several important books, partly on travel, partly on politics, and often on both these topics, have been so fully reviewed in this paper, that we deem it quite sufficient merely to refer our readers to the respective numbers. M. Michel Chevalier's "Le Mexique" * was very ably translated into English by Mr. T. Alpess, under the superintendence of the author. The favourable reception which this work has met with, both from the critics and the general public, fully confirms the high opinion we expressed in the review alluded to. Guizot's "Mémoires" † have now also been incorporated into the literature of this country. In connection with the work by Guizot must be mentioned that by Count de Montalivet, called "Rien! Dix-huit Ans de Gouvernement Parlementaire." ‡ In "La Vénétie en 1864" § the present gloomy state of the Queen of the Adriatic is fully described.

There will also be found in our paper a full review of the newest work of Saintine, called, "La Seconde Vie." Posterity will doubt whether this is the same hand that has written "Picciola," and, after carefully comparing the name of the author on the two title-pages, they will find that the latest production of M. Saintine is only *un second livre*.

We cannot conclude our notice of French literature without making our readers acquainted with a new feature which we have observed in the literary activity of France. The French have hitherto, of all nations, had the fewest translations. They did not care about foreign works, nor could they understand them. This is now no longer the case. They translate a great deal both from English and German—not only novels, but also scientific, political, and historical works. We are inclined to believe that this change is not so much owing to a want of original productions as to a just and fair appreciation of that which is good in foreign countries.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE incessant activity of German literature received a temporary check at the beginning of last year. It soon, however, recovered its former buoyancy; and, in fact, it seemed as if the writers of Germany were anxious to compensate their readers for their short involuntary silence. Hence it comes to pass that at the end of the year we have, as usual, an overwhelming mass of German works before us. Both the greatness of the quantity, and the bewildering variety of the manner in which the literary themes have been treated, compel us to review German Literature more minutely than we have reviewed that of France. A certain uniformity prevails now in the literature of France which has enabled us to present a picture of the whole by describing a few single productions. In order to do justice to the literature of Germany, however, we shall be obliged to mention both more works and more subjects.

In Poetry, we have, first of all, to speak of a very promising young writer from Bavaria, of the name of Max Haushofer. In the volume of poems which he has published during the past year, he evinces genuine poetical feeling and a perfect mastery over the language. His poems are very melodious, and, without being imitations, remind the reader here and there of those of Hermann Lingg, a countryman of his, who some years ago raised himself by the publication of one single volume to a very prominent rank among the modern poets of Germany.

* LONDON REVIEW, April 16.
† LONDON REVIEW, July 30.

‡ LONDON REVIEW, May 7.
§ LONDON REVIEW, September 3.

As a kind of literary curiosity, and at the same time as a respectable and not unmeritorious contribution to German poetry, we must also mention a volume of poems which has been published by a turner at Berlin, under the title of "Familienleben" (Family Life). There is a great deal of humour in this poetical narrative of the events which took place in the author's family, and the muse of the master turner is so temperate and respectable, that he would, some centuries ago, undoubtedly, have been a prominent member of the old "Meistersänger." When the same author published in 1859 a longer poetical narrative, called "Die Braut des Handwerkers" (the Artisan's Bride), he was designated by German critics as a German Burns, and on the occasion of his latest publication he was strongly recommended to the consideration of the *Schiller-Stiftung* (Schiller foundation).

One kind of poetry flourished last year in Germany to exuberance. Schleswig-Holstein was the constant burden of patriotic songs. There is hardly a poet in Germany who has not contributed to these, from the poetical veteran Friedrich Rückert down to the probably very youthful brothers Kirchhoff, who dedicated their weak "Lieder des Krieges und der Liebe aus Schleswig-Holstein" (Songs of War and Love from Schleswig-Holstein) to Duke Frederick the Eighth! Some of the numerous patriotic, political, and warlike songs certainly possess great poetical beauty; few of them, however, will go down to posterity, but will lose their value, if they ever had any, with the occasion for which they were written. One short and single poem, "Das Lied von Düppel" (The Song of Düppel), by the great master-hand of the celebrated lyricist Emanuel Geibel, shines forth above the rest. It is a long time since we have heard such highly poetical and martial strains; and, however much we may deplore the occasion which has given rise to them, we cannot help admiring them as masterpieces with regard to language and form. We may also mention here that a new collection of Geibel's poems has been published last year, and we need not add that they were eagerly read by the public.

Germany is very rich in political poetry; and if she had had as many patriotic princes as she has had poets, she would certainly cut a better figure in the political world than she actually does. A very comprehensive collection of German political songs is now being published, in a series called "Deutschlands Kampf- und Freiheitslieder" (Songs of War and Freedom of Germany). The series is remarkably well illustrated by Georg Bleibtreu, and contains, among others, the patriotic poems of Arndt, Körner, Schenkendorf, Uhland, Rückert, &c. They chiefly refer to the wars of liberation. German poets, however, have expressed their genuine sympathy also for foreign nationalities in truly classical verse; as, for instance, Count Platen in his "Polenlieder" (Songs of Poland), and Wilhelm Müller in his "Griechenlieder" (Songs of Greece). The latter especially took the world by surprise. People were accustomed to regard Wilhelm Müller as a gentle lyricist only. His songs, which by their melodious rhythm were at once suggestive of music, were in the mouth of every one; and when his celebrated "Griechenlieder" appeared, at the time of the Greek war of independence against the Turks, the public were greatly astonished to find in him also another Tyrtæus. His "Songs of Greece" now became associated with his name to such a degree that he was popularly called the "Griechen-Müller." We have lately received a select and very tastefully got-up edition of his poems, and the only objection that we have to the selection is the omission of some of his finest Greek songs. We have re-read them with great delight; and, among others, his celebrated poem on the death of Byron. It may perhaps interest some of our readers to know that Wilhelm Müller, who was, besides, a great philologist and eminent literary historian, was the father of Professor Max Müller, of Oxford.

Herr Rudolf Gottschall has published "Maja, ein Lotus-Blumenkranz" (Maja, a Garland of Lotus-flowers). The flowers of poetry in this garland are of brilliant exotic beauty. The passionate character of Maja, the beautiful Hindu girl, the rescuer of the young Englishman, who has just escaped from the Indian massacre, may be a little overdrawn; but, on the whole, we must set this down as one of the best descriptive German poems of recent times.

The great battle at Leipzig in 1813 has inspired two poets to the composition of epic poems. The one is called "Die Schlacht von Leipzig, eine Epische Dichtung von F. H. Frey." The author is successful with regard to the form of his poem, but frequently becomes prosy in his descriptions. The title of the second is, "Leipzig, 1813, by J. E. Günther." There are some very beautiful passages in this heroic poem; but it is written in stanzas—a form thoroughly unsuitable to the subject, which offers nearly insurmountable difficulties for epic treatment.

After having waded through a number of indifferent poetical productions which we forbear from mentioning, it was quite refreshing to take up a volume of tales in verse by Paul Heyse. They have been published under the collective title of "Gesammelte Novellen in Versen" (Collected Novels in Verse), and are of considerable merit. Among the nine short tales which the volume contains, there are in particular two which are real gems of poetry. We mean the "Hochzeitsreise an den Walchensee" (Wedding Trip to the Walchensee), which is a charming idyl of the Bavarian highlands, and "Die Braut von Cypern"

(the Bride of Cyprus), which unfolds a sunny picture of that exquisite island.

We shall meet Paul Heyse again among the authors of works of Prose Fiction. Of these, an unusually large number have been published during the present year in Germany, in spite of the untoward state of public affairs. This phenomenon is accounted for by the natural connection between demand and supply. The craving for time-beguiling productions is so universal and so great—and, like all morbid desires, so insatiable—that no public calamity can check the rapid and yet turbid stream. Two classes of novels seem now to be in special favour in Germany. The sphere of the one is the musty archives of biographical history, and of the other—strange as the expression may seem, we could hardly find a more appropriate one—the sunny regions of descriptive geography. We shall first speak of the former, which, although it has held sway over the fluctuating public taste for some time, is still growing apace. Sir Walter Scott, the great founder of the historical novel, has found many, more or less successful, imitators in Germany. That none of them have reached their model need hardly be added; but the German imitators of Scott widely extended the sphere of the historical novel. They did not choose a remote period in history as a frame for their work of fiction, in order to unroll before our eyes a faithful and lively picture of the past; they generally selected an episode in modern or even recent history, in order to diffuse their own individual views under the beguiling form of a romantic plot. Thus, the modern historical novel is usually written with a special purpose and tendency—it is, as the Germans style it, a "Tendenz-Roman." The liberal writers of Germany, in particular, often make use of this form either to arouse in the most harmless manner the patriotic feelings of their countrymen, or to evade the despotic vigilance of their "paternal" governments, whenever they aim at the diffusion of more enlightened principles. For both these purposes, the great French Revolution and the subsequent bloody wars always offered abundant, nay, too abundant, materials. The recent fiftieth anniversary of the liberation of Germany from the French yoke brought again a shoal of similar productions into the booksellers' market, and even the past year was not quite free from them.

The well-known writer Heinrich König has presented to German novel-readers an historical tale in three volumes, under the title of "Von Saalfeld bis Aspern" (From Saalfeld to Aspern). To this general title the special designation is added, "An Historical Family Romance." There is a certain contradiction contained in this designation, which jars upon the critical ear. A novel ought pre-eminently to be either a family novel or an historical novel. We know, it is true, that the two elements may be artistically blended in one; still, the main interest must attach either to the public events of history or the private adventures of a certain family, and, as the balance inclines either to one side or the other, the author ought to designate his narrative. In the present novel, the historical element preponderates, and forms the most interesting matter in the book. In describing the memorable events which took place between the fatal fight at Saalfeld, where Prince Louis Ferdinand, one of the bravest of German princes, found a hero's death, and the battle at Aspern, where Napoleon met with his first reverse, the author presents a striking picture of the state of public and social life in those times. Nobody was more qualified for this task than the author of "Die Clubbisten in Mainz" (The Clubbists at Mayence), and "Prince Jérôme's Carnival," who, in selecting an episode from the great French wars, trod on familiar ground. Born in the year 1790, he grew up as it were with the most interesting portion of modern history; but this very fact, which would so eminently qualify him as a writer on contemporaneous history, is the greatest disadvantage to him as novel-writer. At the age of seventy-four, the golden rays of poetical imagination do not dart forth with the greatest brilliancy. This circumstance will sufficiently account for the weak side of the present tales. The plot is meagre, and many of the incidents are painful. Why not simply write historical sketches of those eventful days? Was the author afraid that in that case his work would find no readers? We should think that this fear was entirely groundless: nobody can relate facts in a more attractive and choice style than Heinrich König; and, after all, is it not more desirable to have a few intelligent readers than to be read by the whole of the novel-devouring public, to whom, as to the ostrich, it is all the same what they consume?

Another, much younger, but highly-gifted novelist, Herr Karl Frenzel, has made the fanatic Charlotte Corday the heroine of an historical novel. The author has displayed great tact in the composition of this tale. In describing the horrors of the French Revolution, he has shed a halo of romantic poetry around the tragic events, which makes them appear less hideous. Another meritorious feature of the work is, that it consists of one volume only. Not many novel-writers of the present day would have resisted the temptation of spinning out such an interesting subject into three volumes at least; but Karl Frenzel has contented himself with one. The story is written in a very careful and accurate style, like all other works by the same author, although he is one of the most productive writers in Germany.

Two more historical tales—"Papst Ganganelli" (Pope

Ganganelli) and "Watteau"—both bearing the date 1864—lie before us, from the pen of the same author. The conception and execution of these works of fiction are on the whole very praiseworthy, and, like "Charlotte Corday," they are written in a terse style, and present a true picture of their respective periods. Nevertheless, the celebrated Pope, with his heroic struggles against the Jesuits, seems to us to be more fitting as the subject of an elaborate biography than as the hero of a romance. The famous French artist Watteau, however, seems better adapted to the purpose of the novel-writer, not only on account of his own personal adventures, but also on account of his insignificance as a public character. His times were also full of historical interest: they formed the gloomy dawn of that terrible day which was about to break upon France. Those were the times of the *roués* under the regency of Philippe II. of Orleans, and it must be acknowledged that the author has faithfully portrayed the life and manners of those dissolute days.

We do not intend to disparage in any way the merits of a writer who depicts with a masterly hand a period with the spirit of which we can have no sympathy. A certain historical interest must always be attached to such a description. Nevertheless, we cannot help being predisposed in favour of the author who selects an historical background of a more serious character, especially if it appeals to our personal sympathies. This is the case with the volume of novels by Julius Grosse. The first of the series is historical, and its hero is no less a personage than Martin Luther himself. Another principal figure in the tale is the remarkable German preacher and Anabaptist, Michael Stiefel, for whom his countrymen claim the honour of having invented logarithms as far back as 1530, namely, about a century earlier than the period of Baron Napier, Lord of Murchiston, in Scotland. The two principal figures are very well sketched, especially that of the great Reformer, many of whose vigorous sayings are interspersed through the tale. We say "many," but properly speaking we ought to say "too many." The author would have done far better if he had made a more sparing use of them, and had paid more attention to the composition and execution of his plot. Why endeavour to make us believe, under false pretences, that we are reading a novel? Why not honestly publish an "Anthology of Luther's Sayings and Writings"? Herr Julius Grosse has in his former works evinced greater talent as a novelist. The volume alluded to, which is the third of a series, bears the unmistakable stamp of hastiness.

We cannot address the same reproach to Gottfried Flammberg, the author of "Kurt Werner, eine Erzählung aus dem Frankenlande" (Kurt Werner, a Tale of Franconia). The background of this novel is likewise historical, the plot being placed about the year 1500, that eventful period which may be regarded as the date of the birth of modern civilization. Kurt Werner himself is not an historical character. So much the better. The author can handle his hero freely, without polluting the sacred shrine of history. Yet he has given an animated picture of those eventful days—of the struggles of the proud patricians of Nürnberg against the Franconian knights, and even against the Emperor Maximilian the First—and of the social conflict which ensued as a consequence of the Reformation. "Kurt Werner" is an historical novel of a higher kind, and we have such a good opinion of its literary merits, that we venture to predict the author will meet with the admiration of many intelligent readers and the indifference of the general public.

Herr Adelbert Baudissin, in his recent historical novel, did not content himself with a fictitious hero or heroine, but took one "ready made" from the annals of history, and from a period which is not very remote from that in which Julius Grosse has placed his hero. "Philippine Welser," the beautiful daughter of a wealthy Augsburg merchant, who was wedded to the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, is the heroine of the novel alluded to. The author displays profound historical knowledge—so profound, indeed, that we are almost sorry he has not simply written a biography of the "Diva Philippina," as her affectionate husband called her even after her death.

We suppose, however, that novel-writing must have its peculiar charm, or that authors must consider the novel form as the most suitable for imparting information. Dr. Georg Ebers, the learned author of "Eine Ägyptische Königstochter" (The Daughter of an Egyptian King), an historical tale in three volumes, was evidently of that opinion; otherwise, he would not have condescended to send forth the result of his assiduous studies and researches in the shape of a novel. The title alone will probably be sufficient to startle our readers. What! The daughter of an Egyptian King the heroine of a novel? But perhaps it is a Viceroy's daughter only, and the title is merely abbreviated for the sake of euphony. No; it is the daughter of a real King of Egypt, who lived and loved about twenty-five centuries ago. The name of the heroine is Nitetis, daughter of Amasis, the last of the Pharaohs. This unfortunate princess, who was married to the Persian King, Cambyses, the subsequent conqueror of Egypt, became the innocent cause of the ruin of her country; and now she has become the innocent cause of an historical, or rather an archaeological, novel in three volumes. We do not wish to speak disparagingly of this work, which bears some resemblance to Jean Jacques Barthélemy's

celebrated "Voyages du Jeune Anacharsis en Grèce," with this difference, that the work of the German scholar is far more poetical than that of the French antiquarian. It has also the advantage of not being open to so many objections on the part of learned criticism as its predecessor is. But where are now the readers who will accept as a novel a work which cannot be read without learned notes?

Still, we should prefer an historical novel, the scene of which is laid in the remotest times—say even in the pre-Adamite period (which, by the way, we hereby recommend to our young aspirants on the field of the Belles-Lettres)—to so-called historical romances taken from a page of history that has hardly had time to dry.

A number of novels divided from recent—nay, contemporaneous history—have appeared in Germany during the past year, which we may safely pass over in silence. In doing so, we hope to earn the gratitude of our readers, and of the authors whose works we, in literary charity, forbear to mention. For the credit of the intelligent portion of the German reading public, we must, however, say, that similar productions, of which there are to be found specimens in all countries now-a-days, enjoy only the patronage of a limited circle of readers. As a proof of this satisfactory circumstance, we may also mention the fact that the popularity of the wholesale novel-forgery, Mrs. Luise Mühlbach, has greatly abated in Germany. We ought properly to say "history-forgery," for no human being has ever more falsified historical truth than that worthy lady has done. She has taken by turns nearly all the great personages of modern history, from the days of the great Prince Elector of Brandenburg to those of Napoleon the First, and ill-used them, or, as the standing phrase runs among the German critics with reference to her productions, "butchered" them ("hat sie abgeschlachtet"). In 1864, she committed an unpardonable literary outrage on Prince Eugène, the hero of Belgrade. Mrs. Luise Mühlbach (who ought properly to be called Mrs. Mügge, she being the wife of Theodor Mügge, the well-known author of "Toussaint L'Ouverture" and "Afraja") never heeded the warning voice of the critics—she being a woman, and the critical tribunal consisting generally of men, why should she?—and, instead of making a judicious and sparing use of her literary abilities, went on pouring forth volume after volume, and "butchered" all the heroes of modern times to her heart's content, and to the delight of her readers. Her readers, however, no longer delight in her historical twaddle and insipid conceptions. At least, most of her former readers do not; for a certain public she still has. Bad taste, like an infectious disease, does not die out at once. One of the reasons why Mrs. Luise Mühlbach—who, as Miss Luise Mühlbach, was one of the wildest imitators of George Sand, but seems to have become sobered down as Mrs. Mühlbach-Mügge—has lost, like many other female writers of the same stamp, a vast deal of her popularity, is the re-awakening of a sound historical sense among the Germans, as we shall show further on. Another reason is, that great activity prevails among those novel-writers who, from courtesy we suppose, are still called the lords of creation.

There is one particular class of novels in which our fair writers cannot easily compete. It is the class to which we have already alluded, and whose field is descriptive geography. In former times, when travelling was not made as easy and convenient as it is now, it was sufficient to take a saunter into some neighbouring country, if an author wished to lay the scene of his novel in some foreign land. But now, when there can hardly be said to exist any "foreign" countries in Europe, in the sense of the word as it was formerly used, and when the reading public is so thoroughly spoiled—or, as the French would say, *blasé*—that it requires much stronger stimulants, the novelist must undertake long and hazardous voyages, explore very distant regions, and encounter perilous adventures, before he can find a place new enough to be considered an appropriate scene for his narrative. We are well aware of the fact that the interest of a tale may be considerably enhanced by being transferred to picturesque and romantic regions, both the actors and the social relations of which are thoroughly original and new to us. Many novels, especially of French origin, owe their great success to this circumstance; but then the characters represented must strictly harmonize with the surrounding circumstances, and their original peculiarities must be brought to bear upon the whole plot. In a word, the exposition of universal human feelings and passions must be entirely adapted to the respective nationalities.

Among the German writers who have composed novels of far-distant foreign lands, the most popular, and the one most known in this country, is Friedrich Gerstäcker. He has written a number of works of travel which are distinguished by great freshness and liveliness. We cannot exactly bestow unconditional praise upon his style of writing, which frequently shows traces of careless composition. If we are not mistaken, however, this is a generic defect of the tourist, and not the individual fault of Herr Gerstäcker. We find both strong and weak points in the principal work which Friedrich Gerstäcker published in 1864. It is called "Im Busch: Australische Erzählung" (In the Bush: an Australian Tale). This novel forms the beginning of a new series of works of fiction issued by an enterprising publishing firm under the general title of "Deutsche Roman-Bibliothek" (Library of German Novels), perhaps in

opposition to the "Deutsche Roman-Zeitung" (The Journal of German Novels), published by another enterprising house. The motto of the two firms seems to be cheapness and excellence. About the former there can be no doubt; and how far the latter has been achieved we shall presently see. Gerstäcker's "Im Busch" contains a faithful and lively description of Australian life. He was himself in Australia when the most contagious of all diseases, the gold-fever, broke out. He was at Sydney when the gold-mines were first discovered in its vicinity; he went himself into the diggings, and into the "bush." As an intrepid, robust traveller, he could do all this, and at the same time make his observations, in order to mould his personal experiences into the shape of a novel. We have now the result, or at least a part of the result, of his stay in Australia before us, and we must acknowledge that the picture he gives of real life in Australia has been very skilfully executed, although as a novel "Im Busch" cannot be regarded as a successful production.

A very noble purpose seems to have animated Herr B. Möllhausen, the author of the second part of the above series, which has, in common with its precursor, both its merits and demerits. Part II. of the "Deutsche Roman-Bibliothek" contains a novel in not less than six small volumes under the title of "Das Mormonen-Mädchen" (The Mormon Girl). The scene of the tale is in the Salt Lake district, and at a time when the United States could still afford to wage war against the Latter Day Saints (1857-8). The author is a favourite with the Germans, and his present production will certainly not diminish his circle of readers, although as a novel it cannot satisfy all the requirements of the critic. Indeed, if the conception and composition of the plot were equal to the description of the scenery, Herr Möllhausen's "Mormonen-Mädchen" would be a truly masterly work.

We must pronounce much the same judgment on a novel, in three volumes, by the Freiherr von Bibra, the well-known fellow-traveller of Gerstäcker. It bears the somewhat strange title of "Hoffnungen in Peru" (Hopes in Peru). The descriptive part of this novel is by far the most praiseworthy in the whole work; the conception of the plot is indifferent. Herr von Bibra, it would seem, travels a great deal and writes a great deal. But, in spite of the organic defects which appear to be inherent in "geographical novels," if we may so call them, we must give to them the preference over the usual run of historical novels. They have in particular this advantage, that our female writers cannot so easily dabble in them, for where are the books which could entirely make up for the want of personal experience in travels? It is true that Ritter's valuable works give us all possible geographical information, and the rest might be supplied by a lively imagination; still, it would be discovered at a glance that the authoress does not write from personal experience, and we cannot expect that she will, like the late Ida Pfeiffer, expose herself to all the perilous adventures which are habitually braved by male travellers.

There is another class of novels which has, also from a wholesome dread of danger, not been much cultivated by fair hands. It is the "military" novel. This peculiar kind was in great favour in Germany, as in fact on the whole of the Continent, after the stormy year 1848; and the amiable *réactionnaire* Herr Hackländer was its chief representative. When military despotism had put its iron hand on the neck of the people, certain gentlemen, who, whilst the open struggle was raging in the streets, had comfortably settled down in those premises which are generally used for the preservation of spirituous liquors, came forward with smiling faces as soon as all danger was past, and wrote pleasant "guard-house stories," and humorous recollections of their personal adventures during the times of terror. They also penned glowing accounts of the imaginary exploits of distinguished officers; and thus a new branch of literature sprang up—a branch in which lady-authoresses could not exactly compete, for they did not even possess the advantage of having run away. The "military" novel was for a time in decided favour, and one of the reasons is, that there was, and alas! there is still, bloodshed enough in the world to furnish abundant materials for this kind of tale. Military memoirs, embracing the most important wars since the year 1848, have been published by Herr von Wickede, under the title of "Ein Deutscher Landsknecht aus der Neuesten Zeit" (A German Lansquenet of Recent Times). This work professes to be an edition of the posthumous papers of a Prussian officer, who left the service in consequence of overwhelming debts. Strange enough, he inherits soon afterwards a considerable fortune—which shows great malice, on the part either of fate or of the author. The "German Lansquenet" now engages in several wars, merely as a soldier of fortune, and for the love of fighting only, as we must take for granted, considering the various parties whom he serves. In the first volume, his participation in the first Schleswig-Holstein campaigns (1848-50) is fully described. At the close of that deplorable war, our soldier of fortune, or rather of misfortune, for he always proves to be an unlucky mortal, emigrates to the Brazils, where he works as an engineer, and, after having tried his fortune as a gold-digger in California, he returns to Europe, enlists in the Russian army, and fights against the Allies at the siege of Sebastopol. These incidents form the contents of the second volume. At the beginning of

the third volume, we find the roving Lansquenet as architect of roads and causeways in Siberia—which, we think, was the proper place for such a man; and soon after he joins General Lamoricière—the last soldier of the Pope—in his fantastic enterprise. Finally, he enlists in the ranks of the Confederates, and dies of his wounds in Richmond.

The late Danish war has given rise to numerous "military" tales and novels, as well as to poetical effusions. Being chiefly written for the actual moment, they generally lose their value with the moment. This is especially the case with those productions which were published during the excitement of the war. Those publications, however, which have appeared after the war, possess mostly a greater literary value. To these will probably belong the "Schleswig-Holstein Kriegs- und Friedensbilder" (Pictures of Peace and War in Schleswig-Holstein), by Count A. Baudissin. This is a serial work to be published in sixteen parts with two hundred illustrations. Several parts have already appeared. The illustrations are remarkably well executed, and the text also deserves to be commended. We cannot bestow the same praise upon the "Kriegs- und Lagerbilder aus dem jetzigen Schleswig-Holsteinischen Kriege" (War and Camp Pictures from the present Schleswig-Holstein War), by the author of "Ein Deutscher Landsknecht." The diary of Herr Heinrich Mahler, however, which has been published under the title of "Ueber die Eider an den Alsensund" (Across the Eider to the Sound of Alsen), is a series of very lively sketches, written in a highly good-humoured style. Herr Gustav Rasch, the well-known agitator, who has been so severely handled by the Prussians, has written a number of books on the same topic. They are, as is generally the case with the productions of very prolific authors, of unequal value, but most of them are far above the average. We trust, however, that he will now change the old familiar topic for a new one.

The same hope we would express with regard to other German writers, especially the novelists. We should certainly despair rather than hope if there were not still in Germany some writers who do not resort either to geography or to history in order to produce a work of fiction. Thus, we find in Friedrich Spielhagen's novel, "Röschen vom Hofe," which originally appeared in the *Roman-Zeitung*, a simple story simply told. Equal praise may also be bestowed on Herr Aug. Diezmann's novel, in three volumes, called "Leichtes Blut" (Light Blood). The author has hitherto only been known as a very able translator, particularly from the French. Herr Diezmann seems to have profited by the lively models which he has rendered in his own vernacular, for his original novel affords pleasant and light reading. It contains, besides, many interesting episodes and idyllic descriptions of peasant-life in Germany. Herr Julius Muet has also written a readable tale in four volumes. It is called "Soll und Ist," which is only another form for the commercial phrase "Soll und Haben" (Debit and Credit). In spite of slight verbal alteration, the reader can at once recognize that this is an offshoot from Gustav Freytag's celebrated novel "Soll und Haben." Whether it was wise to provoke such an unavoidable comparison, we doubt very much. In Luise Büchner's "Das Schloss zu Wimm's" (Wimm's Castle) the reader will find a striking story of a cruel and selfish father, and of two daughters who are perfect angels.

"Die Bettler-Oper" (The Beggar's Opera), by Elise Polko, will be found still more curious and interesting than the preceding work. It is a sort of "Kunstnovelle" (art novel), which is flourishing greatly in Germany, and of which the English tale "Charles Auchester" may be considered a specimen. The subject of Elise Polko's romance is the real, that is to say, the English "Beggar's Opera," or rather the circumstances which led to the composition of this "whim," and the results which were achieved by it. In the course of the narrative we meet with well-sketched portraits of Gay, Pope, and Swift; of the artists Hogarth and Kneller; of Lord Chesterfield; and, finally, of the musical celebrities, Magnus, Bepusch, and above all, in the centre of the whole group, of Handel. The "Bettler-Oper" will prove attractive reading to all, but especially to the lovers of music. It is by far the best book of the authoress, who is already known as the writer of "Musikalische Märchen" (Musical Tales or Legends). These tales are frequently too fanciful, and their style rather high flown; but the present novel is free from these defects.

We have hitherto spoken of the German "Roman," that is, of the legitimate novel, or romance, only. But there is another kind of work of fiction, very much cultivated in Germany, and with greater success than the traditional romance. It is the "Novelle," or shorter tale, in which branch the Germans may be said to have attained an unusual mastery and excellence. The great success which Berthold Auerbach has achieved is chiefly owing to the circumstance that he simply wrote "Novellen," and not romances. The two novels which he did write, namely, "Spinoza" and "Dichter und Kaufmann" (Poet and Merchant), did not meet with much favour. But his "Dorfgeschichten" (Village Tales) did so in an eminent degree.

Another German author has acquired an equally great reputation with Berthold Auerbach as a novelist, and by the same means. This is Paul Heyse, who, although he is highly gifted as a poet, owes his great reputation chiefly to his "Novellen," of which he has written a good number, but certainly not too many. The volume which he has published in the past year, and

which forms the fifth part of his novels in prose, is called, "Meraner Novellen," from the charming place called Meran, in the Tyrol, where the scene of action is laid. These novels were written at a very trying time for the author, and there are some traces to be found in them of the gloomy mood during which they were conceived. Their conception is at the same time bolder, and the author treads altogether on more delicate ground, than was the case in his former tales. Still, they possess all the peculiar charm, and are written in the same masterly style, which his readers admired so much as his former compositions. The first tale, "Unheilbar" (Incurable), is the most pleasant of the collection. It is given in the form of a Diary kept by a young lady.

The author unfolds to us a gloomy picture in the tale "Der Kinder Sünde, der Väter Fluch" (The Children's Sin, the Parent's Curse). We abstain from giving any account of this novel, the plot of which is of such a kind that it required the masterhand of Paul Heyse to make it readable. It leaves, as well as the "Weinhüter von Meran" (The Keeper of the Vineyard at Meran), the third tale in the collection, and which had previously appeared in the *Roman-Zeitung*, a painful impression on the mind of the reader. But perhaps it is this which is wanted by most novel readers of the present day, who require stimulating food, not for their mind—that is out of the question—but for their imagination.

Herr Hans Hopfen relates in his novel "Peregretta" the story of the unfortunate love of an aristocratic young gentleman for a fascinating actress; and a somewhat similar subject is treated by Herr Friedrich Uhl in his novel, "Die Theater-Prinzessin" (The Stage Princess), which production found great favour with the Germans in Austria. Herr Herrmann Schmidt relates a charming story of the Bavarian Highlands, under the title of two Alpine flowers, "Almenrausch und Edelweiss." Very attractive descriptions of scenery we find in the highly meritorious shorter tales, "Im Gebirg und Thal" (In Mountain and Valley), by Robert Schweichel, and also in the shorter stories, "Jura und Genfersee," by the same author. "Eine Rolle Gold" (A Roll of Gold), is the subject of a readable novel by Mathilde Raven. Herr Leopold Kompert gives in the "Geschichten einer Gasse" (Stories of a Street) some very striking tales of Ghetto life. The author is already favourably known by his former tales on the same subject, and his new work shows remarkable progress, both with regard to the form and the conception. Herr Alfred Meissner, who is well known in Germany as a poet and novelist, has continued his great novel, which he calls after the Imperial colours of Austria, "Schwarz-Gelb" (Black and Yellow). It is a picture of our own times, embracing the last twelve years.

We have omitted to mention a work which has been expected in Germany with the greatest eagerness, we might almost say, anxiety. This is a new novel by Gustav Freytag, and the pressure upon the publisher was so urgent that he found himself compelled to resort to the unusual course of issuing as an instalment the first two volumes.* It is of course impossible for us to pass a ripe and complete judgment on a work which lies before us in an incomplete state. Thus much is certain, that Freytag's novel is, with regard to the form, irreproachable. The style is elegant, and the characters well sketched, and, as far as we can now judge, the tendency—for there is evidently a tendency—is very praiseworthy. The title of the novel is "Die Verlorene Handschrift" (The Lost Manuscript). The hero of the eagerly-expected romance is a philologist, who searches after a lost manuscript of Tacitus.

Passing from the fanciful world of the novelist into the dramatic world, we have very little to record. The dramatic poet Friedrich Hebbel, who died at the close of 1863, left a fragmentary dramatization of "Demetrius," of which subject there exists a dramatic fragment by Schiller. It is greatly to be regretted that neither of the fragments came to completion. There seems to be some fatality connected with the subject. The Tercentenary celebration of Shakespeare inspired Herrn Karl Kösting to a dramatic poem bearing the name of the great poet. The author designates his "Dramatische Dichtung" as a "Winternachts-Traum" (Winter Night's Dream). The work contains, besides a poetical apotheosis of Shakespeare, some very fine passages. Herr Kösting is also the author of "Columbus, ein Historisches Trauerspiel" (Columbus, an Historical Tragedy), which has gone through two editions. Herr Hermann Lingg, whom we have commended already to our readers as an eminent lyric poet, has chosen "Catilina" as the subject of a tragedy in five acts. The diction is beautiful, and the characters well drawn.

As a friendly warning to young dramatic poets, we may mention the failure of two authors in dramatizing historical subjects. The first of these is "Ulrich von Hutten," by Karl Berger. The attempt to make the great contemporary of Luther the centre of a play has often been made before, and has as often failed. The present attempt, in which Hutten acts an undignified part, must likewise be set down as an utter failure. We cannot pass a much more favourable opinion on Herr Rudolf Bruckhausen's "Varusschlacht" (The Battle of Varus). The same subject has proved fatal to men like

Klopstock, Kleist, Grabbe, and E. Schlegel, the father of the two celebrated brothers Schlegel. In justice to the author, however, we must state that he calls his production simply "Ein Vaterländisches Gemälde in Fünf Handlungen" (A Patriotic Tableau in Five Actions). It is therefore a dramatic poem, merely intended to be read. But we fear that the author is herein mistaken, as well as in the choice of his subject.

A remarkable change has taken place in Germany with regard to dramatic literature. Formerly, hundreds of dramas were written not for the stage, but for private reading, and they were really read. Now, however, it seems that the all-absorbing novel has driven the drama from the drawing-room in Germany as it has long ago in England. People want to see dramas acted, and, if authors cannot compose them so as to be suitable for the stage, they are wise enough not to write any at all.

We cannot conclude our short survey of the dramatic productions of Germany during the past year without mentioning the homage which she has done to her most popular and most successful writer of comedies. On the 18th of January, twenty-five years had passed since Roderich Benedix made a reputation by his comedy, "Der Lange Israel" (Long Israel), which met with a success such as hardly any other original German comedy could boast of before. Since that time, his fame and his popularity have grown apace, and the Germans celebrated with great warmth the date of his birth as a dramatic author. Herr Roderich Benedix, who was born in the year 1811, has written during the last twenty-five years about seventy plays, forty of which have maintained a firm footing on the stage. Many of his plays have been translated into nearly all European languages.

We have now to speak of a subject which has been both skilfully and abundantly treated in Germany in the past year. We allude to history. The number of works belonging to this department is indeed so large that we are obliged to mention in a cursory manner the most important ones only, and those which have, besides, a general interest, classifying them according to the times and the countries to which they refer.

Dr. L. Friedländer has published the second volume of his highly instructive and equally entertaining work, "Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms, &c." (Pictures of the Manners and Customs of Rome, &c.). The whole work embraces the period from the times of Augustus to the end of the reign of the Antonines. The first volume was chiefly devoted to the Romans at home—to the Eternal City itself, its public and private buildings—whilst the second volume treats rather of the Romans abroad. The learned author draws a lively picture of the public entertainments and the travels of the conquerors of the world. It was generally supposed that they were no travelling race; but Dr. Friedländer shows that they were constantly moving to and fro, and were as restless as any "roving Englishman." The whole work is based on so much deep learning and comprehensive study, that one cannot help wondering how the author was able to clothe it in such a pleasant and agreeable form.

The "Griechische Geschichte in Biographien" (History of Greece in Biographies) is a very meritorious work by Dr. Henneberger. The author in his admirable sketches, follows so closely the original Greek text of the particular author whom he has used as his authority, that now the style of Herodotus, now that of Thucydides or Plutarch, transpires through the German narrative.

On the history of popular migrations in the middle ages we have two valuable works. Herr Ed. von Wietersheim has treated the "Geschichte der Völkerwanderung" exhaustively and most successfully in four volumes; and Dr. R. Pallmann has condensed the people's migration from 370-440—from the times of the conversion of the Goths to the death of Alaric—into one volume. Both authors in the treatment of their interesting and difficult subject evince great judgment and learning, and Herr Pallmann seems to have adopted much of the style and method of the great historian of Rome, Mommsen.

The "Allgemeine Geschichte des Welthandels" (Universal History of Commerce), by Herr A. Beer, is a valuable contribution to general modern history. This work, which is a very careful compilation, was begun in 1861, and has now been brought down to the French Revolution; it will be completed with the second half of the third and last volume. In connection with this work we must mention the "Handbuch des Handelsrechts" (Manual of Commercial Law), by Professor L. Goldschmidt, the first part of which contains an excellent literary and critical history of commercial law. At the present moment, when there exists a great commercial movement in Germany, such a publication is of the highest importance for that country.

Historical works having reference to Germany in general are very numerous. With an evident and laudable desire to awaken an historical and patriotic sense among the young, a series called "Erzählungen aus dem Deutschen Mittelalter" (Medieval Tales of Germany) was started last year. There have hitherto been published two volumes only, the author of which is Dr. Mor. Berndt. The first relates the life of Charlemagne, and the second that of Henry I. and Otto the Great. There is some similarity between this series and another which is published under the direction of Ferdinand Schmidt, under the title "Geschichtsbilder aus dem Deutschen

* The third and last volume has just reached London, but too late for us to embody a notice of it in the present review.

Vaterlande" (Historical Pictures of Germany). The narratives are strictly historical.

On special Prussian history we have a work by the same hand. It is called "Preussen's Geschichte in Wort und Bild" (The History of Prussia in Words and Pictures). Herr Ferd. Schmidt has accomplished his task most skilfully. This work is intended for the general public, and is the more praiseworthy as it does not exhibit that special Prussian patriotism which is at once arrogant and ridiculous. The author shows that he is a German patriot in the general sense of the word. The book is well illustrated by Herr Ludwig Burger.

The historical works on Schleswig-Holstein exceed in number all others. From a literary point of view, we mention as the most commendable the works of Hugo von Kremer Auenrade, of Gustav Majer, of Freiherr von der Pfordten, and of A. von Warnstedt.

English history, which has always been a favourite study with the Germans, has been successfully treated by several authors. Prof. Reinhold Pauli, who is already favourably known in this country as the historian of early and mediæval England, has undertaken to write the History of England since the treaties of 1814-15, or, as the title runs in German, "Geschichte Englands seit den Friedensschlüssen von 1814-15." The first volume, which begins with the battle of Waterloo, and comes down to the death of George the Fourth, has been executed in so masterly a manner, that we eagerly look forward to its continuation. We may, on the present occasion, excuse ourselves from the task of entering into a minute criticism on this important work, the same having already been fully reviewed in a former number of this paper.* By way of supplementary remarks, however, we will add that the erudite author has had to encounter great difficulties in the performance of his arduous task, the archives containing the materials to recent history being still kept jealously by the seven seals of diplomacy; and that his admirable sketches of the poets, Walter Scott, Thomas Moore and Lord Byron, show that the Professor is not only a profound political, but also an eminent literary, historian.

With reference to Spain, we have to chronicle a complete biography of "Don Carlos," by Herrn L. A. Warnkönig. The name of that unfortunate prince has always had great attractions for the Germans, in consequence of Schiller having used him as a medium for the expression of his own liberal ideas. The present book has been very ably compiled from two French works which were published last year by M. Moüy, at Paris, and by M. Gachard, at Brussels. The hard-trying son of Philip the Second has been stripped by modern critics of many brilliant qualities formerly attributed to him; but, in retaliation for this severe though impartial treatment, he is acquitted of several great faults with which he used to be charged.

Colonel W. Rüstow, the friend and companion-in-arms of General Garibaldi, has published "Annalen des Königreichs Italien" (Annals of the Kingdom of Italy), in four books. They embrace the period from 1860 to 1863, beginning with the Ministry of Cavour, and coming down to the close of the first Legislative Assembly, on the 21st of May, 1863. This work, which is written with a strong bias towards the liberal aspirations of Italy, is a highly interesting contribution to recent Italian history.

A very readable work with reference to modern Greece has been published by Prof. Curt Wachsmuth, under the title of "Das Alte Griechenland im Neuen" (Ancient Greece in Modern Greece). The learned author shows that many traces of the ancient Greeks may still be found in their modern descendants, and in support of his assertion he points out the remnants of ancient heathenish Greek ideas which are still to be found in the tales, legends, festivals, religious ceremonies, and superstitions of the modern Greeks. Prof. Wachsmuth intends publishing an exhaustive work on the customs, manners, and superstitions of modern Greece, and his present smaller publication is so attractive and learned that we heartily wish he may carry out his intention. The author has for some time resided in Greece, and, as he did not go there after the fashion of some modern tourists, who travel with the firm determination to find fault with everything and everybody, his observations may fairly be relied on.

A tragic episode from modern history which has already been extensively treated, and but lately in English by Sir Lascelles Wraxall, forms the subject of a commendable work by Lieutenant-Colonel Jansen-Tusch. The somewhat lengthy title runs: "Die Verschwörung gegen die Königin Caroline Mathilde von Dänemark, geb. Prinzessin von Grossbritannien und Irland, und die Grafen Struensee und Brandt" (The Conspiracy against Queen Caroline Matilda of Denmark, née Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Counts Struensee and Brandt). This work, which was compiled partly from unpublished documents and partly from the labours of L. J. Flamand, is, as may be already inferred from the title, strongly in favour of the unhappy young Queen. To sum up the result, at which the author arrives, in a few words: the execution of the two counts was a judicial murder; and the Queen was innocent, but an avowal of guilt was forced from her by means of deceitful and artful promises and pretences.

Of books on America, not a few appeared, during 1864,

in Germany. One of the most remarkable, useful, and tedious of these is "Das Leben in den Vereinigten Staaten, etc." (Life in the United States of America), by Albert Gloss. The author, who evidently does not possess any literary skill whatever, wrote his work with a view to dissipate many of the too favourable opinions which his countrymen in general hold of the Americans. It is partly composed for the use of capitalists, emigrants, &c. The author does not exactly wish to deter his countrymen from emigrating to America, although he has spent there some very sad days, but to warn them to be prepared for certain disappointments. The two volumes, hitherto published, consist of 1,200 pages large octavo, printed in small type, and contain such a mass of information on American topics, including at the same time the literary, scientific, and artistic life, as we have hardly found in any other similar work. The reader will be rewarded for his trouble in reading, but the trouble itself will not be trifling.

Less laborious, much more attractive, and, from a political point of view, equally or still more instructive, is the "Amerikanische Federalist" (American Federalist) of W. Kiesselbach. The principal subject of this work is the constitutional development of America, and its object is to propagate constitutional principles in Germany, and to give wholesome hints to the political world in the same way, only in a more agreeable form, as Herr Gloss has given to the commercial world.

It is rather a favourable sign of the times that works on political history are on the increase, and not a less favourable sign that those on literary history are on the decrease. There are indeed literary histories enough in Germany, and now, after the fifth and most carefully revised edition of the History of German Literature, by Gervinus, has appeared, there is really no necessity for any additional works in that department. We must nevertheless regard the appearance of a new part to Koberstein's "Geschichte der Deutschen National-Litteratur" (History of the National Literature of Germany) as a very welcome addition to the old stock, and the more welcome since a pause of full twenty years has elapsed between the fourth and this, the fifth, part of that highly valuable work—a work teeming with information. The author has strictly followed the wise precepts of Lord Bacon in his memorable chapter on the art of writing literary history. He gives full information on his subject, and does not lose much time and space with praise or blame. An important feature of his work is also that he embraces at the same time journalism, and thus gives a complete picture of the literary activity of each period. The author promises the speedy appearance of the next and last part.

Instead of continually writing literary and critical histories, German scholars have now adopted the judicious plan of bringing nearer to the general public those older classical works which until now could be read only by the learned in their original form. The literary layman who wished to enjoy the writings of the mediæval German poets was obliged to do so at "second hand," namely, by reading them in modern translations. It is true that Simrock has produced such masterly translations that they read like original productions; nevertheless, every one must acknowledge that both the enjoyment and the intellectual advantage are far greater when we can peruse poetical works in the language in which they were written by the poets themselves. In order to enable the general public to attain this object, the erudite Viennese Professor Franz Pfeiffer has begun to publish, with the assistance of some of the first philologists and literary critics of Germany, a careful edition of the principal works of the first classical period of German literature. The first volume of the series, which has lately been issued, may serve as a favourable specimen of the whole collection. It has been edited by Professor Pfeiffer himself, and contains the poems of Walther von der Vogelweide, with an excellent biographical introduction, a prosody of the "Middle High-German," a Glossary, and explanatory historical and grammatical annotations. We were particularly pleased to see that the edition of the two grandest and finest poems of ancient German literature, the "Nibelungenlied" and "Gudrun," has been confided to the hands of that eminent critic and great philologist, Professor Karl Bartsch. We do not know of any other scholar who would be equally fit for so great a task. As a further recommendation of the whole series, it may be mentioned that the edition is beautifully got up, and is sold at a very moderate price—circumstances which are particularly important in our times, if any publication of a serious character is to meet with success.

Two more excellent series, the one containing versions of the ancient, and the other translations of the modern, classics, have likewise been started, with a view to making them more accessible to the general public. It may be mentioned here that translations have become of late much less numerous in Germany than they used to be; yet, if a remarkable work is translated there, it is sure to meet with success. Buckle's "History of Civilisation," in Dr. Arnold Ruge's translation, has gone through two editions. Dr. Ruge has also furnished a masterly version of the celebrated letters of "Junius," but his great reputation as author and philosopher is based on his original works, of which the latest, "Aus früherer Zeit," contains his Autobiography, and is his most successful production.

A highly interesting autobiographical sketch will also be found in the "Kleinere Schriften" (Short Essays), which form the first

* See the LONDON REVIEW of July 23rd, 1864.

part of the posthumous works of Jakob Grimm. It is impossible for us to chronicle here the numerous philological works which were produced last year by the immense literary activity of Germany. We are therefore doubly glad that we have here the opportunity of mentioning a book which contains, besides highly valuable philological essays, matter of great interest to the general public. Jakob Grimm's posthumous writings include, among other sketches, some "Italian and Scandinavian Impressions," which show that the greatest philologist of our times felt warmly for the oppressed Italians; a truly classical dissertation on "Old Age," which is a worthy complement of Seneca's dissertation on the same topic; and also a fine discourse on Schiller, which is one of the very few speeches delivered on the occasion of Schiller's Centenary festival, which really deserved to be published in print.

A work which has been very favourably received both at home and abroad, and which, by its literary character, is far more than a mere compilation, may find here an appropriate place, although, strictly speaking, it does not belong to literary history. The work alluded to is, "Geflügelte Worte: der Citatenschatz des Deutschen Volkes" (Winged Words: the Thesaurus of German Quotations), by Herr Georg Büchmann. The author—for, although the quotations are common property, Herr Büchmann has arranged the whole so skilfully, and has accomplished his task with so much critical judgment, that he is more than simply the editor of the book—has adapted the title from the Homeric *ἑρπυλίωντα*, which means literally "gefiederte Worte" (feathered words); but he has adopted the more poetical version, which, if we are not mistaken, belongs to Voss. The author gives a very interesting statistical account of the number of foreign quotations used by the English, French, and Germans. The French, who call quotations, with more wit than truth, "*l'esprit des autres*," or "*l'esprit de ceux qui n'en ont pas*," stand lowest. They have only one foreign quotation, namely, the much used or abused beginning of Hamlet's soliloquy, and, strange to say, this single quotation is owing to Voltaire, the great reviler of Shakespeare. One feels inclined to think that that was the only line which Voltaire could fully make out in Shakespeare, which may be the cause both of his little regard for the poet, and of the scantiness of English quotations among the French. M. Edouard Fournier, who has published a very pleasant book on French quotations, says:—"Foreign languages have contributed little to the stock of quotations current among us Frenchmen." This statement is not fairly worded, since it is not the fault of the foreign languages, but of the French themselves, who are not capable of adopting and appropriating foreign elements.

We have said that the Germans devote much time to the study of foreign languages. The Tercentenary celebration of Shakespeare was an additional proof of this. The festival was far more general in Germany than seems to be known in this country. That there was a great abundance of publications "for the occasion" may easily be imagined. They chiefly consist of biographical sketches, critical essays, and public speeches. The masterly edition of Shakespeare's works by Delius, embodying a complete commentary in German, has been issued a second time. The "Shakespeare-Anthologie," by Kreyssig, one of the best critics and commentators on the poet, is a mere reprint, as are also Röscher's excellent essays, "Shakespeare in seinen Höchsten Charaktergebilden" (Shakespeare in his Noblest Dramatic Creations).

But, amidst the homage done to the great genius of Shakespeare, other poets were not quite neglected. Dr. Karl Elze, who contributed to the Shakespeare festival an able essay—"Die Englische Sprache in Deutschland" (The English Language in Germany)—has written a life of Walter Scott, in two volumes. Not long ago, a very comprehensive and excellent work appeared on the same subject by Dr. Ebert, the author of a truly masterly book on Lord Byron; so that there was no actual want of another life of Walter Scott. But, of course, every author has a full right to choose his own subject, and Dr. Elze may have collected his materials for many years before the work of Dr. Ebert was published. This assumption seems the more plausible as Herr Elze's instructive and valuable work must have required an unusual amount of historical research.

Professor Hase has, in his recent biographical production, made a more sparing use of the materials which were at his disposal, and has, nevertheless, presented to us a complete picture of the life of the person who is the subject of his biography Caterina von Siena, one of the most remarkable characters of her times. Caterina, the daughter of a dyer, was born in the year 1347, and made a vow of chastity in her early childhood. She began by leading a most frugal life, living only on bread and herbs, and afterwards merely on fruit and herbs. Her devotional exercises, her macerations, and her self-sacrificing charity towards the sick and poor, soon called general attention to her. She joined the sisterhood of the Dominicans, and in 1378 Pope Urban VI. called her to Rome. In spite, or perhaps in consequence, of her devout life and the miracles which were attributed to her, and which, in self-delusion, she attributed to herself, she played a very active and prominent part in her time, during the fierce struggles of Pope Urban against his cardinals and against the anti-pope, Clement VII. She died in the year 1380, and was canonized in 1461 by Pius II. The author

strips the Catholic saint of her supernatural and legendary character; but what she loses in sanctity she gains in humanity. A saint she still was, if a human being of devout and pure piety deserves that name; and no one who has read through Professor Hase's excellent work can help admiring the dyer's daughter of Siena as one of the noblest female characters of the middle ages. The learned professor published, several years ago, the Life of Francis of Assisi—called "Pater Seraphius" by the Catholics—and has earned by it general praise, although he deprived the Catholic saint of his miraculous *prestige*. A French version, or "adaptation," of this work has lately been published in France, and was favourably received by the French press. We consider, however, the present work of Dr. Hase far superior to the preceding one, which is, perhaps, owing to the circumstance, that the subject is of far greater general interest.

The son of the celebrated composer Mendelssohn—Dr. Karl Mendelssohn-Bartholdy—has, at the suggestion and inducement of the veteran historian Gervinus, written the life of the much praised and not less abused President of Greece and Russian diplomatist, "Graf Johann Kapodistrias." The author has spared no amount of labour in order to produce a faithful and complete biography of that remarkable statesman, and he has certainly been thoroughly successful in his zealous endeavour. The work is of such great historical importance, that it would require a long and detailed criticism to do it full justice. We shall therefore limit ourselves to the general statement that Dr. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy has both refuted the gross charges made against Count Kapodistrias by his enemies, and shown the groundlessness of the exaggerated praises of his admirers. He has represented the Count in his proper colours.

Herr F. Arndt has published the life of a Prussian statesman, —Hardenberg's Leben und Wirken—and has very creditably accomplished his task. The author has not exactly brought new facts to light, but has produced out of the materials which were long ago known to the world, but scattered in various works, a complete whole. It is by far the best Life of Prince Hardenberg that we have.

The Rev. Gustav de Veer, a clergyman from Neuwied, has made use of his involuntary sojourn at Madeira, as a patient, for studies in Portuguese History, and has published, as the result of his researches, "Prinz Heinrich der Seefahrer und seine Zeit" (Prince Henry the Navigator and his Times). The author has evidently done all in his power to give a complete biography of the life and actions of the Portuguese Infant. In this he has succeeded; but he was probably equally anxious to present his subject in a lively and pleasant form: in which he failed.

The recent expedition, or rather excursion, of a German Prince to Africa has been described for the greatest part by the august traveller himself in a splendid volume, called, "Reise des Herzogs Ernst von Sachsen-Coburg-Gotha nach Ägypten, &c." (Voyage of the Duke Ernst of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to Egypt, &c.). Various rumours were afloat at the time about the reasons which induced His Highness to undertake that trip. Professed politicians were of opinion that the Duke was anxious to "get himself out of the way." Gotha had become the centre of a political ferment, which spread all over Germany, and the ducal reformer found himself in a position to cry out with Goethe's "Zauberlehrling":

"Die ich rief, die Geister,
Werd' ich nun nicht los!"

He could not get rid of the spirits whom he had called up, and so he thought it advisable to rid the country of himself. The Duke, however, alleges that his real motives were, the desire to find out what arrangements could be made for the future convenience of scientific German travellers, and to divert himself and the Duchess, who accompanied him, with the novelty of the voyage and the charms of African sport. The ducal pair have now published a well-written description of the voyage, accompanied by fine chromolithographic and photographic illustrations by Herr Kretschmer. The work is a splendid drawing-room book, and does not pretend to be more.

The only scientific results which have been achieved by the "expedition" are, as far as we know, the zoological studies which Dr. A. E. Brehm, who accompanied the Duke, has made both in Egypt and the countries on the northern frontier of Abyssinia. He has published his observations, which are highly valuable and interesting to the scientific world in his "Ergebnisse meiner Reise nach Habesch, &c." (Results of my Voyage to Habesh, &c.). Dr. Brehm, who is one of the most able naturalists in Germany, has produced a very creditable book.

Really important results were obtained by the "Novara-Expedition," which was some years ago undertaken at the expense of the Austrian Government, under the direction of Dr. Karl von Scherzer. This gentleman published an excellent account of the expedition, which was everywhere favourably received, and also translated into English. The account did not, however, include all the observations of the scientific traveller, and he is now publishing his statistical and commercial observations in a separate work, bearing the title of "Der Statistisch-Commerzielle Theil der Reise der Oesterreichischen Fregatte Novara" (The Statistical and Commercial part of the Voyage

of the Austrian Frigate Novara). The work, which is beautifully got up, contains a mass of information of the highest importance to the commercial world. But an intelligent traveller knows how to turn to good account every topic of his journeys; and thus Dr. Scherzer gives us at the same time a collection of exceedingly entertaining travelling sketches on "Tropical America, its scenery and inhabitants," or, as the title runs in German, "Aus dem Natur- und Völkerleben im Tropischen Amerika." His descriptions of Hayti and Cuba are particularly striking. According to our opinion, an English version of the work would meet with many readers in this country.

The expedition which the Prussian Government sent in 1860 to Eastern Asia, in order to conclude commercial treaties with the Governments of that region, has already produced a number of books. One of the most useful publications on this topic we have received from Herr Gustav Spiess, who has published "Die Preussische Expedition nach Ost-Asien während der Jahre 1860-62" (The Prussian Expedition to Eastern Asia during the years 1860-62). The author, who does not pretend to be a literary man by profession, has produced a very useful and interesting book—useful to the commercial world, and interesting to the general public.

Herr Wilhelm Heine, who joined the Prussian expedition as artist, has also published his travelling experiences. In his "Eine Weltreise um die Nördliche Hemisphäre, &c." (A voyage round the Northern Hemisphere, &c.), he has given in the form of letters some exceedingly lively pictures of all that he had seen and heard.

The elevation of the Archduke Maximilian to the throne of Mexico has called forth several books on that country. One of the best is the "Reisen in den Vereinigten Staaten, Canada, und Mexico" (Travels in the United States, Canada, and Mexico), by Baron J. W. von Müller. The work, which is dedicated to the now Emperor Maximilian, treats chiefly of Mexico and its inhabitants. The latter have given the author a practical proof of their morality by robbing him of his valuable collection, which undesirable circumstance will render the scientific results of his journey less complete. Another work on Mexico, by Herr K. B. Heller, has been written with a view to induce German emigrants to settle under the sceptre of the Austrian Prince. It gives a complete and faithful description of the soil, climate, and cultivation of the country.

We may briefly mention that the Rev. Otto Woysch, the minister of the German congregation at Montevideo, has written a very pleasant and instructive book, "Mittheilungen über das Sociale und Kirchliche Leben in der Republik Uruguay" (Information on Social and Religious Life in the Republic of Uruguay); that Herr Fred. Gregorovius—whose excellent work on Corsica has also been translated into English—has finished his admirable "Wanderjahre in Italien" (Wanderings in Italy); that Herr Franz Löher has described the same favourite ground of tourists in his "Sizilien und Neapel" in a masterly manner; and, finally, that the well-known Feuilletoniste, Dr. Beta, brings some very palatable "Früchte aus England" (Fruits from England). Most, if not all, of Dr. Beta's sketches of English life and manners have appeared in German periodicals, and many of them in the most popular family-paper in Germany—the *Gartenlaube*. This paper has met with an unprecedented success. It has no less than 180,000 subscribers, although it is not allowed to enter publicly the dominions of the King of Prussia. This great success is fully merited, the varied contents being of sterling value, as the reader will understand when we mention that the *Gartenlaube* counts among its contributors authors like Auerbach, Moritz Hartmann, Carl Vogt, Brehm, Schleiden, Bock, Temme, Levin Schücking, &c. The illustrations are exceedingly good, and some of them have real artistic value. If we add that the yearly subscription of the *Gartenlaube* amounts to no more than two Prussian thalers, or six shillings English, and that it furnishes not only pleasant reading, but also every kind of useful and instructive information, it will be seen that this journal is a "family-paper" in the real sense of the word.

Illustrated papers are now much in vogue in Germany. Thus, we hear that the illustrated journal *Ueber Land und Meer* has a circulation of 50,000 copies weekly, which this well-edited and handsomely got-up paper fully deserves. The number of daily, weekly, and monthly papers is constantly increasing in Germany. Among the literary papers which occupy the first rank are, the *Deutsches Museum*, edited by the eminent writer and literary historian Robert Prutz; the *Bremer Sonntagsblatt*; *Westermann's Illustrierte Monatshefte*; and *Die Freya*.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

THE reason why M. Taine, the author of the "Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise," has not selected the literary history of Italy for the field of his labours, is because, like the literature of Spain, it came to a close in the seventeenth century. The year 1864 has not brought to the Italians their literary resurrection. They are in a state of transition, and lack that equanimity of mind which alone enables authors to produce good books, and readers to enjoy them.

Politics now entirely absorb the attention of the Italians, and consequently it is the political press alone which attracts both writers and readers in Italy. The field of religious controversy is also assiduously cultivated, but mostly in so far as it has reference to the great political question of the day.

Numerous works against the temporal power of the Pope have been published. We may mention "La Parola di Dio e i Moderni Farisei" (The Word of God and the Modern Pharisees), which is an appeal to the "Christian feelings," by the Deputy Andrea Moretti. The author endeavours to reconcile in this publication true Catholicism with political liberty. Very abundant materials for contemporaneous history will be found in Count Cavour's collected Parliamentary speeches, which are being published by order of the Italian Chambers, under the title of "Discorsi Parlamentari del Conte Camillo di Cavour." The editorship of this publication has been confided to the Deputy Massari. The two volumes hitherto published—the first appeared in 1863—make together 1000 pages, and contain, of course, a great amount of matter of the highest importance. We must not, however, sharpen too much the appetite of our readers for this publication, as it is not intended for general sale, and has only been privately distributed.

Whilst the Chamber of Deputies has published a work of grateful piety, the Minister of Justice has ordered the issue of a judicial year-book under the title of "Annuario del Ministero di Grazia e Giustizia" (Year-book of the Minister of Grace and Justice). It is the first publication of the kind in Italy, and its successors will probably be improved, both with regard to contents and style. The latter, especially, greatly savors of the bureaucratic school, and requires great linguistic purification. The *Turin Gazette* has likewise published a year-book, or rather almanac, also for the first time. The best paper in this "Almanaco" is the biographical sketch of Signor Ruggiero Settimo, by the Deputy Michele Bertolami. Settimo was one of the finest characters of modern Italy. The Sicilian movement of 1848, which was the forerunner of the subsequent general revolution, owes its origin to Settimo alone.

The seventh volume of Mazzini's "Scritti editi e inediti" (Published and Unpublished Writings) has appeared at Milan. We need not add that it contains highly valuable and interesting matter, like everything which comes from the pen of that great agitator and perpetual exile. Despite his many faults, posterity will one day acknowledge his great merits as a writer, and, if Garibaldi has been called the sword of Italy, the title of the pen of Italy will indisputably be bestowed on Giuseppe Mazzini.

The Pope—for, having just spoken of Mazzini, how can we help thinking at once of the Pope?—has ordered the publication of a very useful and learned work. It is called "La Roma Sotterranea Cristiana" (Christian Subterranean Rome), and is by Signor G. B. de Rossi. The preface gives a complete account of all the works published since the fourteenth century on the same subject, and the first volume contains a full description of all the catacombs, paintings, sculptures, and inscriptions, to be found at Rome. The work is of the greatest interest to the archæologist.

Of national and, at the same time, of literary importance, is Signor Francesco Prudenzone's "Storia della Letteratura Italiana" (The History of Italian Literature). The "Memorie Storico-Politiche" (Historical and Political Essays), by Sig. Cristoforo Negri, are of considerable interest, both to the politician and historian. The last Essay, "La Traslazione della Capitale a Bizanzio, &c." (The Transferring of the Capital to Bizanz), has, besides its intrinsic literary value, a great claim to our attention, since it touches, although indirectly, only, the vital question of Italy. It was evidently written before the Convention with the Emperor of the French.

How great the influence of the French at Rome is, we may also infer from the very strange incident that an important Italian work, which is only extant in manuscript, has been published in a French translation. We refer to the Memoirs left by Cardinal Consalvi, the famous Secretary of State to Pius VII. According to a special clause occurring in the will of the Cardinal, his Memoirs were not to be published until the principal personages mentioned in them no longer existed, and so they were secretly kept in the archives of the Vatican for thirty-five years. The manuscript has now been confided to the well-known Ultramontane writer, M. J. Crétineau-Joly, who has published a French translation—probably according to his notions—whilst the original remains still buried on the silent shelves of the Vatican. The Memoirs have not—at least in the state in which they lie before us—quite the importance which might be expected of them; nevertheless, they are of considerable historical interest, and, if published sooner, would have been of great advantage to M. Artaud, the author of a Life of Pius VII., and to Cardinal Wiseman, in the composition of his "Recollections of the Last Four Popes."

Memoirs are now published in Italy in great numbers; but they are frequently so full of personal vanity, and their authors have so little public importance, that they can be of interest only to the authors themselves and their intimate friends. We must, however, except the Memoirs by the ex-Benedictine nun, Enrichetta Caracciolo, which have already been translated into English, and the Memoirs of Sig. Giovanni

Sabattini, which he published together with his "Drammi Storici" (Historical Dramas). In these Memoirs, curious facts are brought to light with regard to the secret history of the contemporaneous Italian stage. It is a deplorable fact that the older and better dramas are now entirely neglected in Italy, whilst common, nay vulgar and often immoral plays occupy the stage.

A great literary movement is now preparing in Italy, in consequence of the great Dante Festival, which will be celebrated next spring. We may expect some very important literary results from the festival in honour of the *gran padre Alighieri*, if the expected political movements should allow the Italians to breathe a little more freely.

Translations from the French are not quite so numerous as they used to be. Learned works are generally translated from the German, and political works from the English. We meet, however, with an Italian translation of a learned English work—Professor Max Müller's lectures on the "Science of Language."

GREEK LITERATURE.

GREEK literature is in the same position as the son of a celebrated author. Of whatever value his productions may be, they cannot escape a close comparison with those of his renowned parent. In the same way, modern Greek literature is generally exposed to a dangerous comparison with the classical literature of ancient Greece, and, as soon as we take a modern Greek work into our hands, we feel involuntarily impelled to set it against some analogous Greek work of classical origin. It is therefore of great advantage to a modern Greek author if he chooses a subject which does not admit of comparison with any production of ancient Greece. The novel offers, in this respect, a safe ground; for the public, or rather the critics, have there no opportunity of remarking that this or that author of the same country has produced superior novels, or at least equally good ones.

When the well-known Greek poet Panagitis Sutsos lately published his novel *η Χαριτίνα*, the Greek press did not lose any time in making ingenious antiquarian or classical researches, but reviewed the production as an independent work, and, as such, it received nearly universal praise. We say nearly, for there are still some who prefer translations of French novels, with their loose morality, to a sound original tale, founded on the divine principles of Christian belief. The present Greek novel is of a superior kind; it is earnest in its basis, poetical in its conception, and entertaining in its execution.

Another work, which is quite novel for Greece—whether ancient or modern—has been published by Marinos Vretos. It is a "National Kalendar," and has been issued, not at Athens, but at Paris. We have, of course, nothing to say against the place of publication of works generally; but a production which bears the distinct designation of "National" should not be put forth in a foreign country. We have also an objection to make to the price of the book. It costs no less than twelve francs and a half—a price which precludes it from becoming a people's book, however national its character may be. Against the varied character of the almanack we have nothing to say, but rather something in its favour. We are glad to see in the pages of this publication the poems of Athanasios Christopoulos, who has been styled, by way of comparison again, "the Anacreon of Modern Greece." The former edition of these delightful poems seems to be out of print, and the editor of the almanack has rendered great service, both to his countrymen and to the lovers of the modern Greek language in foreign countries, by reprinting the poems in his publication.

Turkey is, of all foreign countries, the one where modern Greek is cultivated the most. In Constantinople there exists a very active Philological Society of modern Hellenists, which publishes its transactions in a special periodical. Last spring, this learned body celebrated, in conjunction with the Modern Greek Medical Society, their joint triennial foundation festival. It will interest our readers to know that a written communication from the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, our learned Chancellor of the Exchequer, was read on the same occasion amidst great applause.

As a kind of literary curiosity, rather than as a sign of great literary activity, we mention that a translation of Plutarch's Lives into modern Greek appeared last year, whilst nearly every other civilized nation has for a long time possessed at least one translation of the same work. The translator is the well-known Greek scholar, Alexander Rangawis. Of Lamartine's "Méditations Poétiques," an excellent Greek version has appeared, by Angelos Vlachos.

It is probable that several other noteworthy books appeared in Greece during 1864; but, as there is no well-organized literary communication between this country and the south-east of Europe, we shall only receive them late in the present year. The same remark applies also to Italy, from which country all literary works—unless of unusual importance—make their way to England very slowly.

THE FINE ARTS YEAR.

IN forming a just estimate of the condition of Art in a nation, we have to observe two very different sides of the same subject—that which represents the artist as a creator and worker, whether as sculptor, painter, architect, or ornamentalist, and that which represents the general feeling for art expressed by any of the ordinary means that may be taken to indicate public taste. This wider and less direct line of art is to be traced in the literature of the fine arts, specially observable last year in the production of such admirable books as that upon Christian Art, by Mrs. Jameson and Lady Eastlake; the "Epochs of Painting," by Mr. Wornum; on the "History of Painting in Italy," by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle; on Tuscan Sculptors, by Mr. Perkins; and we might add to these the valuable illustrations of art published by the Arundel Society. We may follow the same feeling for art in our poetry, the drama, music and lyrical art, in the choice of certain works of art in public exhibitions and monuments, with that constant flow of popular taste which we see in the productions of art-manufacture. These two spheres of art act and re-act upon each other; the artist, influenced by the great events of the world much as other men are, is naturally disposed to express his view in a way acceptable and intelligible to those of his fellows who have the feeling for art without the gift of expression which he possesses. The infinite beauty of nature he pictures in living colour on the canvas, or he moulds a poem in the marble; but he has caught his fire often from poetry, from romance, or from the life and deeds of men, and the more he has drunk of the great fountain of eternal culture the more beauty is seen and felt in his work. As we live in times when the feeling for art and the appreciation of all art-work are of a higher nature, and more the rule than the exception in social intercourse, it is not to be wondered at that we find the number of those who have fine taste for art, and a full appreciation of artistic beauty, is increasing in a greater proportion over the number of artists proper. It is a question of some concern whether this has not for some time past been conducing to make great artists rarer than ever, and to the wider spreading of the general level mediocrity—whether art is not now less a spontaneous source of expression than a mere profession. Certainly there never was a period when there were so many painters and sculptors; but we doubt whether there were ever a time when so few really great works of art were being produced. Not but that all artists find abundance of work, unlimited encouragement, substantial rewards, honours, and high social position; yet those who have to watch all this from the outside must, we think, be conscious of a certain shortcoming, which suggests that modern art, neither in scope nor aim, fulfils the promise of an age like the present, so immensely advanced in every other walk of intellect and civilization.

There cannot be the least hesitation, however, in saying that extraordinary efforts have been made, and that in the most systematic manner, to improve the arts during the last twenty years. The country has expended some millions in various ways in the endeavour to fertilize the soil; precious examples of ancient art have been searched for in the old dwelling-places of art, and those discovered have enriched the national museum to a degree higher than in any country in the world, students flock to us now to see the grandest models of art in the sculptures of the Parthenon, and those examples most important for the history of ancient art in the Egyptian and Assyrian sculptures; with the fine marbles brought from Xanthus, and those of Halicarnassus, and other works from which the moderns have to learn. The most important acquisition of the year has been that of the Farnese statues, recently purchased for £4,000, from the Farnese Palace at Rome. The British Museum, however, though it is a noble illustration of the desire of the public to become acquainted with the great works of ancient art, and the public spirit which has led to the discovery and acquisition of such priceless examples, does not yield the fruit expected of it in the education of our artists, especially in sculpture and architecture. No doubt the lesson is not made as impressive as it might be; the Parthenon statues and bas-reliefs are not worthily exhibited, and many fine examples of sculpture have lain hidden in the store-rooms of the building for the last seven years. It is, indeed, a matter of no small disgrace that another year should be entered upon with no sign whatever of any efforts to exhibit all that the Museum contains, or to arrange with proper intelligence those objects which now occupy the galleries. In Mediæval examples and those of the Italian Cinque-Cento and the Renaissance, the examples collected under the Department of Art as a branch of public education, furnish the most ample means of study that could be obtained short of beholding all the great originals.

As to painting, perhaps some regret is to be felt that our National Gallery was commenced too late to acquire many of the great masterpieces, though here are to be seen some few works at least which are beyond compare, and if the Cartoons of Raphael were exhibited amongst them, we might place such a gallery foremost in the world. It is the bringing together of all that the country possesses that we have been so long promised, but still are kept waiting to see in that National Gallery worthy

of the name and the real wealth of art treasures known to exist in the country. This is undoubtedly the one great object to be accomplished; the decoration of the Houses of Parliament with frescoes and statues, the erection of feeble monuments to the brave and the good, the extension of South Kensington, are all works of inferior importance, comparatively speaking. Yet another year has been added to the decade that has already passed full of protestations and anticipations, another parliamentary commission has died out with its advice and its lengthy evidence without a sign of action. The Royal Academy still remains stopping the way, standing upon its Royal privileges, and presuming upon the indulgence of the public to allow this private society to occupy galleries urgently needed for the art purposes of the nation in a different direction. The Academy Exhibition is no doubt a national institution, and a benefit to artists and the public; its schools may be also an advantage, though this is not quite so evident; but since the whole institution has become an obstruction to the development of the great interests of the country in art, it is absolutely necessary that the Academy, now wealthy enough and strong enough, should be made to stand upon its own legs. While the Academicians issue their manifesto, making promises of enlarging the number of their associate members, and protesting firmly against being dictated to by the "lay element," which they pronounce "an uncalled-for innovation" (although at the same time admitting its use in the form of lectures upon history and general literature), the cellars and lumber-rooms of the British Museum and the National Gallery are full of hidden pictures and sculptures, the greatest pictures in the world are banished to the miserable room at Hampton Court, and the British pictures are kept in a temporary iron shed, well out of reach of the British public. The most exquisite piece of assumption remains in the proposition that the National Gallery should turn out, and not the Royal Academy; which simply means that after some ten years more have elapsed, and some grand building has risen up, perhaps on some part of the Royal property at South Kensington, there will be room for the national pictures. The obvious answer to this is that the Academy should find a temporary place of exhibition, and at once enable the Government to undertake the building of a National Gallery on the site of the present one, which is not only most convenient, but admitted to be the finest in any capital of the world, and would afford abundant space to exhibit all the works of art we possess, and are likely to accumulate for the next century. It is impossible, in taking any review of the position of affairs which concern the prospects of art, to overlook this important question of the National Gallery and the Academy, and to sum up it must be said that it appears to be almost as far as ever from a settlement, the only sign of action being in the report, that notice has been given to the parish authorities that the large workhouse at the back of the National Gallery will be required to be given up to the Board of Works. It is known also that Gibson, the eminent sculptor, has endeavoured to induce the Academy to move and build for themselves, by offering to give £30,000 and a complete collection of his works towards raising a new Academy of Arts.

We have, however, to record at least some advance in the attitude of the Academy of Arts; they propose, while objecting to receive the members of other societies of artists as being entitled to be elected as members of those bodies, to form a class of associates unlimited in number (and of any country), who are to be chosen by nomination of the Academicians and Associates (the latter body being enlarged to the number of fifty) who will vote by ballot, and the election will be decided by two-thirds of the votes. This measure, whenever it may be adopted and put in practice, will be certain to afford very general satisfaction to the general body of artists. It will not have any influence, we imagine, upon the development of art, but it is calculated to make the artist more happy and contented, and so far it may contribute indirectly to the encouragement of art. That academies will ever exercise any important influence over the future of art there is nothing in the previous history of such institutions to lead us to suppose such a thing; for this reason we are disposed to view with comparative indifference any policy they may choose to adopt in reference to the general body of artists. Art, as we have already suggested, does not live in academies, and its greatest achievements have invariably been made by men averse to those centres of dogmatism in art. The true pabulum of art will ever be found in the life and feelings of a nation; while art will always reflect the light of culture that spreads through the land, and animates the best spirits without the least academic influence. It is only necessary to refer to those names which have been distinguished amongst our own artists to be convinced that this is the case. Reynolds was hated and ostracized even by the Academy; Barry, not a great man certainly, was too good and too enthusiastic to please the Academicians of his day, and was allowed to die in wretched want and suffering. John Martin and Haydon, both men of a certain merit though mistaken, never gained a grain of sympathy from the Academy. Turner preferred the life of a hermit to the homage of his fellow Academicians; Etty, who learnt so much from the old masters of Venice, was never esteemed a teacher by the Academy, and died a student of nature to the last. Danby, the most poetic of our landscape painters, never shone in the Academy, and Linnell, another great colourist of nature, is famous without the pale. A host of painters in water

colours, a branch of art of the highest promise, the capabilities of which are being every day more enlarged, might be named to show how little the academies have to do with the development of art. Then in sculpture we have Gibson, the first of modern sculptors, living a life abroad, as if ignoring the Academy, in revenge for the neglect of the sculptor and his art by the Academy. Mulready, of whose works we had such a splendid exhibition at South Kensington early in the year, and who carried one branch of art to the highest perfection, was a student apart from the Academy, and may be said, as his notes show indeed, to have worked out all his ideas by his own unaided insight and devoted observation of nature. The rising artists, who, sad to say, are few enough, certainly do not affect the academic. There is little of that kind of teaching to be observed in the works of Mr. Holman Hunt, who may be said to head the rebel faction against the old régime—such men as Messrs. Hughes, Stanhope, Whistler, J. Brett, E. W. Leader, Sandys, Prinsep, Martineau, and J. Webb. All these are instances, to which others might be added, of painters regarded with interest by that public of taste which the Academy so decidedly sets its face against, as "the lay element," and refuses to acknowledge as a voice of influence, much less of worth, in the sphere of art. The works of these men are thus regarded simply because they do not smack of the academic, but do speak of a feeling for art more enthusiastic, spontaneous, and earnest, with less of the dry mannerism and doctrinism of the schools. It remains to be said, however, in dealing impartially with the painters of this new school, that the latest production—Mr. Holman Hunt's "Egyptian Girl"—seems to point very decidedly to the extreme terminus of that view of art which assumes to see everything and paint everything, and that aims to satisfy every craving of the artist-feeling for the material beauties of his craft. To be dazzled and amazed at the skill of the painter, but no more, is not the end and aim of the finest art.

If we look back upon the past exhibition of the Academy, it will be remarked that the number of subject-pictures by those who can be considered as rising painters following the style legitimate, as it might be termed, is extremely small. Mr. Leighton's "Dante in Exile" was perhaps the most promising picture of this class; it was a little wanting in the force and nervous expression of his "Elijah," exhibited the year before, and the treatment was not quite equal to the subject, which was one admirably well chosen; but, on the whole, this work is entitled to a high place, especially from the academic point of view. Mr. Armitage, a student of the French school rather than of the English, gave us a more favourable impression of his talents by the large work, "Ahab and Jezebel," than by any he has yet painted. It showed undoubtedly a painter of notable power, as well as a draughtsman; the quality, in fact, that we have been looking for in Mr. Armitage's work for years, ever since his first success in the cartoon competitions at Westminster Hall. A painter with a full grasp over this large style is rare with us; of this any one will be convinced who looks at the series of frescoes in the corridors of the Houses of Parliament. Mr. Armitage's picture was, therefore, a feature in the exhibition of the year not to be overlooked. It should be remarked here, also, that two of the most distinguished competitors in the cartoons, Mr. Watts and Mr. Armitage, have never had the opportunity of showing what they could do in this grandest style of painting at the Palace of Westminster. This is the more to be regretted since we know that Mr. Watts has painted a very fine work in fresco, though most unfavourably seen, in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, and Mr. Armitage has also executed some admirable church paintings in fresco on a smaller scale.

Continuing our review of the Academy Exhibition, and noticing the few instances of promising pictures by young painters, there are to be mentioned Mr. Calderon's "Burial of Hampden," which was good technically, and had fine points of sentiment, though it wanted the interest of a complete subject; Mr. Crowe's "Luther Nailing his Theses at the Church-door;" Mr. Yeames's "Queen Henrietta Maria's Landing;" Mr. Mark's "Doctors Differ;" Mr. Rankley's gipsy subject, "Fetching the Doctor," of all which it may be said that they were as highly respectable as pictures can be expected to be without the touch of genius. Regarded, however, as indicating the future of our school, we fear the prospect is not particularly inspiring or hopeful.

Turning now to the works of the young men of the Academy, or rather the rising men, for Academicians have generally passed their prime in every sense, we see Mr. Elmore disposed to rest on his laurels with studies of fine colour and picturesque figures, such as his "Lucrezia Borgia" of last year, and his "Excelsior" and "Convent Garden" of this, neither of which were quite worthy of the eminent painter's mark. Mr. Pickersgill would certainly not choose to be judged by his present works, any more than would Mr. Poole by his "Lighting the Beacon at the appearance of the Spanish Armada," or his "Greek Peasants," or Mr. O'Neil by his "Landing of the Princess of Wales," Mr. Goodall by his "Summer Song," or Mr. Cope by his "Reading for Honours." Nothing but faint praise can be given to pictures of this stamp, which seem so entirely to tell of work without the earnestness and fire of true and vigorous art. Mr. Phillip and Mr. Hook, each in his way gifted with the finest sense of

the picturesque and the natural, did everything to redeem the Academician exhibitors of the year from the position of dull and hopeless common place. Mr. Faed also, in his particular line of domestic *genre*, deserves their gratitude as he does ours, for having added many of the graces of poetic sentiment and fine colour to a class of pictures peculiarly English. Mr. Millais, after having created a name by taking the lead against all the academic conventionalities for fifteen years, and after assisting to found the sect of Pre-Raphaelites, we see in his pictures of the last two Exhibitions quietly settling into the mannerism of a portrait painter of pretty children arranged in more or less of the gorgeous finery of the palette. We, like many of his admirers, may express our disappointment, but the Academy will rejoice to receive him into the bosom of the faithful. The question we put to ourselves is, whether it is art that is flourishing amongst us, or only artists—whether, instead of being a “culte,” art has become a trade?

Looking, then, at the Academy Exhibition, as it may be judged by the works of the year, from the highest stand-point, and with a somewhat more severe view than it is customary to give when noticing the pictures in detail, it must, we think, be said that the taste for art in the public is in advance of the artists. They are no longer leading opinion upon art, though we shall not say their works, conventional as they are generally, do not foster the feeling for art; but they paint their pictures and carve their statues to supply the demands of a multitude able and ready to pay enormous sums for the possession of their works, and not for the love of art or the expression of their thoughts. The profession is no longer that of pitiable geniuses living in garrets, but one of grand seigneurs surrounded with luxury and courted by society. The atmosphere of rank abundance never did favour the growth of art, and there is little reason to suppose that it can do so in our time. Our own exhibitions overflow with works that have no sort of pretension to originality or freshness of thought—mere repetitions of some lucky hit upon the public attention, variations of the same theme—while the good pictures may be counted on the fingers. Abroad, where artists have at least held a position of esteem longer than with us, and where the Governments make a point, not only of purchasing their pictures for the public galleries, but of employing them upon public works, the exhibitions are decidedly inferior to our own. And in Paris it is noticeable of the past year's exhibition, that the tendency shown in the subjects of the cleverest pictures very decidedly reflected that taste for mere sensuality which is known to prevail in that city which claims the first place in modern civilization. There are, however, some few modern painters of note abroad, whose works may be studied with profit by our own artists; as, for example, in wall paintings, Flandrin, of the French school, for sacred subjects; Ussi, of the Italian, for large historical work; and Gallait, of the Belgian school, whose two fine pictures this year at the French exhibition in London were distinguished by the finest dramatic expression with very high technical beauty. Of the German school, Cornelius, Kaulbach, and the other fresco painters do not, in our opinion, present any desirable points for imitation to our painters—we are sufficiently academic already. Neither can the style of Overbeck be recommended to any of our painters of sacred subjects.

We venture to say, that the few who are interested in art look upon modern exhibitions with a sort of indulgence, tolerating the mannerisms of this and that favourite, but rarely with the satisfaction and full enjoyment of a grand ideal realized as it is in seeing the great works of the old Italian masters. Yet this, after all, is the kind of standard and test to which we must appeal. If we gather our estimate from the works of the very highest aim, such as those immense frescoes which have so long absorbed the attention of at least two of our most distinguished painters, it is not more flattering to modern art. The completion of one of these was an event in the art of the year. It is impossible to help seeing, in these great national works of art, that the two painters are entirely at variance both as to their view of art, the mode of expression, and the means adopted. Mr. Macclise treats everything according to the academic rule, and shows surprising power and rapidity of execution, and facility of hand, with a great feeling for that style of artificial grouping, dramatic attitude, and incident of every kind commonly accepted as necessary to influence the vulgar mind—working, in fact, after the manner of the later Italian and French painters, Luca Giordano and Le Brun. On the other hand, we have Mr. Herbert labouring for years to place a realistic picture before us, every detail of which speaks of the closest study of objects as they are, as if in contempt for all that is accepted as the poetry of art, and relying upon the somewhat dry truth of a prosaic style of painting to supply the never-failing but unattainable charm of living nature herself. It is a singular inversion of the fitness of things, that the painter of the battles of Waterloo and Trafalgar should have been the imaginative, dramatic, and, so to speak, orthodox artist; while so grand an ideal subject as the delivery of the law by Moses should have been treated by a painter of the realistic and matter-of-fact order. Our modern battle-scenes would have suited the latter style; but the subject of Moses, the lawgiver of a religion which we accept as a type and forerunner of Christianity, was peculiarly adapted for the boldest imaginative treatment of the schools.

All this incongruity seems to point to a want of just balance and relation in the taste which controls these great public works, with the views and style of the painters chosen to execute them. Then, as chief works of foremost painters, they show us that our great men differ widely as to the great principles of art; the one asserting by his work that artistic treatment is indispensable, the other that the naturalistic suffices for everything in art. Can great things be done in art in this way, and can we be progressing in these very opposite directions? If we compare these great undertakings of the nation's artists as examples of our real position, with similar works in the past times of art, it is to perceive the immense gulf that separates them—those are in another and a higher region. Suppose we imagine for a moment that Raphael had painted those grand figures of Christ and the Apostles in his cartoons as the plain fishermen they were; had this been his feeling the cartoons would long ago have been burnt as waste paper, and the great man would have missed his immortality. Or, taking a work still more artistic, and founded upon the culture of the schools of art—the “Last Judgment” and the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel by Michael Angelo—if it were possible to look upon these grand works unaffected by the influence which art so entirely removed from the realistic exercises over the mind, it would be to set down Michael Angelo as anything but a painter from nature, whereas what we are compelled to own is, that he was a painter from nature, and something more—he was a supernatural painter.

These are diversities of opinion which now seem to perplex our artists to no small extent. In every department we find them and those who are their patrons and admirers at issue upon these points. Sculptors are intent on imitating the wrinkles and even the pores of the skin, and some go so far as to colour the flesh and paint the eyes and hair. Gibson has completely adopted this view of an art that is assuredly grand and noble without such accessories; and Marochetti is to some extent at least an adherent of the same opinion. The extraordinary popularity, to use the right word, of the “Reading Girl,” by Sig. Magni, and of the “Eastern Beauty of the Harem,” by Sig. Monti, with other examples, might be adduced to show the present taste for absolute realism. Whether the spread of photographic pictures has not had a great deal to do with this perverted taste is a question of some interest; and the multiplication of bad copies of works of art in various ways largely outweighs any good it may do by the general vulgarizing it produces, and the tendency it has to lower the ideal. Unfortunately, the popular notion of art is precisely that we have been pointing out as at present affecting, from a totally different side, some of the best painters and sculptors, and a large proportion of the public who have taste. There is, in fact, but a very slight step from the stupid parrot-like copying of nature which captivates the eye of the million and the imitative art (“realistic” as it is termed in a good sense) which now characterises the work of some of the greatest artists of the day. It is strange that it should not be universally felt and understood that painting and sculpture, like any other form of expressional arts, are greatest when they bear the impress of thought, feeling, and creative power over the beautiful. Perhaps the most just use of realistic art was to be observed in the works of Mulready, in comparison with those of the Dutch school exhibited immediately afterwards at South Kensington.

Until the public mind has become utterly satiated and disgusted with the empty pleasure of seeing how everything is like something else, we shall continue to be supplied with feeble and mannered pictures, weak statues, and bad classical and mediæval imitations in our public buildings and monuments. Happily, we have to congratulate ourselves upon escaping from something horrible that was threatened in the shape of a monument to Shakespeare; that it would inevitably have been but another monument added to those which already exhibit the utter inadequacy of the art of the country to conceive any really great sculptural and, we might say, architectural work, is not an unfair prediction. The designs exhibited last year for the proposed memorial of the late Prince Consort and the great Exhibition, cannot be exempted from this general charge of incompetency and poverty of conception. It is only necessary to take one glance at the monuments collected and preserved with so much regard in our Museums, or even at St. Paul's and any of the great cathedrals, to see that in art we are not only unworthy of our position amongst the nations, but that we have fallen off from the times of Wren and Inigo Jones. There is no longer any prospect of a Shakespeare Monument in any form, which is, perhaps, a relief; but then we have rising before us the vast Gothic Canopy, with its inhabitant statue of the late Prince Albert and the many attendant figures outside, the very thought of which is enough to make honest men of taste tremble. Failure seems inevitable to these great national works of art; but we are inclined to hope for better things from the public societies and the great commercial bodies. Certainly the finest public buildings erected of late years have been the offices of public companies in the metropolis, the palaces of the Manchester warehousemen, the railway stations, of which the Charing Cross Station is a good example, with its exceedingly appropriate restoration of the old Cross, some of the principal clubs, and perhaps the one or two private mansions, of which Mr. Holford's, in Park-lane, is the most satisfactory example. But here again it must be admitted that we are immensely

behind the old Florentine architects. Not one building of this kind can be compared for all in all with the Pitti or the Strozzi palaces; and the mortification is to see that it is not costly marbles nor luxurious ornament that we want, but simply the correct taste that gives justness of proportion and symmetrical beauty throughout the whole structure. With several vast public buildings about to be begun—a National Gallery, a vast museum of Modern Science and Art, an Academy of Arts, a Hall of the Sciences, and a new Bedlam Hospital—the subject is one of no small interest and concern to the art of the country in this new year.

The position of the decorative arts taken in their widest signification, has improved in England in far greater proportion than the higher branches of art. Design in architectural ornament and furniture shows far better taste, and the subject has become thoroughly understood by a large class of art workmen. The carvers in stone and wood are taking the rank of artists as they are fairly entitled to do; and work in various kinds of inlay in wood, marble, and metal, is now rendered sufficiently easy, by the aid of machinery, as to lead us to expect this beautiful mode of surface decoration will soon be generally employed to adorn our houses and public buildings. This is the more satisfactory from another point of view, that of health and economy. If floors of inlaid work either of wood or hard cement, such as the Italians commonly use where marble would be too costly, were adopted, the extravagant luxury of thick dusty carpets, which are meant to look comfortable and hide dirt, would be got rid of, and our apartments would be more handsome, more artistic, and more healthy. But there is perhaps no kind of decorative work so adapted to our buildings, and at the same time capable of such fine application as Mosaic. During the past year, the first great experiment in this branch of decoration has been made, and with perfect success, in St. Paul's. The large mosaic picture, which occupies one of the spandrels of the arches that support the dome, has an exceedingly fine effect, and enables us to judge how extremely grand and beautiful the noble interior will become when adorned in this manner. This is an undertaking of the utmost interest and importance, in which every Englishman ought to be proud to help, especially since he may feel assured that when the decoration of the cathedral has been completed according to the design of Wren, and which we may rely with every confidence in the taste of Mr. Penrose the architect will be done well, St. Paul's will be the finest interior of its kind in the world. This deserves to be regarded as a national undertaking, and it is much to be regretted that since it has now been shown how easily and at what comparatively small expenditure it may be accomplished, the aid of the Government is not at once freely offered for so glorious a purpose. According to the present state of the funds at command, many years must pass before the work can be completed, and it is this want of money which alone postpones the work. Another important decorative work of this kind has been brought nearly to completion during 1864, in the Wolsey Chapel at Windsor. The ceiling and the upper part of the walls of this large chamber, which adjoins St. George's Chapel, and beneath which is the mortuary of the later Kings and Queens of England, have been entirely covered with ornamental designs in mosaic. The subject may not be much calculated to display the fullest capabilities of the art, as it consists chiefly of heraldic symbols of the late Prince Albert's ancestry; but the work is important and extremely effective. The lower part of the walls is to be filled with subjects in "Sgraffito" inlay, by Sig. Triquetti. It is the more worthy of notice on account of the great facility with which it has been done by Sig. Salviati, of Venice, who executed the mosaic in St. Paul's, and who is the inventor of the new mode of working in mosaic. The important result is that we have in this a form of decoration of the most splendid kind, exceedingly durable, and produced at moderate cost. It will be for our architects to avail themselves of such a means of adding the beauties and advantages of colour to their works. We are inclined to think that mosaic decoration offers very great opportunities for the advance of art in England: in church architecture, in public buildings, and in the mansions that are more and more in demand for the *nouveaux riches*. Hitherto the use of colour has been rather avoided, partly as not in accord with our quiet tastes, and chiefly, perhaps, as not being suited to last under our deteriorating climate of damp and smoke. Mosaic obviates both these obstacles, being modest yet effective, and calculated to retain the appearance of freshness that is always agreeable, and in accordance with the desire to have everything about us look neat, orderly, and well-cared for. As to the cost and facility of production, it should be stated that although the mosaic work in St. Paul's has been done abroad, it is the design of an English artist, Mr. Stephens, and the sole reason for giving it to foreign workmen has hitherto been, that it could be obtained much more cheaply; and we believe also because the gold ground mosaic has not yet been made by our own manufacturers in this department. Messrs. Minton and some other manufacturers in the potteries succeed perfectly in mosaic work, but as yet they have not been able to compete with the Venetian workmen of Sig. Salviati at Murano; at least, this is what we have been given to understand. The specimens of English mosaic work exhibited at the International Exhibition, and which are still to be seen amongst the examples of English art work at South Kensington Museum are excellent, and show quite sufficiently that this ornament can be readily produced at home, though it may be at a higher cost. The proposition to decorate the

outside walls of the great Picture Gallery, which has been left standing as a record of the '62 Exhibition, seems to have fallen to the ground. The designs of Mr. Hook and Mr. Cope, which were placed upon the walls to test the effect of such a mode of decoration, are now placed in one of the halls of the new buildings of the Museum, amongst the cartoons of some of the frescoes executed in the Houses of Parliament.

Any one who is acquainted with the modern works in fresco and Mosaic to be seen abroad, will, we think, be disposed to admit that the English artists are quite as worthy to be compared with the great old masters in this style as any of their brethren of Italy, France, and Germany. The water-glass method of painting in the style of fresco, recently invented by the Germans, which has been employed by Mr. Maclise, Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Ward, in their pictures in the Houses of Parliament, promises to afford much greater scope to the painter of large wall pictures, more especially in colouring. In this respect, we ought to see these large water-colour pictures gaining the richness and beauty of tone which has hitherto been attainable only in oil painting. As yet, however, this has not been accomplished, and it may be found impossible to give richness of tone and transparency with the dead surface which is the peculiar advantage of fresco decoration, enabling it to be perfectly seen in whatever direction the light may fall upon the picture. In Italy there is now little or no attempt to paint in fresco; decorative pictures are painted either in *tempera* or oil, and this on a very large scale. The state rooms of the Pope's Palace of the Quirinal have been splendidly painted, chiefly in this manner, and furnish one of the grandest examples of modern decorative painting. The ceilings, which are extremely rich and beautiful in colour, are the work of Sig. Mantuani, of Ferrara, and Sig. Angelini, of Perugia. Sig. Mantuani has this year finished the restoration of Raphael's frescoes in one of the Loggie of the Vatican, and with a success unusual in these undertakings. A very large picture of the Last Judgment, which fills the end of the principal room, painted in *tempera*, has just been finished by Sig. Minardi, who is the professor of painting at Faenza. Of this large work it is sufficient to say that it is beyond everything academic and quite according to rule and precedent, resembling in style the works of Overbeck and the German school. Compared with the great masters of old Italian art, of whose works there are such fine examples at Rome, this picture possesses but very feeble pretensions to the rank of high art. One of the greatest decorative undertakings in Italy is being executed in mosaic—the interior of the new church of St. Paul, without the walls of Rome. The Papal Government keep a large establishment of mosaic workers in the Vatican, who have been employed for years in producing mosaic pictures of the largest kind, and various ornamental works for the decoration of this immense church. The large pictures here are of the very finest kind, though not in the style of the old mosaic work, but rather as imitations of pictures of a much later date, like that of the Transfiguration of Raphael in St. Peter's. The method of working is precisely that adopted in the primitive times of Byzantine art, and consequently the process is a most tedious and costly one. The modern art of mosaic we have referred to points out a most important improvement due entirely to the spirit of invention and advance in the art, and, if innovations of any kind were permitted in Rome, would enable the Papal Government to finish their undertaking in the present year.

Decorative art having been for some years past made a subject of national education under the direction of a powerfully organized department, with every possible aid from the public funds, and under a regular system of teaching, we naturally look for the results with some anxiety and interest. The only tests we have seen applied were in the decoration of the great building of the International Exhibition, which we must unite with the general voice of public taste in condemning utterly, and that of the new courts of the South Kensington Museum, still in progress, as well as the arcades of the adjoining Horticultural Gardens. The new courts of the Museum are being decorated in painting by finished pupils of the School of Art, and as some of the parts are complete, we are enabled to judge of the style. The decorator has, of course, been compelled to accept the forms of the architect's design, and in this respect certainly he has had to work under very great disadvantages. The whole interior is so cut up into small compartments, and filled in with small detail of such heterogeneous description in the columns, the arches, the spandrels, and the mouldings, &c., that it was impossible to get any fine effect from such forms. For this reason we are not disposed to be severe upon the insignificant finery which has been painted on the paltry forms of the structure. It is easy to see that the decorator has had unlimited means of every kind at command, except in the one direction of originality and fine taste. So far as art is concerned in work of this kind, we should say, in all candour, that the department shows itself capable of producing very good commonplace decorators, who will always find their *métier* in the gorgeous shop-fronts and show-rooms of Regent-street, and those terrible interiors—the gin-palaces of London. This, however, it must be said, is not a hopeful prospect for the decoration of our future great buildings, and the less so since Government will probably apply to the Official Department for the workmen, and unfortunately also for the taste. That immense pile which is

about to be commenced from the designs of Captain Fowke, will inevitably be decorated according to the orthodox patterns of the South Kensington School, and, unless some change comes over the spirit of their dream, we shall behold a repetition *en grand* of the Exhibition building interior and the new courts of the Museum.

In closing this sketch of the position of English art, it must not be forgotten that several eminent artists have died so recently, as to be well remembered within the time embraced in this notice. Of these, while some have ended a life of honour at a good old age, such as Mulready, Hunt, Behnes the sculptor, and Roberts, the best painter of interiors of his day, others have left the scene in their prime. The names of Dyce, Sir Watson Gordon, George Lance, Willmore the engraver, and our great artist-humourist, Leech, tell of losses that will long be felt amongst their brother artists and the public. In the speciality of these artists there is little prospect of any one being able to take up the work where they left it; still, they, like every original thinker in art, have left their mark upon their time, and brought some stone to that monument in her artists' work, which we have faith enough in the artists of the future to believe will yet testify England's greatness in the Fine Arts.

THE MUSICAL YEAR.

THE year just closed has been a busy one for musical art in London, where operas, concerts, and oratorios, are now given in such continuous succession as almost to do away with the old distinctions of season by which the world of music used to be governed equally with that of fashion and politics. At no part of the year now, whether it be amidst the fogs of November or the snows of January, is there an interval of more than a few days without some musical performance which finds its audience, however unfashionable may be the period. That costly exotic, the Italian Opera, it is true, flourishes most under the genial influence of the wealthy patronage which only becomes available when the approach of spring and the assembling of Parliament bring back the world of fashion to London life. Opera, however, in some shape or other, is now to be heard here all the year round, and accordingly we find that, at the commencement of the year whose progress we are now recording, the magnificent theatre of the Royal Italian Opera was in the hands of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison for performances of English operas and adaptation of Foreign works. It was the last season of the occupancy of Covent Garden theatre by these managers, who for several years previously had produced there various new works by Balfe, Wallace, Benedict, and Macfarren. The first novelty in 1864 was a little one act operetta, "Fanchette" by Mr. Levey, produced on January 4th—an agreeable trifle containing some light and vivacious music in the French style, with indications of a talent that should have ripened into better results.

The other and elder opera house, Her Majesty's Theatre, opened on January 23, with an adaptation of Gounod's "Faust" to an English text—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington appearing for the first time as Marguerite, and thereby establishing a much higher position as a dramatic singer than she had previously held. This series of performances in English terminated on March 5th.

On February 11th, Mr. Macfarren's new opera, "She Stoops to Conquer," was produced at the Royal English Opera. We commented at the time, in strong terms, on the audacious treatment of Goldsmith's work by Mr. Fitzball, whose wretched travestie of a capital comedy was totally unfit for, and unworthy of, musical treatment; and was not redeemed by any special merit on the composer's part. With some clever music, the work was dull and heavy in effect, and will now probably rest in that obscurity which seems to be the lot of most English operas. On March 19th the winter season closed; and Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison terminated their occupancy of Covent Garden Theatre, which re-opened on March 29th, for the regular Italian Opera season under its rightful monarch, Mr. Gye. "Norma" was performed for the introduction of Mdlle. Lagrue, an artiste of high merit; who, if she did not supply the void left by Grisi's retirement, was certainly the most efficient substitute we have had for that great singer. On April 7th, Herr Wachtel made his appearance as Manrico, in "Il Trovatore," and created a sensation remarkable when contrasted with the small effect produced by his few appearances some seasons since. His superb voice, however, was still felt to require a further degree of culture, and his excessive employment of the high chest-notes amounted to an abuse of great natural gifts. His subsequent appearances, especially in "Guillaume Tell" and "Le Prophète," confirmed the impression that he is endowed with a superb voice, but has yet something to acquire in flexibility and finish.

Her Majesty's Theatre, under Mr. Mapleson's management, commenced the season of Italian Opera on April 9th with "Rigo-

letto," introducing Signor Varese, the original representative of the jester, and an artist of high merit, although a little *passé*. On May 3rd, Nicolai's opera "Falstaff" ("Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor") was produced, but with a moderate success, by no means commensurate with its merits. On May 9th, Mdlle. Adelina Patti re-appeared at the Royal Italian Opera in "Il Barbiere," in the possession of increased powers, and, if possible, in still greater favour with her audience than ever, the climax to her triumphs being attained by her exquisite performance of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust," in which she replaced Mdlle. Pauline Lucca, after the sudden departure of that capricious lady. The subsequent performance of the same character by Mdlle. Artot must be noticed in recording the addition of that admirable artiste to the company of the Royal Italian Opera. On June 4th, Flotow's romantic opera "Stradella" was produced; chiefly, it is to be presumed, for the sake of Herr Wachtel's appearance in a favourite part. Certainly the work possesses no intrinsic merits to render it worthy of a hearing at our greatest lyric establishment. The revival of Rossini's "Otello," although justified by Signor Tamberlik's magnificent performance, served to prove that the Italian sweetness and conventional vocalisation of its period will no longer pass as the expression of high tragic pathos and nobility of sentiment.

At Her Majesty's Theatre, "Fidelio" was revived on June 23rd, with Madame Titiens as Leonora—the best representative of the part since Madame Schröder Devrient. The most important event of the season was the production at this establishment, on July 5th, of Gounod's latest work, "Mireille," containing some exquisite music in the first two acts. The work was prolonged to an extent far beyond either its dramatic or musical interest; and its reproduction next season in a modified and abridged form, such as it has recently re-appeared in at Paris, will doubtless ensure for it a marked and permanent success. The revival of Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord" at the Royal Italian Opera, on July 23rd, just before the close of the season, was one of those magnificent combinations of musical excellence with gorgeous spectacle which have never been equalled at any other establishment. This was the last novelty of the season, which terminated on July 30th, with that adherence to previous announcements which, among many other excellent qualities, is peculiar to Mr. Gye's management. Her Majesty's Theatre, kept open as usual with supplementary performances at cheap prices, closed on August 13. More detailed summaries of both opera establishments appeared in the *London Review* of July 30th and August 13th.

On August 8th, Mr. Mellon's Promenade Concerts commenced, at the Royal Italian Opera House, and terminated October 8th. Among the principal points of interest the admirable pianoforte playing of Mdlle. Krebs deserves special mention for its high qualities both mechanical and intellectual. A series of concerts, similar in character, but inferior in importance, was commenced on September 19th, at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the conductorship of M. Jullien. These concerts, which presented no feature worthy of special record, terminated on October 18th.

That charming miniature form of the art, the "Opera di Camera," inaugurated at the Gallery of Illustration by Mr. and Mrs. German Reed in 1863, with Mr. Macfarren's "Jessie Lea," was followed up by the production, on September 1st of the past year, of Mr. Balfe's "Sleeping Queen," which contained little worthy of remark beyond a very pretty serenade. On October 19th, Mr. Macfarren's second Opera di Camera, "The Soldier's Legacy," was produced at the Gallery of Illustration. This contained some very spirited and graceful music, especially in the second act, and confirmed the proof previously given by the same composer's "Jessie Lea" that a real interest may be sustained by four singers with the aid only of a pianoforte accompaniment.

The new scheme of the "Royal English Opera Company," which had long been pending, and had passed through various phases of uncertainty and change, was inaugurated on October 15th, at Covent Garden Theatre; the occupancy of which, during the recess of the Royal Italian Opera, had passed from Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison into the hands of this new association. The commencement of an undertaking, so national in character, with an adaptation of a French opera, had a somewhat anomalous effect. No native work however being ready, perhaps a better choice than "Masaniello" could scarcely have been made; and the successful introduction of the new English tenor, Mr. Charles Adams, excused a choice which was probably made at his instance. On Nov. 3rd, the Royal English Opera Company at length justified their title, by producing "Helvellyn," an original grand romantic opera in four acts, by Mr. Macfarren—a work the direct antithesis, in form and merit, of "The Soldier's Legacy"—a specimen of the "ambition which o'erleaps itself." This opera dragged on heavily and unproductively until the appearance of Mr. Hatton's new work "Rose, or Love's Ransom," on November 26th. With many inequalities and an incongruous mixture of style, there were some few portions of this work of far greater merit than any English dramatic music of recent years, and sufficient to justify much expectation from Mr. Hatton's greater experience in stage composition. Her Majesty's Theatre, at which there had been an *ad interim* fortnight's performance of Italian Opera from October 24th to November 5th, opened on

November 8th, under the management of Mr. W. Harrison for the performance of English Opera—or rather of operas in English, as up to the close of the year but one English composition had been brought forward; Gounod's "Faust" having been the chief attraction, with Mr. Sims Reeves as Faust, and Miss Pyne as Marguerite, the eighth (or ninth?) representative of the part. On December 3rd, Mr. Benedict's one act operetta, "The Bride of Song," was produced by the Royal English Opera Company. This work, an adaptation from a chamber cantata previously performed, is written with the facility and fluency of the skilled and practised musician, but wants that delicacy of touch and sparkle of style which are requisite to make so small a trifle pass off briskly. An excellent trio, however, stood out in prominent relief from the rest of the music. This bagatelle, however, seems likely to serve no other purpose than that of keeping the audience quiet until the commencement of the pantomime, which here, as at Her Majesty's Theatre, was the absorbing subject of interest at the close of the year. At the latter establishment, the one novelty of British growth alluded to above was produced on December 28th. Mr. Levey's one act operetta "Punchinello" is the last native work to be recorded as belonging to the year. This new production of Mr. Levey, like his former work a mere trifle in form and treatment, gives no sign of that power or genius which is still wanting to entitle English Opera to any place among the schools of national musical art. What next year may bring forward it is impossible to say; but the year 1864, like many preceding years, has done little if anything towards advancing the importance of English musical composers.

Sacred music in London is upheld chiefly by the performances, at Exeter Hall, of the Sacred Harmonic Society and its rival the National Choral Society, with their gigantic combinations of orchestra and chorus numbering, as their boast is, "nearly seven hundred performers," and the concerts of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir at St. James's Hall, where unaccompanied choral music forms the chief feature. The earliest sacred concert of the year however was an occasional performance of the "Messiah" at Exeter Hall, on January 5th, for the benefit of the Friend of the Clergy corporation, at the instance and with the co-operation of Madame Lind-Goldschmidt and M. Otto Goldschmidt—the great Swedish songstress, who has relinquished public singing except for the purposes of charity, proving her possession of undiminished powers of the highest order of musical expression. The Sacred Harmonic Society commenced their thirty-second season on November 13th, 1863, with Mr. Costa's "Eli," followed by "Elijah," on November 27th,—the "Messiah," December 11th and 18th. In continuation of this series, concerts were given, last year, on January 15th, the oratorio being the "Creation"—January 29th, Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater"—February 8th, the same selection repeated—February 19th, "Israel in Egypt"—March 11th, "Judas Maccabæus"—March 23rd, the annual Passion week performance of the "Messiah"—April 15th, "Saint Paul"—April 29th, "Elijah"—May 13th, "Israel in Egypt"—and May 27th, "Samson." On November 25th, the thirty-third season commenced with "Saint Paul"—on December 9th, "Judas Maccabæus" was given—on December 16th and 23rd, the annual performances of the "Messiah." Thus throughout the year no novelty or revival has been attempted—not even a reproduction of Beethoven's second Grand Mass, so successfully given by the Society a few seasons since. The prosperity of this institution should induce something like enterprise in the cause of the art even at some risk of pecuniary sacrifice. Mr. Costa's "Naaman," composed for, and performed at, the Birmingham festival in September last, will probably be the chief novelty produced by the society in 1865.

The National Choral Society, established in 1860, commenced its fourth season on November 25th, 1863, with "Judas Maccabæus;" on December 16th, the "Messiah" was given; and on Dec. 30th, the "Creation." On February 3rd (the anniversary of Mendelssohn's birth), and again on March 2nd, 1864, "Elijah;" March 21st, the "Messiah;" April 6th, "Ahab," a new oratorio by Dr. Arnold, a young amateur composer, the production of whose work showed more enterprise than judgment on the part of the National Choral Society; such crude attempts of mere students being unfit to be put forth with all the pretensions of the highest works of art. On June 8th, Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater;" and on July 6th, "Judas Maccabæus" closed the fourth season. The fifth commenced, on December 14th, with "Elijah;" the "Messiah," on Dec. 21st, terminating the performances for the year, throughout which the society produced but one novelty (one that might well have been dispensed with), the other performances being similar in selection to those of the Sacred Harmonic Society. Mr. Leslie's choir commenced its season on December 17th, 1863, the concerts of the year 1864 taking place on February 4th, March 17th, May 5th and 26th, the most novel features at which were Wesley's Motett "In Exitu Israel"—Mendelssohn's cantata "O Sons of Art"—and a selection from a Mass by Gounod.

The "Vocal Association" (conducted by Mr. Benedict), whose concerts have generally been of a very miscellaneous character, with no fixed object, gave no public concerts during the

year, but it is understood will resume them in the ensuing season.

Of the Metropolitan Symphonic Societies, the Philharmonic, the New Philharmonic, and the Musical Society of London, the latter and youngest of the three was earliest in the field, the first of its four concerts having taken place on January 27th, the only novelty being Gounod's Overture to "Le Médecin malgré lui." At its second performance, on March 16th, this society gave, among other orchestral works, Schumann's Overture, "Scherzo and Finale," and Gade's Overture, "Nachklänge von Ossian," neither being among the best specimens of those composers, but both having an interest as examples of the later German school, which, until recently, has been tabooed at all concerts excepting those of the Musical Society. The third concert introduced a new concerto, by Molique, for the concertina, played by Signor Regondi—a waste of labour on the part of both composer and executant—and an overture to "As you like it," a platitude of home growth called forth by the temporary Shakespeare movement. The fourth and last concert, on June 15th, brought forward a new symphony by Mr. J. F. Barnett—a work indicating much talent, but wanting in the originality of subject and maturity of thought requisite in a composition of such large proportions and high design. The performance of the magnificent orchestra of this society, the excellent conducting of Mr. Mellon, and the efficient arrangements of its honorary secretary Mr. Charles Salomon, place the institution at the head of our classical instrumental concerts.

The Philharmonic Society, with Professor Bennet as its conductor, commenced its fifty-second season, on February 29th, with a very lame attempt at a commemoration of Rossini's birth, of which that date is the anniversary. The concert, imperfect as it was in this respect, was welcome for its reproduction of Cherubini's manuscript symphony, written for the Society, and only once heard during many years. The second concert of the same society, on March 14th, was not distinguished by any special feature. At the third, on April 18th, a Shakespeare celebration was attempted—the only music selected worthy of the occasion being that of Mendelssohn to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and Nicolai's overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor;" Beethoven's overture, "Coriolan," having no relevance to Shakespeare, as it was composed to a modern drama. While on this subject, it may be briefly stated that the whole of the musical arrangements connected with the tercentenary festival, at Stratford and in London, were generally contemptible from the combination of inaptitude and inefficiency. At the fourth concert, on May 2nd, a symphony by Méhul, seldom heard but full of interest, and the excellent violin-playing of Herr Lauterbach were the principal features. At the fifth concert, on May 16th, the only noticeable point was the introduction of Auber's bright and sparkling "Exhibition Overture," a specimen of a school which this hitherto exclusive Society a few years since would have held to be inadmissible. The sixth concert, on May 30th, was remarkable for the introduction of Schumann's Symphony (No. 2), an example of the modern German abstract style in strong opposition to the rigid notions of former Philharmonic directors. Professor Bennett's "Fantasia Overture," composed for the Society's Jubilee Concert last year, was also a specialty at this concert. The seventh concert, on June 13th, requires no special comment, but the eighth and last concert, on June 27th, offered two special novelties—a Violin Concerto, composed and performed by Herr Joachim, and a new Symphony by Professor Sterndale Bennett. The first work gained a factitious interest from its splendid execution, but even this could not conceal its laborious dryness and utter want of invention or any kind of interest. The new Symphony contained some graceful music, especially the Minuet and Trio; but on the whole was not up to the requirements of this highest form of instrumental composition. A scena by Mozart, sung by Dr. Gunz, was an interesting and novel specimen of the master.

The new Philharmonic Society commenced its thirteenth season on April 13th, followed by its second concert on April 27th, with excellent programmes, but unmarked by novelty. At the third concert, on May 11th, Meyerbeer's overture to his brother's drama "Struensee," and a pianoforte concerto by Molique, performed by his daughter, were novelties, or quasi novelties, by composers in each case capable of better works. At the fourth concert, on June 1st, Spohr's concert overture "Im ernsten Styl" was the only novelty—a late and laboured work, which respect for the great master's many previous admirable productions should have spared from selection. The fifth and last concert, on June 22nd, calls for no special remark. The orchestral performances at all these concerts were of a high order, but the director, Dr. Wylde, might easily have given somewhat more of special interest to his programmes. It is to be regretted that at no concert of the past season of these three great societies (the only metropolitan institutions that could cope with such an effort) was Beethoven's colossal ninth symphony performed—a work that should certainly be heard once at least in the year, as the *magnum opus* of symphonic art, and the highest embodiment of the sublime in instrumental music.

Classical chamber music is now almost permanently represented in London by the Monday Popular Concerts, the first of which in the past year took place on January 25th. On Feb. 2nd, Mozart's birthday (on January 27th) was commemorated; and

the anniversary of Mendelssohn's birthday (February 3rd), at the concert of February 8th. The concert of February 15th was rendered specially interesting by the production of Mozart's Divertimento for string quartett and two horns; and the concerts generally have maintained from week to week a high classical interest by the performance of the quartetts and sonatas of the great masters, led successively by Vieuxtemps, Sivori, Wieniawski, and Joachim; and the admirable pianoforte playing of Madame Arabella Goddard and Mr. Charles Hallé. The concert of June 6th was given in honour of Herr Ernst, the great violinist, whose continued illness had long disabled him from appearing in public. A new quartett of his composition, a very ambitious work, was produced on the occasion. The last concert of the past season (for the benefit of the directors) took place on July 4th, since when there has been an unusually long *interregnum*, during which St. James's Hall has been occupied by the Wizard of the North, to whose success we owe the postponement of the recommencement of the Monday Popular Concerts until the 16th of this month.

The "Musical Union," which gave its customary series of "Matinées" last year, to its usual exclusive audience presented no feature of special interest.

The "Bach Society" and the "Society of British Musicians" seem both to be nominally in existence, although practically inactive.

At the Crystal Palace, music has long formed one of the special attractions, and the Saturday Concerts now hold a high position by their excellent orchestral performances, and the frequent production of works which are neglected or ignored by the older and more conservative musical institutions. Many of Schumann's works, and some more recent compositions by disciples of that school, have been here brought forward by Mr. Manns, the energetic conductor. So that a London amateur who desires to make acquaintance with the later characteristics of the German school will find his purpose best answered by occasional visits to the Crystal Palace. On June 15th and September 24th, an assemblage of school choirs, numbering about five thousand voices, took place, the performance under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin. On August 31st, the Tonic Sol-fa Association held a choral festival (repeated on September 10th)—each occasion proving the advance which has recently been made in popular vocal instruction.

The Strand "Musick" Hall, which opened on October 17th, might have been expected, from its preliminary announcements, to have aimed at a somewhat higher purpose than that of most of the drinking-shops which have profanely associated the name of a noble art with their vending of alcoholic liquors. The result proved, however, that the chief point of difference between the Strand and other such haunts lay in the bad spelling which distinguishes the former from even the remotest suburban retreats of the kind. St. Martin's Hall, long the scene of Mr. Hullah's classes and concerts, opened on December 3rd, for cheap promenade concerts, at sixpence admission. If the performances were not of the highest character, they at least took place in an atmosphere not poisoned by tobacco smoke, and fumes of gin and water.

There were two provincial musical festivals in the year 1864. Of these, that at Birmingham alone claims special notice, there not having been a single point of interest at the meetings held at Hereford on the two last days of August and two first days of September. At Birmingham, on the contrary, the four days' proceedings, beginning on the 6th of September, included three new works—Mr. Costa's oratorio, "Naaman," a highly-coloured composition in the florid and ornate style of the modern school; Mr. Smart's cantata, "The Bride of Dunkerron," a vivid piece of romantic and dramatic composition, altogether as German in style, and Mr. Sullivan's cantata, "Kenilworth," a work of no very marked character. The festival altogether was one of the most successful on record, whether as regards the splendour of the performances, both vocal and orchestral, or the large pecuniary benefit to the charity in whose aid it was undertaken. (The rehearsals in London, and the performances, were noticed in the LONDON REVIEW for September 10th and 17th).

The Royal Academy of Music came, last autumn, into possession of the £500 granted by Parliament for one year, to be renewed if sufficient cause be shown. The successful candidates for the "King's Scholarships" last year were Miss M. Watts, and Mr. F. Ralph; for the Westmoreland Scholarship, Miss A. Smith; for the Potter Exhibition, Miss A. Kinkel.

One of the signs of the progress of a taste for music in England is the publication of books on subjects associated with the art, which would scarcely have found a public here a few years since. The principal works of this kind that have appeared during the year are, a new edition of the two series of "Mendelssohn's Letters" (translated from the original German), the first issue of which was published last year by Messrs. Longman; a "History of the Violin," by W. Sandys and S. A. Forster (J. R. Smith), containing much information of value and interest to amateurs of the instrument; Mr. Henry Phillips's "Musical and Personal Recollections" (C. J. Skeet), a good-humoured gossiping record of professional experiences; Lumley's "Reminiscences of the Opera" (Hurst and Blackett), a record not without present interest and of more value to the future musical historian; "Louis Spohr's Autobiography" (Longmans) a translation of a German book, full of musical

and general interest as containing the history of a great musician and good and honourable man; "Furioso, or Passages from the Life of Ludwig von Beethoven" (Deighton, Bell, and Co., Cambridge), also a translation from the German, professing to be a record, from the diary of Professor Wegeler, of the youthful life of the great composer. Another translation of great interest, the "Life of Carl Maria von Weber" (published in Germany last year), has been announced for some weeks past by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, but the publication of the book has been reserved for the commencement of the present year.

From America we heard, in May, of the successful production, at Philadelphia, of a grand opera, "Esmeralda" (founded on Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame"), by Mr. Fry, a native composer.

In a notice of musical activity on the Continent, Paris claims precedence, as having been for many years the centre to which so many of the great dramatic composers, not only of France, but of Italy and Germany, have been attracted by the importance there attached to the art, and the facilities existing for the production of great lyric works. Those illustrious foreigners, Cherubini, Rossini, and Meyerbeer, directed their greatest efforts towards the Paris stage, and earned on it their most enduring laurels—not to mention the great school of native art, which appears to have reached its highest development in the works of Auber, the Nestor of French musicians, whose most recent work, "La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe," produced at the Opéra Comique, on January 11th of the past year, if it cannot compare with his numerous earlier operas, is still remarkable as the work of a composer eighty-two years of age. The next production of special interest was Gounod's "Mireille," performed for the first time at the Théâtre Lyrique, on March 19th. This work, to which we have already adverted when referring to its performance at Her Majesty's Theatre, has since (in November last) been recast by the composer, and reduced from four acts to three, in which altered shape it has found a favour not accorded to it in its earlier and more diffuse shape. On March 21st, M. Maillart's "Lara" (a combination of Byron's "Lara" and "Corsair") was brought out at the Opéra Comique—some of the French critics being loud in its praise—whether justly or not we may probably soon be enabled to judge, if, as rumoured, it is to be produced at Her Majesty's Theatre before the close of the winter season. The summer season being a period of vacation in matters musical at Paris, we find nothing special to record until the production of M. Mermet's "Roland à Roncevaux," at the Grand Opéra, in October. If we are to trust to the high-flown eulogiums passed on this work by some French critics, there is promise of a composer destined to add fresh glory to the musical art of his nation. Like Berlioz (and the German composer Wagner), M. Mermet is the author of the opera-book, as well as composer of its music. This work has also been spoken of as in contemplation by Mr. Harrison for performance at Her Majesty's Theatre. The last important novelty of the Parisian musical year was the production at the Opéra Comique, on December 29th, of "Le Capitaine Henriot," an opera in three acts, by M. Gevaert. The success of this work was complete, and most of the Paris critics are loud in its praise; the *Temps* saying that "the score places M. Gevaert among the best composers of the present epoch." The drama is described as interesting, and of the music, a supper scene in the second act is specially praised. Among the best of the lighter musical productions of the Paris stage (most of which are too unimportant to justify chronicling) appears to have been M. Offenbach's "Les Géorgiennes," at the Bouffes Parisiens, in March, and "La Belle Hélène," at the Variétés, in December. In the latter (a three-act classical burlesque), the composer of the celebrated "Orphée aux Enfers" is said to have rivalled its success in his recent work. Rossini's new Mass, first performed on March 14th, remains to be added to the list of important productions at Paris. Expectation is now all directed to the performance of Meyerbeer's great posthumous work, "L'Africaine," which it is hoped will take place during the present season. M. Padeloup's Popular Concerts have obtained great success, and have familiarised the Parisians with various schools of orchestral music, the previous opportunities of hearing which were surprisingly few for a city like Paris, claiming to be the focus of musical art. M. Fetis's "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens," originally published in eight volumes, from 1837 to 1844, is now re-appearing in a revised edition (to extend to about ten volumes), commenced in 1860; the seventh volume recently published. The work of revision and correction however is, in some of the biographies, by no means so perfect as it should have been.

In Belgium, a great success is said to have been recently obtained by M. Miry's five-act opera, "Bouchard d'Avesnes," which is described as a truly national work—Belgian in subject, and both written and composed by Belgians.

In Germany, since the death of Spohr in 1859, there has been but little of permanent value contributed to musical art. Richard Wagner's innovating efforts at a re-construction of the principles of operatic music have found but comparatively limited sympathy; but, if they have not yet had any general influence, they have at least served to keep alive an agitation and discussion which, extreme as are his

notions, may ultimately serve the purposes of true art by drawing attention to the conventionalisms and anomalies which have hitherto passed current in dramatic composition. This restless but earnest man has lately found a patron in the King of Bavaria; but the grand musical and dramatic trilogy of the "Nibelungen-Lied," which is to occupy, with its prelude, four nights in performance, remains yet *in futuro*—the composer, in his dream of infallibility and perfection, requiring a special theatre, special performers, and special audience. His only production during the year seems to have been a serenade in compliment to the King of Bavaria, performed at Munich in October. Among the most important new operas of the past season in Germany appear to have been Offenbach's romantic opera, "Die Rhein-Nixen" (The Rhine Fairies); "Loreley," by Max Bruch (a bold attempt to set a subject commenced by Mendelssohn shortly before his death); "Die Katakomben" (The Catacombs), by Ferdinand Hiller; "Rizzio," by Schlieberer; "Die Letzten Tage von Pompeji" (The last days of Pompeii), by Pabst; "Claudine von Villa Bella," by J. H. Franz (Comte de Hochberg); "Des Sängers Fluch" (The Troubadour's Curse), by Langert; and "Der Stern von Turau" (The Star of Turau), by Richard Wuerst. At Vienna Flotow's newest opera, "Nayda," is spoken of; while from Dresden we hear of a new opera, "Die Botenläufer von Pirna" (The Messengers of Pirna), by H. Dorn; "Le Cid," by Gouvy; from Frankfort, "Das Osterfest von Paderborn," by Aloys Schmidt; from Mayence, "La Réole," by Gustav Schmidt. Among the new sacred music performed during the year at the several cities of Germany were the oratorios:—"Israel," by Mangold; "Saul," by Ferdinand Hiller (these should be good compositions, seeing that Handel has already taken the same subjects); "Rahab," by Meves, and "Gideon," by Meinardus. Liszt is also said to have completed two grand oratorios—his ambition appearing lately to lead him towards the loftiest attempts in composition, hitherto, however, with but small success. In orchestral composition, the new works which attracted most attention were Abert's "Columbus," a "naval picture in form of a symphony;" a symphony in C, by W. Bargiel (if we mistake not, a relative of Robert Schumann); a "Suite" (or collection of pieces) for the orchestra by H. Esser; an overture to the tragedy "Loreley," by Emil Naumann; and Franz Lachner's second "Suite" for orchestra. Among German musical publications, the greatest interest attaches to the splendid new editions of the works of Bach, Handel, and Beethoven. The first named collection, commenced, about thirteen years since, by the great house of Breitkopf and Härtel, at Leipzig, and published by subscription, now reaches sixteen parts or volumes. The edition of Handel, edited by Dr. Chrysander, the author of the most recent and the fullest life of the great composer, has been in course of publication for six years, and now extends to eighteen volumes. The King of Hanover contributes \$1,000 a year towards promoting the success of this undertaking, which promises (although necessarily by slow degrees) to be the only complete uniform edition of Handel's works. It is much to be regretted that England should have lost two opportunities of attaining such a result—Dr. Arnold's edition published at the close of the last century being incorrectly printed, insufficiently edited, and containing but a few of the operas—while the attempt of the English Handel Society, some twenty years since, extended only to sixteen volumes. The complete collection of Beethoven's works, commenced about three years since by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel, and now on the eve of completion, is a worthy pendant to the other two undertakings; and all these editions exhibit the finest specimens of music engraving worthily applied to the enshrinement of the grand productions of the great musical classics of Germany. Among the most important publications in German musical literature, we have to record the appearance of a Life of Beethoven, by M. Nohl, which anticipates the long delayed biography of Mr. Thayer—a new history of music by Ambros—annals of the theatre and of music in Leipzig, by Dr. Kneschke—and the completion, with supplement, of André's Musical Encyclopædia.

Italy, although not entirely inactive, has produced little if any music that seems likely to be heard long or afar off. Verdi seems inclined to rest after his "Forza del Destino," and, indeed, a pause may be beneficial after the continuous haste with which his works have been produced. There appears as yet no sign of any rival to that composer; or successor, should he follow the example of Rossini, and become as indolent when success has been gained as he was active and energetic in the struggle to acquire it. New operas have been performed during the past season at the theatres of Naples, Milan, Florence, Turin, and other Italian cities, among the principal of which appear to have been "Michele Perrin," by Signor Cognoni, at Milan; and "La Contessa d'Amalfi," by Signor Petrella, at Turin. But whether these or any other Italian musical novelties will ever be heard here, seems more than questionable. In proportion to the recent stir in the politics of the country, appears to be the lull in musical art there.

Among the deaths of musical celebrities during the year, that of Meyerbeer (on May 2nd) involves the greatest loss to the art, as, although he had reached the age of seventy, he had shown no signs of diminished powers. A notice of this great

composer, coupled with the record of his death, appeared in the LONDON REVIEW of May 7th. Dr. Veit, an amateur composer of quartetts of some celebrity, died in February; Dr. John Schneider, the great organist of Dresden, in April. Prince Poniatowski, an aristocratic musical amateur, died during the year. Cherubini's widow died on June 29th. Lindblad, the composer of Swedish Lieder; Aloys Ander, the celebrated German tenor singer; Schindler, the author of the first extensive biography of Beethoven; Scudo and Fiorentino, the Paris musical critics; M. Zelger, a meritorious bass singer of Belgium, with a London reputation; and Madame Garcia, mother of Malibran and Viardot-Garcia, are to be added to the foreign musical obituary. Of our own nation, we have to chronicle the deaths of Mrs. Wood (as Miss Paton, the original Reiza in Weber's "Oberon") and Mr. Nathan, a composer of small merit, but helped into some notoriety as the coadjutor of Lord Byron in the Hebrew melodies.

THE DRAMATIC YEAR.

THE year 1864 opened with many old pieces, one of which, "Our American Cousin," or "Lord Dundreary," began its exceptional "run" in 1862. January, 1864, still found Mr. Sothorn at the Haymarket, revelling in all his concrete eccentricities; Miss Bateman and "Leah" were still the chief attractions at the Adelphi, Mr. Toole and several other prominent members of the company having been transplanted to the St. James's Theatre; Mr. Tom Taylor's clever adaptation of the French drama, "Léonard," called "The Ticket of Leave Man," still held its ground at the Olympic; "Bel Demonio,"—a version of "L'Abbaye De Castro,"—with Mr. Fechter and Miss Kate Terry, were the attractions at the Lyceum, and Mr. F. C. Burnand's excellent classical burlesque, "Ixion," still kept the New Royalty open.

The month of January, if the pantomimes and burlesques are successful, often passes without the production of any dramatic novelty; but in 1864, owing probably to the fact that the author was manager of a theatre, a serio-comic drama, in three acts, by Mr. Edmund Falconer, was produced at Drury Lane, with Mr. Phelps in the chief character. The title of this play was "Night and Morn"—a name taken from Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's novel—but the originality of the plot was beyond all question. In many respects the piece was a good-humoured burlesque of many stage-plays and characters, without puns, nigger-songs, and flash dances. The hero bore some little resemblance to Victor Hugo's immortal "Don César," and he was made to look upon long imprisonment, and a variety of wrongs, as excellent jokes to laugh at. Plays like the "Dead Heart," the "Castle Spectre," the "Robbers," and others, were not very respectfully treated by the author in this production. Mr. Phelps played his part with a large amount of dry humour.

Close upon the heels of this original drama, Mr. Westland Marston appeared at the Princess's Theatre in an unusual character for him—an adapter from the Spanish. His production was called "Donna Diana," a three-act comedy of deportment, avowedly founded upon one of the most popular plays of Moreto, the Spanish dramatist. The same Spanish play was adapted, not very successfully, by Molière, and it has long been a favourite with German and Italian translators. Mr. Marston's version was written for Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Vezin, and it was full of its adapter's graceful dialogue.

February opened with a clever adaptation, by Mr. Leicester Buckingham, of "La Vie en Rose," produced at the St. James's Theatre, under the title of the "Silver Lining." The French piece is by Henri de Kock, and it was made popular in Paris a few years ago by Mr. Fechter's acting in the principal serious character. The English version was produced chiefly for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews, who did full justice to their respective parts; but it owed much of its success to the spirited acting of Mrs. Stirling and Mrs. Frank Matthews.

A romantic drama, called the "Might of Right, or the Soul of Honour," by Mr. John Brougham, was produced at Astley's Theatre on the same night; but it was very stagey and obscure, and was not successful for any length of time. On the 2nd of February, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, and Mr. John Parry, appeared at the Gallery of Illustration, in an entertainment written by Mr. Shirley Brooks, called the "Pyramid," which was full of character and clever writing. Within a few nights of this—on the 4th of February—Mr. Arthur Sketchley reappeared in London, with an entertainment called "Paris," and "Mrs. Brown at the Play." Aided by several effective pictures by Mr. Matthew Morgan and others, and by some clever songs by Mr. Gilbert and others, this entertainment has held its ground at the Egyptian Hall throughout the year, and is still one of the London exhibitions. "Mrs. Brown" is a humorous creation—the daughter, we may say, of Mrs. Gamp, and the mother of Mrs. Lirriper.

A new and original comedy by Mr. Watts Phillips, entitled "Paul's Return," was produced at the Princess's on the 15th of

February. The story was not of a very high or original order—the moral of the piece was the same as that of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's "Money"—but the characters were showy, and the acting was clever. Mr. George Vining played the chief character.

On the 24th of February, Mr. Sothern appeared in a little piece of farcical extravagance, called "Bunkum Muller," by Mr. Craven, which is only worthy of notice because it contained the first original character this successful actor attempted to perform after "Lord Dundreary." No other performer was visible in the piece, and Mr. Sothern's part was full of mock-heroics of the "Sylvester Daggerwood" order. The sketch—said to be an adaptation from the French—was rather tiresome and commonplace, and its run was very short, in spite of very energetic advertising.

The Brothers Webb appeared at the Princess's Theatre at the close of February, to exhibit their remarkable resemblance to each other as the Brothers Dromio. The eldest brother, Mr. Henry Webb, is a good strong actor, well versed in all the stage traditions of Shakespearian clowns; but the performance, though successful, was tricky and undignified.

No theatrical event of any importance occurred in March—if we except the temporary revival of Lord Byron's "Manfred," at Drury Lane—until near the close of the month. Then, owing to the long "runs" of many dramas at the London theatres, a somewhat smaller flood of glittering Easter pieces than usual burst upon the town. Mr. Burnand made an attempt at the Royalty to displace his popular burlesque—"Ixion" with another extravaganza, but hardly succeeded. The great production of the month, however, was the "First Part of Henry Fourth," at Drury Lane, in which a most spirited representation of the Battle of Shrewsbury was given, and Mr. Phelps played Falstaff with dry, intellectual humour.

In April, owing to the Tercentenary movement, there was a fitful shower of Shakespearian plays, which had little or no permanent effect on the legitimate drama. Mdlle. Stella Colas returned from St. Petersburg, and made her second appearance as Juliet, in "Romeo and Juliet," and at the close of the month Mr. Byron produced one of his best burlesques under the title of "Mazourka."

At the beginning of May, Mr. Sothern made a much more ambitious attempt to earn a reputation as something more than a one-part actor, by appearing as David Garrick in a version of M. Mélesville's "Sullivan," adapted by Mr. Robertson. Mr. Sothern's performance, however, had nothing to distinguish it from a mass of average sentimental-comedy impersonations. A little later in the month, a farce in five acts, called the "Fox-chase," adapted from several French sources, including "Sullivan," by Mr. Dion Boucicault, was produced at the St. James's Theatre. The piece was a bad piece, and it was only put upon the stage by Mr. Webster to spite the adapter. A long and angry public correspondence between these two gentlemen was one result; the speedy withdrawal of the play was another.

About the middle of the month, Mr. Tom Taylor produced at the Olympic Theatre a piece which he called a "new and original morality." The title of this morality was "Sense and Sensation, or the Seven Sisters of Thule," and it bore some resemblance to an old French burlesque, which has lately been revived in Paris, called the "Seven Castles of the Devil." An adaptation of this burlesque was performed at the Lyceum Theatre some years ago, when that house was in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley. Mr. Tom Taylor's "morality" had many faults. It was too literary and elaborate in its satire for the stage, and it attacked Mr. Boucicault and Mr. Fechter too personally and offensively to be agreeable to audiences seeking for mere amusement. It was too quaint and original, and yet not quaint and original enough; and it fell between the two stools of old morality and modern burlesque. It was an experiment, and experiments are always dangerous on the stage. Well as it was acted by a very strong company, it was not successful.

Towards the close of the month, Mr. Fechter revived "Hamlet" at the Lyceum, with the most elaborate and artistic stage appliances. Of course, he played the chief part himself, in the unconventional style which first brought him into prominence at the Princess's Theatre in 1861; but he had to divide the honours of the performance with Miss Kate Terry, whose Ophelia was a most poetical and striking embodiment. The revival was not as popular as Mr. Fechter expected it would be, and the season at this house therefore closed exceptionally early.

At the end of May, a new low comedian of small Cockney talent—Mr. Thomas Thorne, from the Surrey Theatre—appeared at the Strand; a new theatre was opened at Greenwich by Mr. Sefton Parry; and a little comediotta by Cardinal Wiseman, called "Extracting a Secret," was played by amateurs at St. James's Hall for the benefit of a Roman Catholic charity.

At the beginning of June, the "Comedy of Errors" was withdrawn at the Princess's Theatre, and an adaptation in three acts, called "Light and Shade," by Mr. A. R. Slous, the author of the "Templar" supplied its place. The piece was, originally written for Mr. Robson, and the chief character was played by Mr. Dominick Murray—a comedian who had appeared in London a few weeks before, and who was far more satisfactory in sentimental than in comic parts. Mr. Sothern appeared in one of those repetitions of character

common to the stage—a farce by Mr. Byron called "Lord Dundreary Married and Done For." Mr. John Parry introduced a new scene this month, at the Gallery of Illustration, called "Mrs. Roseleaf at the Seaside" which was full of character and humour. "Mumbo Jumbo," a Bedlamite burlesque, written by one of the Cole family, was produced at South Kensington at a fancy fair, under the patronage of Royalty; and Mr. Robson was insulted by his partners at the Olympic, who revived "Masaniello" while he was in a dying state, and thrust a pert, clever young lady into his celebrated character. At the close of the month, a version of Casimir Delavigne's "Don Juan d'Autriche" by Mr. John Oxenford, was brought out at the Princess's Theatre under the title of "The Monastery of St. Just," in which Mdlle. Stella Colas performed two characters. She proved that she was even more clever in comedy than in tragedy; but the drama was too pedantic and uninteresting to please large mixed audiences and it was not very successful.

On the 6th of July, Mr. Buckstone took his annual benefit at the Haymarket, and revived John O'Keefe's comic opera, "The Castle of Andalusia." When originally produced at Covent Garden, with Dr. Arnold's music, towards the close of 1781, this piece was called "The Banditti, or Love's Labyrinth," and was completely rejected by the audience on the first night. The author, however, took it back tenderly, and, after his disappointment was over, altered the story a little, the title, and some of the songs, and produced it again, after about a year's interval, to meet with the greatest success. The revival at the Haymarket was very popular, owing chiefly to the excellent singing of Mr. Weiss, to Miss Louise Keeley, and to the drollery of Messrs. Buckstone and Compton, who, as Spado and Pedrillo, preserved all the old stage traditions handed down from the days of Quick and Edwin. A parody of "Faust," written by Mr. F. C. Burnand, was produced this month at the St. James's Theatre, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews in the chief characters. One great peculiarity of the piece was the absence of female characters, Mrs. Mathews, with the exception of the inevitable ballet, being the only lady visible. Another peculiarity was a sharp attack upon music-halls which came with a very bad grace from a writer so dependant upon music-hall jigs and ditties as every author of burlesques must be.

About the middle of the month, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan started as "readers" at the houses of several ducal patrons, and the Dramatic College Fête at the Crystal Palace was given with all the usual profitable mummery. An impudent deception, —a speaking mechanical head—with the showy title of the "Anthropoglossos," was brought out near the end of July; Messrs. Best and Bellingham, two new burlesque writers, produced their first piece, "Arlene," at Sadler's Wells; and M. Godard astonished the public by ascending in a huge fire balloon, as large as the dome of St. Paul's.

August opened with the production at the Princess's of a drama by Mr. Boucicault, called "The Streets of London," which still holds its ground, and is played to morning audiences during the Christmas holidays. It is an adaptation of "Les Pauvres de Paris," and owes its popularity chiefly to the panoramic effect, introduced by the adapter. A view of Charing Cross by night, and a house on fire, are represented with great truthfulness, and they seem to atone for a confused and improbable story, and very common-place acting.

On the twelfth of August a really new and original comedy, by Mr. Arthur Sketcheley, entitled "How will they get out of it?" was produced at the St. James's Theatre, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews, and Mrs. Stirling in the chief characters. The dialogue was natural, and yet brisk, the characters were well drawn, the situations were amusing, and the interest was kept up with undiminished spirit from first to last without any sensational tricks, or farcical contrivances. The acting throughout was as excellent as the piece, and "How will they get out of it?" will long be remembered as a genuine original English comedy.

On the same day that this creditable work of a native author —this variety in dramatic composition—was produced, the stage suffered a severe loss in the person of Frederick Robson. He died at the comparatively early age of forty-four, after a long and complicated illness, brought on and aggravated by an injudicious indulgence in stimulants. For nearly ten years he played a remarkable round of characters at the Olympic Theatre, and was unquestionably the most original actor we have seen during the last quarter of a century. He founded a new style—the tragi-comic—and created a long line of forcible burlesque parts, which hovered between tragedy and comedy, and which have died with him. He was unequalled in the pathos of domestic drama, and in the wild humour of eccentric farce. He was a genius, in every sense of the word, and this was proved as much by his bad as by his good performances. He was never mediocre. "Daddy Hardacre," "Medea," in the burlesque of that name, "Pawkins," in "Retained for the Defence," the old man in the "Porter's Knot," "Wormwood," in the "Lottery Ticket," "Jacob Earwig," in "Boots at the Swan," and "Jem Baggs," in the "Wandering Minstrel," are only a few of the parts which, to use a well-known theatrical phrase, he made his own. His exertions and popularity raised the Olympic Theatre from an insolvent barn to the position which it now occupies.

July was closed by the appearance of Mr. Toole in a somewhat original character—a selfish, ungenial country lout—in a little adaptation produced at the Adelphi, called “A Woman of Business.”

The St. James's Theatre, after having been closed for a short time, re-opened on the twelfth of September with Mr. Sketchley's new comedy. On the 14th of the same month, Mr. Toole appeared in a serio-comic play called “Stephen Digges,” a version of an old French drama, founded on Balzac's “Père Goriot.” The English adapter was Mr. John Oxenford, and he has done his best to give one actor a strong part. Mr. Toole's performance of Stephen Digges was good, but it was hardly so effective as his Caleb Plummer in Mr. Boucicault's version of Mr. Charles Dickens's “Dot.”

Drury Lane Theatre re-opened on the 24th of September with the First Part of “King Henry IV.,” and, on the 28th of the same month a very meritorious, but thoroughly theatrical, little drama, called “Milky White,” was produced at the Strand Theatre. The author of this piece, Mr. H. T. Craven, has written many serio-comic pieces before, of more than average merit; but he is a thorough actor, and clings tenaciously to green-room tricks and fancies. “Milky White” would be a much better drama if a number of puns and quibbles were cut out of the dialogue, and the “business” of a bed-room scene was considerably modified. It has character, humour, and knowledge of sound stage effect, and the plot, though somewhat transparent, is interesting. The drama was originally written for Robson, and the chief character was played by the author in the Robsonian style; but the most promising piece of acting in it was the representation of a cowboy by Mr. Stoye. Mr. Stoye comes from Liverpool, and is evidently a sterling, conscientious actor of considerable humour, and the way in which he avoided looking at the audience in such a small theatre is worthy of the highest praise.

The Second Part of “Henry IV.” was produced at Drury Lane on the 1st of October; Mr. Phelps playing the old King and Justice Shallow, and Mr. Barrett playing Falstaff. Mr. Phelps's Justice Shallow was a fine performance, but it would have been more effective in a smaller theatre. On the 3rd of the same month, a new foreign actress, Italian by birth, and French by training—Mdlle. Beatrice Lucchesini—appeared at the Haymarket Theatre in a version of Alexandre Dumas's “Made-moiselle de Belle Isle” made by Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble. Mdlle. Beatrice's pronunciation of English was good, but her acting was cold, and she was little more on the stage than a refined lady.

The same night, Mr. John Collins, an Irish actor and singer, who had been many years in America, returned to the English stage at the Adelphi Theatre; and a notorious American woman, with plenty of brazen impudence, and no dramatic talent, called Adah Isaacs Menken, and sometimes “The Menken,” appeared at Astley's Theatre as a half-naked Mazeppa.

“Othello” was revived at Drury Lane on the 8th of October, with Mr. Phelps as the Moor, and Mr. Creswick as Iago; and on the same night an original play, in three acts, by Mr. Robert Buchanan (the author of “Undertones”), was produced at Sadler's Wells Theatre, under the title of “The Witchfinder, a Chronicle of Ancient Salem.” The play was hardly worthy of the author's poetical reputation;—it was rather stagey and uninteresting, with no strongly-marked characters, and few beauties of dialogue. Its subject was injudiciously selected: being badly performed, it was not very successful.

On the 17th of October, “Cymbeline” was revived at Drury Lane, with Miss Helen Faucit in the part of Imogen. Miss Faucit's representation of Shakespeare's most beautiful female character is one of her most satisfactory impersonations.

On the 22nd of October, Mr. Fechter produced a version of “Fanfan la Tulipe,” under the title of “The King's Butterfly,” in which he played the hero—a dashing soldier. The play was too French in spirit to yield nicely to adaptation—it had been tried once before at the Princess's, and had failed—and, though supported by splendid scenery and dresses, it got no hold of English sympathies.

Owing to the degrading success of Miss Menken's short shift at Astley's, Mr. Byron's old burlesque of “Mazeppa” was revived and transplanted to the Strand Theatre. Miss Raynham, who had played “Masaniello,” in Robert Brough's burlesque of that name, before Robson was dead, appeared in “Mazeppa,” another of his parts, about two months after he was buried.

The “Stranger” was revived at the Haymarket on the 27th of October, to give the new Italian-French actress, Mdlle. Beatrice, an opportunity of appearing in a character which she thought she could do justice to. Her performance was delicate and impressive.

Two nights after this, a new and original play in three acts, by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, was produced at the St. James's Theatre, under the title of “Sybilla, or Step by Step,” with only one female character, which was played by Mrs. Charles Mathews; the plot was most ingeniously worked out—in fact, the construction was almost faultless. In an age of translation, so much doubt was expressed about the originality of such an excellent play, that Mr. Palgrave Simpson was almost put upon his oath to prove his authorship.

The month of October was further distinguished by the

production of a good original melo-drama at the Surrey Theatre, called the “Orange Girl,” by Messrs. Leslie and Rowe; the opening of an elegant and well-conducted new theatre in Manchester; the opening of another comfortable new theatre in Birkenhead; the appearance of the notorious Brothers Davenport, and the rise of what we may call the rope-tying mania.

At the beginning of November, the Olympic Theatre was re-opened under the management of Mr. Horace Wigan, with a drama of intense but repulsive interest, called the “Hidden Hand.” This play was adapted from a French drama called “L'Aieule.” Miss Kate Terry made a most successful first appearance at this house in this piece, and the manager's opening address was very noteworthy, because he quoted Jeremy Bentham.

The following night, “Macbeth” was revived at Drury Lane, with Mr. Phelps as Macbeth, and Miss Helen Faucit as Lady Macbeth. Both embodiments were what is called scholarly, for want of a better name, but they were very deficient in real tragic passion. The operatic version was the one used, with Middleton's witches, and the music called Locke's. Near the close of the month, a new burlesque by Mr. Burnand, called “Snow-drop,” was brought out at the Royalty Theatre, to replace, at last, the wonderfully popular “Ixion;” and an original farce, entitled, “A Young Lad from the Country,” by Mr. John Oxenford, was produced at Drury Lane.

On the 28th of November, a translation from the German of Dr. Mosenthal, the author of “Deborah,” or “Leah,” was brought out at the Haymarket, with Mdlle. Beatrice in the chief female character. It was too pastoral; its simplicity ran into absurdity, and it never struck root. If we except Mr. Howe, it was not well acted.

The month closed with the production of a version of “Les Dames du Cabaret” at the Adelphi Theatre, under the title of “The Workmen of Paris.” The piece was in nine acts, and its temperance preaching was somewhat obtrusive; but it was supported by effective scenery, and the excellent acting of Mr. Webster.

In December, “Tom Thumb” and three other American dwarfs appeared in London.

The closing dramatic events of the year, if we except the Christmas pantomimes and burlesques, were the revival of “Ruy Blas” at the Lyceum, to replace the “King's Butterfly;” the production at the St. James's of Mr. Cheltenham's “Lesson in Love;” and the revival of Hoare and Storace's old operatic farce, “No Song, no Supper,” at the Haymarket Theatre. “Ruy Blas” gave Mr. Fechter an opportunity of appearing in one of his best characters, and the other piece showed modern audiences what a little comic opera was like in the last century, and what childish and boisterous fun amused our grandfathers.

This is a fair record of the London Theatres for the year 1864, and it is a little more hopeful than the record which we had to make for 1863. Owing doubtless to the Shakespeare statue agitation in the early part of the year, Shakespearean performances have a large share in the record, particularly in that portion relating to the national theatre. Setting aside pantomimes and burlesques, if we sum up the new productions of the year, we shall find that about twenty new farces and twenty new plays have been performed, nearly two-thirds of which have been translations from the French and German. At least a dozen of the farces were adapted from the French, and, though the remainder were original, they have given the stage no strong character drawn from life, and were essentially trifles of the hour. Out of the twenty plays, or more, produced during the year, about eight were original, and these were Mr. Edmund Falconer's “Night and Morn;” Mr. Watts Phillips's “Paul's Return;” Mr. Tom Taylor's “Sense and Sensation” (mentioned in this summary because it was something more than a burlesque); Mr. Arthur Sketchley's “How will they get out of it;” Mr. H. T. Craven's “Milky White;” Mr. Robert Buchanan's “Witchfinder;” Messrs. Leslie and Rowe's “Orange Girl;” and Mr. Palgrave Simpson's “Sybilla.” This is not a very noble list to point to as the original English dramatic literature of the past year in a city possessing three millions of inhabitants and five-and-twenty theatres.

At the close of 1863, however, the corresponding list was far more meagre, and scarcely one of the original productions had the high value of Mr. Sketchley's comedy, or Mr. Simpson's romantic play. It is worthy of notice that both these latter pieces were produced at the St. James's Theatre while that house was under the management of Mr. Benjamin Webster, and Mr. Charles Mathews was its chief actor.

The acting of 1864, if it has produced no new and striking genius, has exhibited many satisfactory features. Miss Helen Faucit, perhaps the best representative of the ideal school in which she was trained, has returned (we presume) to the London stage, and Mrs. Charles Mathews has now established herself as a high-class sentimental actress. Miss Kate Terry has made two distinct and remarkable advances in her profession, by playing Ophelia in “Hamlet,” and Lady Penarvon in the “Hidden Hand;” and Mr. J. L. Toole has been more generally recognised as an actor of pathetic domestic drama. His versatility is very great, and his humour is based upon a keen sense of character; but it has always been in somewhat serious parts that he has achieved his greatest triumphs.

We have spoken once of Robson, and that must suffice. The past year has brought us one actor from the country—Mr. Stoyte—who promises to be valuable as a low comedian. The old rotten system of allowing "fancy women" to make first appearances for a consideration seems to be dying out; at least, we have seen no glaring instance of such prostitution of the stage during the year we are reviewing. While, however, giving London managers credit for improved decency, we must again refer to the Menken-Mazeppa spectacle—a performance which reflects more disgrace upon the audiences than it does upon the trading management. We have no faith in anything better being provided for playgoers than playgoers demand, in spite of an unconstitutional Licensor of plays, and a protective Lord Chamberlain. If the lime-light continues largely to supply the place of real passion and feeling, it is because audiences are delighted with the lime-light. If tragic actors—in spite of Mr. Fechter's bold and successful lessons—still cling to the earlier teachings of theatrical "Turveydrops," it is because playgoers are very fond of deportment. Miss Menken's scanty and suggestive costume was no outrage upon public decency, because large audiences supported the exhibition; but her appearance, and still more her success, was a degradation to the drama. She has gone, for a time, but "Donato" follows. If inclined to be more epigrammatic than just, we might describe the stage at the close of 1864 as a platform from which a half-naked woman was striding off on one side, to make way for a one-legged cripple, who was hopping on at the other.

THE SCIENTIFIC YEAR.

THE task of treating of the progress made by Science during the past year is by no means an easy one. The difficulties are of various kinds, but relate especially to the nature of the stand-point from which the observer examines the field of discovery. If he were to proceed step by step through the entire subject, he would soon find materials for a ponderous volume, which, however useful it might eventually prove for purposes of reference, would be quite unadapted to the requirements of the general reader, who seeks rather to grasp generalities than matters of minute detail. Hence it becomes necessary to select from the huge pile of recorded discoveries and additions to science, such portions as mark from their importance the advancement of scientific knowledge. This we conceive to be the more judicious course to pursue, and it is this path which we have taken in giving the following outline or sketch. The reader will find the several departments of science arranged alphabetically, and will, we trust, be enabled to perceive at least the great landmarks, if we may so term them, which indicate the forward march each department has made during the past twelve months:—

AGRICULTURE.

There are very many who think that Agriculture is no science at all; and not less numerous are those who, though they admit its claims to rank among the sciences, still conceive that it does so only in the abstract, and does not advance *pari passu* with other branches of knowledge. These are great mistakes: not only is agriculture a science in the strictest sense of the word, but it is in addition one which is making rapid strides to advance itself, and to develop and complete those grand general laws which will in course of time place farming upon a secure and correct basis. In agriculture, using the word in its accepted sense, the feeding of plants and the feeding of animals are the points to which especial attention is paid, and we therefore find that all questions relating to the most proper and advantageous methods of carrying out these operations are those to which not only the attention of empiricists, but also that of *savants* is especially devoted. During the past year something has been done in this direction, and though we think more ought to have been accomplished, we may add that the work achieved is valuable. The assumption may almost be made that all diseases in plants originate in an excess or diminution of some of the elements which build up their tissues. We receive every day confirmation of this view, and not the least important support it has received has been that from the researches of M. Isidore St. Pierre. This gentleman, having heard of the fearful "blight" which fell some years since upon the rape plant (that from which colza oil is obtained) of Caen, proceeded to inquire into the origin of the disease, and arrived at some valuable results. He selected fifteen plants of each sort—healthy and unhealthy—and taking two leaves from each specimen he compared the normal with the abnormal forms, and from an extensive series of experiments he was enabled to conclude:—(1.) That the malady favors the development of organic matter in the leaves which have been attacked. (2.) That a comparison of equal weights of the two forms shows an excess of about 20 per cent. of nitrogen in the unhealthy leaves. (3.) The unhealthy ones are richer in mineral matters, especially in phosphoric acid, lime, and soda. (4.) The proportion of potash is

nearly the same in the two. The estimate made of the total weight of the substances contained in each leaf threw even more light upon the subject, and proved:—(1.) That the quantity of nitrogen in the tainted leaves is one-fifth less than that in the healthy ones. (2.) That the total weight of mineral matter in the unhealthy leaves is about one-sixth less than in the same number of healthy ones. (3.) That the diseased leaves contain about one-sixth more phosphoric acid than the same number of healthy ones. (4.) That they contain also one-fourth more of lime than the same number of healthy ones. All these results show us the one important fact that the disease appears to be due to a disproportionate supply of lime, phosphoric acid, and nitrogen, which the leaves obtain.

Bearing upon the same subject, but more of the synthetical than the analytical character, are the beautiful experiments of Nægeli and Zöeller, which, though carried out in 1863, were most fully reported in 1864. Professor Nægeli and Dr. Zöeller determined to inquire into the relation between the disease to which the potato is subject, and the supply which the plant receives of mineral matter. For this purpose they selected three plots of ground of equal size, and presenting exactly similar characters of soil. The first of these was left unmanured, the second was manured with ammoniacal salts, whilst the third was treated with an artificial manure composed of the same elements as those found in the ash of the potato itself. An equal number of potatoes was planted in the three fields. The second field produced a better crop than the first, but the third was the most fertile of the whole. The results obtained, when represented by figures, stood thus:—

1st field	100
2nd "	120
3rd "	285!

The pith of the results is simply this, that in producing a crop of any kind, the same elements as those which compose the ash of the plant to be grown must be supplied to the soil, and in the same proportions too. Baron Liebig, who drew especial attention to these experiments, pointed out also, that whilst all the potatoes grown in fields 1 and 2 presented after a time traces of the disease, those produced in the third plot were perfectly healthy, and none of them exhibited the slightest taint.

Another important question has been in some measure decided by a continental observer. It having been found that certain plants present symptoms of decay, no matter how much or what form of manure was supplied to the soil, the question arose, What is the cause of this? Baron Liebig replied, in his treatise, published in 1863, that certain plants send their roots deep into the sub-soil, and, therefore, manure spread upon the surface can be of no service, inasmuch as it cannot reach the rootlets. This statement of the Baron's has been borne out by some experiments of M. Henrici, who found that when a plant was grown in a funnel filled with clay, and placed in the neck of a bottle of water, roots were thrown down through the tube of the funnel till they passed into the liquid beneath. If then the supply was removed the plant perished, but if the roots were allowed to remain in the water, and so absorb the requisite materials, it continued to thrive.

Agricultural readers will recollect that a very curious system of artificial fertilization of the bloom of corn was in 1863 introduced into France by a Dutchman named Hooibrenk. This system has been lately carried out on an extensive scale at the Emperor's model farm, and, we understand, with so much success, that its inventor has received a sum of money and medal in reward for his discovery, which is carried out practically as follows:—A cord of from twenty-five to thirty yards long is taken, and to it is fastened a stiff woollen fringe of about ten inches in length; the latter is steeped for a short time in honey, and is then dragged over the flowering corn two or three times in succession. It catches the pollen grains from the anthers, and applies them to the stigmata, and in this way an enormous increase in the weight and number of grains in each head is obtained. Wheat which produced 21 kilogrammes (about 56 lbs. troy) under the old system, gave 31 kilogrammes (83 lbs. troy) under that of M. Hooibrenk.

The subject which has recently attracted most attention is that of sewage. This divides itself into two questions:—1st. What is the actual value of sewage as a manure? and 2nd. How is sewage to be collected? Baron Liebig has answered the first most concisely. In a letter to Lord Robert Montague, he states that farmers must not imagine that sewage will supply all the materials which the plant requires. Sewage contains ammonia, potash, and phosphoric acid, like guano, but the phosphoric acid is in a very much smaller proportion. Hence if sewage be applied to a soil rich in phosphoric acid, it will give rise to good crops so long as the phosphoric remains in the soil; but when this is exhausted, then the phosphoric acid must be added as super-phosphate to the sewage before its application. For the same reason sewage alone must not be placed on impoverished land. The second question is still *sub judice*, but it seems to us that Mr. Manning's suggestion, that the best method will prove to be the conversion of the liquid matter into the solid state, is the one most in keeping with a proper regard to the hygienic condition of the country.

ASTRONOMY.

The astronomers have not been behindhand in the march of discovery, and have added much to our previous knowledge of the worlds around us. A very complete investigation of the sun's photosphere has been made. The curious discovery which Mr. Nasmyth announced in 1862, that the zone of light clouds which surround the nucleus of the sun is composed of large portions of matter shaped like willow-leaves, each being some *twenty thousand* miles long, and crossing one another in every conceivable direction, has been demonstrated, and, with certain modifications, accepted. Mr. Dawes, who has for years devoted himself to the study of solar phenomena, considers that many of the so-called new discoveries are simply his own, described long ago under another form. He considers that the apparatus now employed, by reason of its high power and the large angle of aperture of the lenses, is apt to lead men to *imagine* discoveries. He regards the photosphere as being made up of luminous masses imperfectly separated from each other by rows of minute dark dots, which are exceedingly close together, the intervals between them being less luminous than the general surface of the sun; the masses thus incompletely separated are of every possible variety of form, those which have been described by Mr. Nasmyth as "willow-leaves" being the rarest of all. Mr. Dawes concludes, somewhat in opposition to very distinguished astronomers, (1.) that the minute dark pores are *not* in a constant state of change; (2.) they are not quite round, but appear like fissures, and are not black, but of a dark grey colour; and (3.) that the very deep spots are formed by an immense volume of non-inflammable gas from the surface of the sun.

Most persons are aware that recent discoveries have detected an error in the calculations of the older astronomers. It has been shown that we are, at least, *four millions* of miles nearer to the sun than has been heretofore believed. Bearing upon this is a statement which has been made to the effect that the supposed distance of the moon from the earth is also incorrect. From a laborious examination of lunar observations made simultaneously at the Cape of Good Hope and various European observatories, Mr. Hugh Breen has found that we are really nearer the moon than has been computed. The difference between the two sets of figures shows us that our satellite is twenty-six miles closer to us than was previously imagined.

Much controversy has taken place regarding the question, Has the moon an atmosphere? The affirmative side has been taken by Professor Challis, whilst the "Astronomer Royal" adopts the negative. The former asserts that during a solar eclipse a bright band is seen bordering the edge of the moon, and this, he contends, is proof of an atmosphere surrounding the planet. The latter assumes the existence of a "mean atmosphere," but Professor Challis maintains that the atmosphere of the moon is one like ours, which decreases in density with its height.

Perhaps the most important discovery, and that which will most prominently mark the past year in the history of astronomical progress, is that which was announced to the Royal Society by Messrs. Huggins and Miller. This discovery upsets all the doctrines to which astronomers have pinned their faith during the present century. Everyone is familiar with the term *Nebula*, an expression employed to designate certain misty masses of matter from which light is emitted, and which can only be examined with the aid of the most powerful microscopes. These bodies, which appear as shapeless clouds of light at immense distances from the earth, have been of late years studied and observed by all classes of astronomers; and, more recently, they have been regarded as being simply huge clusters of fixed stars, which, on account of their enormous distance from us, appear blended together into a confused mass. Watchful observers concluded as we have said; and it has been for years the delight of astronomers to "resolve," as they termed it, these nebulae. Since, however, thanks to the researches of Bunsen and Kirchhoff, a new system of chemical analysis exists, by means of which we can tell from the light which a body emits what is the nature of its composition, and since this method has been put in practice in the case of the sun and fixed stars, showing in them a constitution closely resembling that of our earth, Messrs. Huggins and Miller determined to put the light of the nebulae to a similar test. They have done so. The spectrum analysis of the nebular light has been accomplished, and, wonder to tell, it has revealed the presence of only one or two elements, and these are gases. In the spectrum produced by the light of these *quasi*-suns the bands corresponding to the various substances which compose the solid mass of our earth were absent, and the only indication of any element whatever were two lines, which, probably, point to the presence of nitrogen and hydrogen. Hence, the conclusion is inevitable that the nebulae are most probably enormous masses of luminous gases or vapour. This important conclusion, which is one of the most remarkable that has been for a long while arrived at, brings astronomers back, in some degree, to the peculiar views of Laplace, as expressed in his "Nebular Hypothesis."

The works which have been published during the year 1864 are few and unimportant, with the exception of the new edition of Sir John Herschel's "Outlines." The latter work, now in its seventh edition, is far in advance of other existing treatises;

and, although it does not contain as ample an account of very recent views as could be desired, still it is a most valuable essay, and from the system which its author adopts of imparting grand principles as well as mere facts and descriptions of phenomena, it is calculated to develop the higher faculties of its readers' minds.

BOTANY.

A good deal has been done in this department. In France especially has the subject of physiological botany been studied; whilst in this country pursuers of plant science confine their attention too much to the study of the external forms of individuals. English botanists are, we regret to think, little better than species hunters; of course, there are exceptions to this rule, and were it not so, England would soon lose that position in the botanical world which she has attained to through the splendid researches of Robert Brown and Hensley. Still, as we have said, philosophic botany is more studied on the Continent than among us, and, therefore, in sketching last year's achievements we have to refer more frequently to French and German than to home *savans*. Of all the questions which have received consideration, there are none which have been so carefully examined as those connected with the chemical interchanges which are continually going on during vegetable life, between the plant, on the one hand, and the atmosphere, on the other, and which are collectively designated "respiration." Toward the close of the year 1863, M. Corenwinder published a series of papers in the *Comptes Rendus*, and in them expressed his conviction that coloured leaves do not differ from the ordinary green ones, in regard to the power of decomposing carbonic acid, and restoring oxygen to the air. Soon, however, another savant appeared in the field with somewhat different opinions. M. Cloez admitted the fact that coloured leaves decompose carbonic acid as well as green ones, but he denied the truth of M. Corenwinder's assertion that "the green colouring matter is not, therefore, the agent by which decomposition is effected." He found that though the leaves of certain plants appear to be of a brownish or reddish colour, if they be examined carefully it will be seen that they always contain, intermingled with the brown pigment matter, a considerable quantity of green chlorophyll particles. This, therefore, proved sufficiently that the decomposition was probably brought about through the medium of the green particles, but it was more fully demonstrated by experiment. M. Cloez selected a leaf of the common garden *Amaranthus*, and divided the leaves, which are green, red, and yellow, in such a manner as to separate the coloured parts from each other; these portions were now placed in separate vessels containing water charged with carbonic acid, and were then submitted to the action of light. The result now declared itself:—in those vessels in which the green portions were placed the carbonic acid was decomposed, but in the others the gas remained unaffected even after twelve hours' exposure to the direct rays of the sun.

Another worker in the same field is M. Felix de Faucoupret, from whose inquiries the following valuable deductions have been drawn:—(1.) The quantity of carbonic acid exhaled or absorbed by the same plant varies with the temperature; and (2.), The temperature being the same, the quantity of carbonic acid absorbed or exhaled varies with the plant.

With respect to the respiration and other chemical phenomena presenting themselves during the process of ripening in fruit, little has heretofore been accomplished, and therefore the investigations of M. Fremy are worthy of notice. The essential part of the information detailed in his memoir, referred to the various stages through which fruit travels in proceeding to the mature condition. These stages he finds to be three in number. In the first, the fruit has the ordinary green colour of leaves, and decomposes the carbonic acid of the atmosphere in the same way as the leaves themselves. In the second period, the green colouring matter is lost, and the fruit assumes a brownish colour: at the same time it loses its power of decomposing the carbonic of the air, and instead, it evolves this gas by the combination of its tissues with the oxygen. During this stage slow processes of combustion take place in the substance of the pericarp, which causes the disappearance of the usual soluble matters—the tannin is first destroyed, and the acids follow. The third stage is that of decomposition; fermentation of all kinds occurs, and the tissue surrounding the seed being entirely removed, the latter is consigned to the earth.

The researches in which M. Cahours has been engaged in upon the subject of vegetable respiration are not less interesting than those we have already discussed. This *savant* is of opinion:—(1.) That all plants which are confined in a limited supply of air consume oxygen and develop carbonic acid in proportion varying according as the plant possesses perfume or not. (2.) *Ceteris paribus*, the greater the temperature the greater will be the quantity of carbonic acid evolved. (3.) When flowers have been gathered from the same plants, and are exposed in equal weights to the action of light and darkness, the quantity of carbonic acid evolved by them under the influence of the latter will be greater than that under the former condition. (4.) When the ordinary air is replaced by oxygen, the difference is more prominently marked. (5.) Flowers which are in process of development give off more carbonic acid than those which are fully formed. (6.) Plants

which are exposed even to the influence of an inert gas give off carbonic acid in small quantity; a fact which is of great weight, as it tends to show that the carbonic acid disengaged is the product of the union of oxygen, previously absorbed, with the carbon of the tissues.

The peculiar distribution of certain plants, when satisfactorily proved, throws much light upon the so-called process of "natural selection." Hence, as might be anticipated, it is a branch of science much followed both at home and abroad. The manner in which introduced species frequently supplant indigenous ones is familiar enough in the cases of animals, but that a similar phenomenon is observed among plants has lately been demonstrated by those who have observed the spread of British plants in New Zealand. In this colony, as pointed out by Dr. Hooker, the species brought over by emigrants have absolutely so overrun the land as to crush out the native plants. Not only this, but they attain dimensions unknown in our country. The dock is to be found in every river-bed; the sow-thistle is spread all over the country, up to a height of 6,000 feet; the water-cress increases to such an extent in the still rivers as to threaten to choke them altogether, and in some cases its stems measure *twelve feet* in length and three-quarters of an inch in diameter. In the mountain districts, where the soil is loose, the white clover has completely displaced the native grasses.

There has been some discussion among British and American botanists as to whether the common *Ling* is a native of the New World. Mr. Hewet Watson, one of the most distinguished of "geographical botanists," has, however, decided the question in the affirmative. He found, among some plants purchased at the Linnean Society's sale in November, 1863, a parcel of this species, bearing a label signifying that the enclosed specimens were found at the head of St. Mary's Bay, Newfoundland. An objection was raised on the score that the plants in question did not present flowers, and could not, therefore, be identified; but there is little doubt that Mr. Watson's conclusion is perfectly correct.

The connexion which exists between the external characters of plants and their geographical distribution has received a forcible illustration from the account of Dr. Welwitsch of the distribution of the species of *Cissus* from the south of Benguela. Forty species of this plant were found over an area of 300 miles from east to west. The species with thick sappy stems were most abundant in the neighbourhood of the shore, and up to a height of 1000 feet from the sea-level; those with elongated twining stems were most common in the primeval forests; and the species with upright scarcely twining stems preponderated in the highest regions of the elevated plains in the interior. In the species of the littoral region, the leaves and stem assume a bright green colour, whilst those of the primeval forest region are characterized by shining dark green foliage.

It would seem from the statements of Mr. Blackburn that the distribution of one of our ferns — *Woodsia Glabella* — is much more general than has been supposed. He found it growing in Norway at an elevation of 1000 feet above the sea, just below a permanent snow-patch. Since this fern has also been found in the Tyrol its presence in Norway would seem to imply that it possesses a very wide range of distribution.

The new plants added to our British flora have not been numerous. A new species of St. John's-Wort (*Hypericum undulatum*) has been described by Mr. Briggs; it was found in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, and is another instance of the remnant of an Andalusian flora in Southern England. A peculiar form of the *Asplenium ruta-muraria* was presented to the Dublin Natural History Society by Mr. Short. A species of aquatic plant (*Polomogeton nitens*), entirely new to the British flora, was found in the south-west of Ireland by Dr. Moore; several new species of *Diatomaceæ* have been recorded by those who especially pursue this subject, and some new British lichens have quite recently been described by the Rev. W. A. Leighton. These are the most important additions we have to notice.

Not a few good works have appeared during the past year. Among those which possess undoubted merits, we may mention: Professor Oliver's "Lessons in Elementary Botany," Mr. Grindon's "British and Garden Botany," and Dr. Dickie's "Flora of Ulster." The first of these treatises is intended for the beginner, and conveys clear general ideas of the structure of plants and the mode of classifying them; it is a remarkable feature of this book, that while in point of style it is so simple as to come within the comprehension of the merest tyro, it is thoroughly accurate, and in keeping with the advance of modern science. Mr. Grindon's work is a large volume, including descriptions of all our native plants, and most of those species cultivated in our gardens. The plan adopted is very similar to that employed in Bentham's "Handbook of the British Flora;" in the first place there is given an outline of the structure of plants; then follows an analytical key, by the aid of which the natural order, to which a plant belongs, may be ascertained; and finally the bulk of the text is occupied by carefully compiled accounts of the several species which are considered truly British. It is to Mr. Grindon's credit that he has not omitted those lower forms of plants which are too generally neglected by those who write upon English botany, but has added to the description of the flowering plants a complete description of the Ferns, Lycopodia, and Pilworts, and has given a general

account of the Mosses, Fungi, and Sea-weeds. Dr. Dickie's little volume, though of modest size and of little interest to the amateur, is most valuable as an accurate record of the number of species found in a certain defined locality, their distribution, superficially and vertically, and their habitats.

CHEMISTRY.

English Chemistry last year sustained a heavy loss in the appointment of Dr. Hoffmann, of the College of Chemistry, to the chair in the University of Bonn; the professor, though still among us, being obliged to leave this country early in next spring. Chemists may be said as a rule to do more in the shape of original investigation than those who are connected with other departments of science, and consequently we find each year that the volume of researches which the twelve months have accumulated is usually a very considerable one, in point of size at least. The laws which govern the combination of elements and compounds are being slowly made out, and consequently it happens that the progress of chemistry is to a considerable extent confined to the recording of phenomena and the discovery of new substances.

The silica compounds have been extensively studied, and experimented upon by M. Marignac, who has added two new acids to this series. He has found that when a gelatinous solution of silica is boiled with an acid solution of tungstate of potash or soda, it is dissolved. The solution thus produced becomes alkaline, and contains an acid not before described, and which is termed by its discoverer *silico-tungstic acid*. When the tungstate of ammonia compounds are similarly operated on, another new acid is developed, which is called *silico-decistungstic*. A third compound has also been described under the designation of *tungsto-silicic*. The most important character which these acids exhibit is the density of the solution of their salts: a solution of neutral silico-tungstate of soda, for example, may be made so dense that it will allow glass and quartz to float upon its surface. Hence, as Mr. Crookes has suggested, this compound may possibly form an excellent material for filling hollow prisms.

Since the subject of the substitution of gun-cotton for powder has been taken up in England, chemists have been very busily occupied in investigating the former body. The principal objection to the use of gun-cotton appears to be its liability to undergo decomposition into various compounds (especially pectic and parapectic acids, as pointed out by Dr. Divers). But we understand that the material which is now produced at Woolwich, under the superintendence of the Government chemist, does not readily undergo change. Among the many experiments which have been made upon burning cotton, the most interesting are those of Professor Abel. This chemist finds that if, even for the briefest space of time, the gases resulting from the first action of heat on gun-cotton are impeded from completely enveloping the burning extremity of the twist, then ignition is completely prevented. And as it is the comparatively high temperature produced that effects the rapid and more complete combustion of the gun-cotton, the momentary extinction of the gases and continuous abstraction of heat by them cause the gun-cotton to burn in a very imperfect manner. Thus it appears that the combustion of gun-cotton can be rendered slow or rapid, according as the escaping gases are carried away from, or driven upon, the burning twist.

M. Berthelot has given us several memoirs upon questions relating to fermentation, and among them one upon the proportion of ether in alcohol, which contains an account of his analysis of brandy. Brandy he finds to contain the following compounds:—(1.) Water; (2.) Ordinary alcohol and some traces of amylic, and other forms; (3.) Some of the volatile acids of wine (acetic, butyric, &c.), traces of which only present themselves in ordinary wine, and most of which remain, in the case of brandy, in the undistilled residue; (4.) The more volatile ethers of wine, as formic, acetic, &c.; (5.) Various volatile principles proceeding from the wine, such as essential oils, aldehydes, and empyreumatic products.

The controversy, which is not yet quenched, as to the constitution of ozone has led to some new views concerning the atomic character of oxygen. M. Naquet considers that oxygen is decidedly tetra-atomic. This gentleman, who conceives that he has already established the tetra-atomicity of sulphur and selenium, assumes that of oxygen from the relation which subsists between the three elements, which he therefore ranks with tellurium, as a distinct group.

Some useful contributions to our knowledge of the matters contained in the atmosphere have been afforded by the inquiries of M. Bobierre. The rain water analyzed had been collected at various levels, and in this way the nature of the atmospheric constitution at those heights was ascertained, for it may fairly be presumed that the rain water carries with it a considerable quantity of the substances suspended in the air. Such a presumption, at all events, is fully justified by the conclusions of M. Bobierre, who asserts that variations in the composition of rain water refer more especially to the proportions of ammonia, nitric acid, and organic matters. The examination of specimens collected at different heights showed that there is a relation between the composition of the water and the altitude at which it is collected from the atmosphere. In

rain water collected at Nantes in 1863, at a height of 37 metres, the proportion of ammonia was 1.997 gramme per cubic metre, whilst in that collected at a height of seven metres in a low and unhealthy neighbourhood the proportion of ammonia amounted to 5.939 grammes per cubic metre. M. Bobierre also discovered that the proportion of nitric acid increases as that of ammonia diminishes.

The curious combinations of the non-metallic elements with each other has been forcibly illustrated by M. Lemoine's discovery, that sulphur and phosphorus combine in certain definite proportions to form a new chemical compound. When red phosphorus and sulphur are allowed to react on each other, they produce a new substance having the composition of P_2S_3 . This body is always produced, in whatever proportions the two elements employed may be. It appears also to be very stable, for it does not oxidize in the air. It boils at a temperature of 350° centigrade, and is soluble in both bisulphide of carbon and chloride of phosphorus, being readily separated from the latter solution by the addition of water. The method of producing it consists essentially in heating together red phosphorus and sulphur, and then adding sulphide of carbon, which by dissolving the new body admits of its separation from the rest.

Chemical students have been well supplied with treatises. Mr. Galloway completed his work on elementary chemistry by the publication of his "Second Step," which is a voluminous compilation, embracing the views upon chemical philosophy of the most distinguished original observers of the day. Mr. Noad has furnished us with a new edition of an extensive essay on chemical analysis, which we hope to notice more fully on a future occasion. Professor Church's little work on agricultural chemistry is, as we have indicated in an earlier number, a book which combines considerable merit with a few faults. The new edition of Dr. Miller's "Elements" now extends to the volume on "Inorganic Chemistry," which has just been issued by Messrs. Longman, and which will be found to contain all that the student of mineral chemistry can possibly require.

GEOLOGY AND PALÆONTOLOGY.

It may be fairly said that these divisions of science attract a greater number of followers than any others save zoology and comparative anatomy. This is especially true of palæontology. Since the subject of "man's age" has come under discussion, it may almost be stated that human remains and traces have been studied to the exclusion of other fossils. This will account for the circumstance that almost all the important discoveries of 1864 relate to what may be termed "pre-historic geology." Caves and cave bones are quite the rage in the geological world, and none are more sensational than those of Bruniquel. Indeed, the fossils of Bruniquel are of such an important nature that all the European institutions have tried to purchase them. It is, however, gratifying to know that early in January last they were bought for the British Museum by Professor Owen, and that the entire collection amounts to about fifteen hundred specimens. The professor, who gave a short sketch of the fossils at one of the meetings of the Royal Society, considers that some of the human remains stand very high in the scale of organization. The skull-caps which he found did not exhibit the large frontal sinuses so remarkable in those from Neanderthal. As, however, it is very questionable whether all the remains are contemporaneous, this fact may not of itself prove much. Geologists have long been awaiting Professor Owen's description of the other *débris*, and it is much to be regretted that he still delays it.

A very unpleasant and unphilosophic controversy has been for some time going on in the pages of the *Reader*, between Mr. Ruskin and Professor J. Beete Jukes. The subject is that of Alpine geology, and has not been handled in a satisfactory manner by either of the individuals who have taken up the question.

Another moot-point among geologists is that of the supposed contemporaneity of man and certain of the lower animals now extinct. During the year gone by we have had numerous papers, particularly from Frenchmen. MM. Garrigou and Filhol have contended that the cave-bear, *Ursus spelæus*, and man were really contemporaries. This view they consider is supported by the discovery of bones which have been split along their length for the purpose of extracting the marrow. It was the custom of all early races of man to split the bones along their length to obtain from them the marrow, and the habit is still common among the Esquimaux and Laplanders. The aspect and form of the bones found by these geologists were peculiar. The sections appear to present a wonderful uniformity in regard to the direction which they have been made, being almost invariably in the line of the longitudinal axis of the bone. The heads of the long bones were always found entire, the shaft being opened longitudinally, and attached in longer or shorter fragments. The short bones were usually observed to be divided into two nearly equal parts.

The origin of lakes is also a matter on which much has been written. We believe there can be very little doubt that the ice-action view is the correct one. This is the doctrine inculcated in Professor Hind's splendid memoir upon the origin of the American lakes. According to this observer, the great

lakes of the St. Lawrence and Winnipeg basins were scooped out of the previously existing strata by the action of glacial masses, like those now covering Greenland—a theory which has the support of Sir William Logan and most of the American geologists.

The year 1863 may vaunt its Abbeville jaw-bone discussion as a record of no mean importance, but 1864 can boast a greater triumph in the discovery of organic remains at a depth which, were it not for the irresistible nature of the geological evidence, would be discredited by most of those who adhere to formed opinions. Last year will ever hold a place in the memory of geologists, as the period when the oldest trace of organic existence was discovered. Hitherto it was believed that the first remnants of animal existence were those presented in the Cambrian Rocks, under the names of *Histioderma* and *Oldhamia*; but the inquiries of Dr. Dawson and Sir W. Logan have entirely modified our views on this point. To understand the immense importance of this recent discovery, it is necessary to know that below the Cambrian system, which was thought to contain the first formed animals, there exists in these islands a thin band of Gneiss—a volcanic rock. Now the counterpart of this latter has been found in Canada by Sir W. Logan (of this, from the geologic proofs advanced, there cannot be the faintest doubt), and *forty thousand feet* below it a curiously mineralized object has been found, which has been declared to be an animal. It must be either organic or mineral, and one of the first mineralogists in England gives us his opinion that it is not the latter. But besides this negative evidence there is something more. Sections of the fossil, prepared by Dr. Carpenter and others, have shown that it possesses a definite structure, and that this structure is similar to that of the *nummulites*—species of foraminifera—which are undoubtedly animal remains. From our own observations of them, we have no doubt whatever of the former animality of the fossil remains. The new species has been termed *Eozoon Canadense*, and its discovery shows, according to geological computation, that a vastly greater period of time has intervened between the creation of animals and the present day than has been yet conceived.

Several geological treatises have come into existence during the past year, and among others we may mention the names of the following:—Taylor's "Geological Essays," Ramsay's "Physical Geology and Geography of Great Britain," Page's "Advanced Text-Book of Physical Geography," Maury's "Physical Geography for Schools," "The Physical History of the Earth," by a Student, and Kelly's "Notes on the Errors of Geology." Mr. Taylor's work is a sort of compound of the purely literary and slightly scientific. It treats of general geology, and every subject which can by any possibility be associated with it; and, consequently, it contains a good deal of matter which is not only irrelevant, but erroneous; nevertheless, it is pleasant reading, and, to some extent, profitable also. Professor Ramsay's book is a report of six lectures to working men, delivered at the School of Mines, and embraces a general sketch of the principles of the science, and of the more prominent geological features of the country; its style is good, and its matter sound. The volume which Mr. Page has given us is, like his other productions, fairly in keeping with the advance of science, and clearly written; its peculiar characteristics, however, are the copious glossary, notes, and recapitulatory chapters, which render it a useful book to the student. Dr. Maury's *brochure* does not impress us satisfactorily; it is, indeed, a very elementary volume, but is written in too slipshod a manner, and with too little regard for accuracy to please us. "The Physical History of the Earth" is a book with a good object, but badly executed, and has evidently been prepared by some one not an original observer. Mr. Kelly's book has appeared quite recently, and appears to be an onslaught on the modern theories, but, as we shall have to notice it more fully hereafter, we reserve our opinion of its merits.

MEDICAL SCIENCE.

Under this title we include all those branches of investigation which are associated with the progress of our knowledge of disease, such for example as anatomy, pathology, physiology, therapeutics, and surgery. Much has been achieved in experimental therapeutics during 1864. One of the most important matters we have to record is the publication of the Report of the Chloroform Committee. This report contains several statements regarding the conclusions at which the committee arrived in the course of their inquiry. It is asserted that the strongest doses of chloroform, when freely admitted into the lungs, destroy animal life by arresting the heart's action. Death appears to be due to the cessation of respiration and of the action of the heart. It is recommended that chloroform should be employed only when its vapour does not exceed $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the inspired air. Its effects should be carefully watched, and the inhalation suspended when the required anaesthesia is produced. The energy with which chloroform acts, and the extent to which it depresses the heart's action, render it necessary to exercise great caution in its administration, and suggest the expediency of looking for another and less objectionable anaesthetic. Ether can hardly be substituted for chloroform, as it is too slow in its action and too uncertain in its effects. If due care be taken in administering chloroform no apparatus need be employed.

Free admission of air, according to the report, is the one thing necessary.

Public attention has been lately attracted to the subject of the mortality in cases of the operation known as ovariectomy. Owing to the careless and what is termed "heroic" manner in which this fearful operation is performed in this country, the number of fatal cases is unfortunately very large. It is not so on the Continent. M. Kœberlé, a surgeon of considerable eminence, wrote some time ago to the French Academy, and detailed the history of a number of most successful cases in which he operated. No less than 75 per cent. of M. Kœberlé's patients were "turned out" cured, a fact which contrasts strongly with a series of cases operated on in Strasbourg, in all of which the patients died.

It has been long believed that when a nerve is divided the union of the parts never occurs through the medium of nervous tissue, and hence that sensibility is lost. A curious case, which shows the incorrectness of such a view, has been recorded by M. Laugier. This surgeon brought the two ends of the main nerve of the arm together by means of a suture, and the result proved most satisfactory; sensation being completely restored to the injured parts after a few days. This valuable experiment allows physiologists to conclude—(1) that after the suture of a divided nerve sensibility and motive powers are perceptibly restored in a few hours; (2) that the restoration of sensation takes place progressively; (3) that touch-sensations are restored before those of pain; (4) that the operation is by no means a very painful one; and (5) that nerves of considerable size and importance may be united in this way.

Electricity is beginning to take a high position in the scale of therapeutic agents. Duchenne's great treatise upon medical electricity is about to be presented to the public in an English garb, and in addition there have been several interesting cures established upon the continent by means of galvanism. M. Nelaton has employed voltaic electricity with extraordinary success in breaking down large tumours, polypi, &c. In operating upon these growths, he inserts the platinum electrodes of a small battery into the substance of the abnormal growths, and allows the electric current to traverse them; after a while he finds the tumour destroyed, coagulation having taken place at the positive and solution at the negative pole. M. Namias has tried the application of electricity in Bright's disease with similar success. The current was passed through the loins for about half an hour every day, and the result proved to be a greater quantity of kidney secretion than before, and an increase in the percentage of urea of from 2.29 to 2.80. Herr Remak, of Berlin, one of the most distinguished histologists in Europe, has recorded several cases in which nerve diseases have been cured completely by the application of the "constant current." One of these is worthy of notice: it was that of a woman who had for some weeks suffered from severe neuralgia of one side of the face and paralysis of the other. The disease had made such ravages that the brain had begun to be affected, and loss of memory made itself apparent; yet, after having been under the action of electricity, applied daily, for some weeks, she completely recovered.

The discovery, which was announced a few years ago by M. Claude Bernard, has begun to bear fruit. A gentleman, who has till lately been more distinguished as a writer of literature than as a physician, has, while speculating upon the power of the sympathetic nerve to control the diameter of the minute blood-vessels, developed a most valuable practical means of applying this power to the treatment of diseases. Dr. Chapman's remedies are heat and cold; by applying either of them along the back, he finds that he is enabled so to act upon the nervous system as to increase or diminish the supply of blood in various parts of the body. There has hardly been time to pronounce a final opinion as to the practical value of Dr. Chapman's views; but, *à priori*, there is much to support a doctrine, which is not only highly philosophic but is based upon the most modern researches of physiologists.

The question, Do microscopic fungi produce disease? is still undecided. Numerous articles have been written upon the subject. M. Davaine, who injected *bacteria* and *vibriones* into the blood of animals, found that these fungi gave rise to fatal results. The inquiries, however, of MM. Leplat and Jaillard go to prove the contrary. From ten different experiments they have concluded: 1st, that when *bacteria* are introduced through any medium into the blood of an animal they produce no injurious results, unless, indeed, the medium itself possess injurious qualities; and, 2nd, that if the vehicle employed in injecting the fungi contains putrid matter in large quantity there is poisoning of the blood; but this is not productive of contagious disease, since the blood thus contaminated does not produce similar effects when introduced into the system of another animal. Moreover, it would seem that the statements to the effect that *penicillium glaucum* and *oidium Tuckeri* produce respectively psoriasis and phlegmonous inflammation are unfounded; both these fungi have been injected into the veins of dogs without producing any ill effects.

The inquiries of M. Decaisne into the subject of the relative actions of absinthe and brandy will, we trust, tend to the removal of the former from the foreign market. M. Decaisne has found that even when absinthe and brandy have been employed in equal doses, and with an equal degree of alcoholic

concentration, the former produces far more marked and serious effects than the latter. Intoxication is much more rapidly produced by absinthe than by *eau-de-vie*. The nervous system is more powerfully affected by absinthe than brandy, the former producing results similar to those of an acid narcotic poison. It appears that the great danger of absinthe is its liability to adulteration; but even when in good quality, and taken in moderate doses, it sooner or later produces very serious diseases, which especially attack the digestive system.

The much-debated subject of the terminations of the nerves in the muscles is not yet cleared up. The most recent additions to our knowledge are those with which Dr. Beale has supplied us. From these we learn that the filaments of nervous matter do not penetrate the tube of the muscular fibre, but lie upon its outer surface, upon which they form an exceedingly delicate net-work. Several memoirs have been published upon questions of microscopic anatomy. But we can only refer to one—that of Dr. L. Beale upon the ganglion-cells of the green-tree-frog. In this the writer shows, that what are termed unipolar cells have no real existence. The cells which he observed have invariably two fibres connect with them; one which is straight, and a second, spiral, which is coiled round the first, and eventually travels in an opposite direction to that pursued by its fellow.

The works on medicine which the past year has produced have been few. A new edition of Dr. Aitken's treatise on the Science of Medicine has been issued. This is a vastly larger work than the former edition—about twice the size—and appears calculated to take a high rank. Dr. Carpenter's new edition of "Human Physiology" has also appeared. It has undergone considerable modification, and its accomplished editor, Dr. Power, has done all that was possible to bring it up to the mark. The student will be surprised but pleased to find that the chapter on cell-life has been omitted, and that Dr. Brown Sequard's researches have been carefully analyzed. Dr. Anstie's work on "Narcotics and Stimulants" is a book which exhibits much deep thought, and proves the necessity which exists for an entire revision of the existing doctrines of the action of alcohol, broth, food, &c. Drs. T. Fox and Balmanno Squire have produced useful essays on Skin diseases. Zander's splendid treatise on the Ophthalmoscope has been translated by Mr. Carter, and must prove a great boon to ophthalmic surgeons. Dr. Madden has turned out a work on climate, which, while it is very readable, is equally ungrammatical in composition and inaccurate in the statement of facts. Dr. Mapother has given us a little volume on Public Health, which is important from the circumstance that it shows how much a really sound work is wanted. These, with Dr. Chapman on the Stomach, Dr. Blundell on the Muscles, and Dr. Smith on Food—which we shall speak of in a future number—comprise the more important productions issued from the press during the year 1864.

METEOROLOGY.

Meteorology being still in its infancy, very little in the form of original work is being executed in this department; and, indeed, even the papers we find from time to time in the pages of continental journals contain much that is vague and unsatisfactory. One of the most important contributions to this branch of science, which the annals of last year's meteorology present to our notice, is that of M. Elie de Beaumont upon the rotation of the upper currents of the atmosphere. The chief conclusions which can be drawn from this paper are as follows:—(a) When in the northern hemisphere the currents of air proceeding from the equator alternate with the polar ones, the wind appears to come from every point of the compass, and usually in this order: south, west, north, east, south; and (b) in the southern hemisphere the opposite is the case; the order of occurrence being, south, east, north, west, and south.

An interesting paper on the "Isothermal Lines of July and January in the British Isles" was communicated to the Journal of the Scottish Meteorological Society by Mr. A. Buchan. The writer's aim was to demonstrate the temperature of various parts of Great Britain during mid-winter and mid-summer. The map which he has drawn exhibits the isothermal lines. The general slope of the summer line is from north-east to south-west, indicating that the eastern portion of this country enjoys a higher temperature than the western. This is due to the fact that the prevalent wind in July is westerly, and coming as it does over the Atlantic renders the west coast cooler than the east; also to the circumstance that the clouds in the west are greater in volume and lower in elevation than those of the east. The curving northward of the lines in the central portion is caused by the width of the country which permits the middle portions to enjoy a more continental temperature than the borders. The high winter temperature of the west coast is due to three causes—the warm south-west wind; the large amount of vapour deposited in rain; and the aerial vapour which prevents the radiation of the heat which the earth receives from the sun. The treatises on meteorology have been few and valueless, Messrs. Saxby and Pearce, two rival meteorologists, appearing to be the only individuals ambitious enough to lay down the laws of a science whose phenomena are yet hardly understood. We do not think the productions of these savans are calculated to survive their authors, but we may just men-

tion that the former considers that the weather is entirely under the control of the moon, while the latter discovers a sufficiently powerful governing influence in the "actinic" power of the planets.

MICROSCOPY.

Notwithstanding the high commendation which binocular microscopes have received at the hands of certain men of science, both in this country and abroad, there can be little doubt that the binocular instruments now employed in England are of little value to the working histologist, though they may prove very interesting to those who visit the the conversazione and are admirers of objects of display. The great objection to the binocular as at present constructed is the impossibility of using high powers with it. It seems, however, that Mr. Tolles, the celebrated American maker, has devised a variety of microscope in which both eyes can be used, and object-glasses of considerable power employed. The apparatus by which the effect is produced is situated, not at the lower portion of the body as is the case in Mr. Wenham's instrument, but is placed in the eye-piece. It is, in fact, a species of binocular microscope, which may be adopted to any form of instrument, and merely causes an increase of length of about three inches. When the new form was compared with a Smith and Beck's binocular, and so low a power as 2.3rd inch, there was a marked difference in the definition of the object, both by reflected and transmitted light. Mr. Tolles' microscope, when used with 1.10th inch, enables the observer to see distinctly the fine lines of *Hyalodiscus subtilis*.

Two cheap forms of dissecting microscopes have been turned out by our local makers. Mr. Highley's instrument is somewhat upon Prof. Quekett's plan, and consists of a mahogany stand supported by lateral props, and bearing a vertical limb of brass with a horizontal projection to which the lenses are attached. The vertical piece, instead of being elevated and depressed by rack and pinion, as in the more expensive apparatus, is moved by a simple lever, which works beneath the stage. The lenses are two in number and of the usual focus, and the entire instrument may, when packed, be easily carried in a large-sized pocket. Messrs. Baker's dissecting microscope is another useful addition to the previous forms. It consists of a circular foot of brass, into the circumference of which is inserted a vertical pillar which carries an ample stage, and, being hollow, allows of the ascent and descent of the bar, to which the horizontal piece carrying the lenses is attached. The movement is by rack and pinion worked through a milled head situated nearly on the level of the stage. The mirror is held by an arc of brass, which in its turn fits by a pivot into the centre of the foot, and thus a sort of universal movement is obtained.

Mr. R. Beck has devised a form of simple microscope, which possesses a binocular arrangement, and thus gives a more stereoscopic appearance to the object than could possibly be obtained by vision with the single eye. The method which he adopts is exceedingly simple, and may be said to consist in the use of a pair of prisms placed over one half of the lens. One eye is placed above the uncovered portion of the lens, and the other above the second prism; the prisms are placed in a sliding tube, the one over the lens being fixed, and the other capable of being drawn out to suit the distance between the eyes of various observers. The only objection to this plan is that the fields of view are unequal, and that the portion of them which is truly stereoscopic is exceedingly small.

The question as to whether there is a great advantage in the employment of very powerful objectives has been much debated during the past year. In 1862, Messrs. Powel and Lealand produced a 1.25th inch objective, which certainly was a very beautiful and useful glass, but it has now been eclipsed by a 1.50th, which is said to possess enormous amplifying powers. Ross's new 1.12th and Smith and Beck's 1.20 inch have been carefully compared, and the result shows that each has peculiar advantages of its own; thus, while the 1.12th possesses exquisite definition, it has not the power of bringing the portions of the object situate at different levels into view at the same time, and the 1.20th, though having considerable penetration, does not exhibit so delicate a defining power as the 1.12th. On the whole, from what we have seen of the two glasses, we are disposed to think Messrs. Ross's 1.12th the better of the two, and we much doubt whether any working histologist requires an objective of higher magnifying powers, inasmuch as it displays nearly everything which can be seen even with Lealand's 1.25th.

It has been proposed to adopt a new material for the construction of cells for mounting microscopic objects. The substance which Mr. W. H. Hall has suggested the employment of is vulcanite. He has found that glycerine produces no injurious effect upon it, and that the walls of the cell may be prepared by cutting thin sections from a piece of vulcanite tubing. Mr. Henry Lee has also pointed out that very useful and cheap cells for the enclosure of opaque objects can be prepared by making transverse sections of paper tubing.

The microscopes sent in by various makers for competition for the Society's prizes were forwarded on the 31st of December, and we may therefore soon expect to hear the result of their examination. Three forms are to be selected for the prizes.

We have had three valuable contributions to microscopic

literature:—Dr. Beale's "How to Work with the Microscope," Dr. Griffith's "Elementary Text-book of the Microscope," and Mr. Davies' "Preparation and Mounting of Microscopic Objects." The first is a new edition of a well and favourably-known treatise, and appeals above all others of the kind to the student of human histology; it is clear and accurate, and is fully and beautifully illustrated. The second is a work which is rather adapted to the amateur naturalist. Its information is useful but general, and the coloured plates which accompany it are handsomely executed. Mr. Davies' little volume belongs to Hardwicke's cheap series of manuals, and is a genuinely practical book that should be on the table of every working microscopist.

MINING SCIENCE.

The progress made in this section relates chiefly to improved methods of separating pure metals from their ores, and to new inventions in the machinery employed for the manufacture of metals into the various articles with which the market is supplied. A very useful application of physics to the purposes of metallurgy has lately been made, viz., that of spectrum analysis to the preparation of iron by Bessemer's process. The great difficulty which has heretofore been met with in this process was the calculation of the time at which the current of air which passes through the metal should be stopped. The determination was frequently a matter of guess work, and was arrived at by the examination of the flame. If the current was checked a few moments before, or not till a few moments after the proper time, the metal was destroyed. Now, however, the spectrum of the flame is examined by means of the spectroscope, and by this means it is ascertained at what exact period it is necessary to stop the current of air.

Several new minerals have been added to our lists, of which—*Mordenite*, *Tasmanite*, and a new *steatite*, are the more striking examples—Dr. Percy's splendid work on "Metallurgy," which caused so much discussion in the "Black Country," is the only publication to which we think it necessary to call the reader's attention.

NATURAL HISTORY AND COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.

It would indeed be difficult, within the space at our command, to give even an outline of what has been effected in these branches. We shall therefore dwell only upon some of more important results. The spontaneous-generation hypothesis has never had greater opportunity of developing itself than was afforded it last year. At almost every alternate meeting of the French Academy MM. Pouchet and Pasteur had notes or original memoirs to read. Yet we regret to say the question is not yet definitively answered upon either side. A new opponent of the doctrine presented himself lately; M. Coste objected to the method which M. Pouchet employed for preventing the entrance of *infusoria*; he asserted that filtering the water employed in experimentation by no means prevented the entrance of these animalcules. To this M. Pouchet replied, that, according to the measurements of Balbiani, none of the *infusoria* found by him could have passed through the spaces in the filter paper. He believes that the creatures which he has found are not produced by pre-existing ones, but are the result of eggs developed from decomposing matter. He concludes that—(1) If ciliated *infusoria* are accidentally introduced into a maceration about to be experimented on, they play no part in the development of new beings. (2) Such *infusoria* are destroyed during the very first processes of fermentation which are set up. (3) The pellicle on the surface of the maceration is a true "formative bed" for the development of ciliated animalcules. (4) When this bed is undeveloped no *infusoria* will be found; and finally, (5) That the multiplication of *infusoria* by division does not take place to such an extent as has been imagined.

There appears to be every reason to believe that the *Dinornis* of New Zealand, a huge bird 14 feet high, is yet in existence, or, at all events, has only become extinct within the last dozen years. The bones of this animal, which were forwarded to the Natural History Museum, York, were some time ago exhibited at one of the meetings of the "Zoological Society." They were found by some gold-seekers lying upon one of the eggs of the bird, so that there is fair grounds for supposing that the creature died during the incubation season. On some of the bones the ligaments were in as perfect a state of preservation as those to be seen in our anatomical museums. From an examination of them, Professor Huxley expressed his opinion that the specimens present must have belonged to an individual not ten years dead, it would have been impossible otherwise for the ligaments to have resisted such a climate as that of New Zealand.

M. Milne Edwards has shown the necessity for basing geological classification upon anatomical structures, by showing that the animals of the genus *Tragulus*, which are now included among the Ruminantia, belong properly to the Pachyderms. These creatures possess only three stomachs, and the placenta is diffused over the entire surface of the uterus, and not limited to certain portions as in the Ruminants.

Mr. St. George Mivart, in a paper upon the relations of the lemurs, has also shown the fallacy of depending upon mere outer characters of form in distributing species. He has proposed a new arrangement of the lemurs and their immediate kindred, and divides the whole of the order primates into two sections: *Anthropoidea*, including man and all apes which like him, have the hinder horn of the hyoid bone longer than the front one, whose internal carotid artery passes through the petrous bone, and whose *foramen rotundum* and sphenoidal fissure are distinct; and *Lemuroidea*, which embraces all quadrumana, whose characters are the reverse of those above given.

That anomalous creature the Aye-Aye, of which a specimen may not be seen at the Zoological Society's Gardens, has been anatomically described in a memoir presented to the Berlin Academy by Dr. Peters. This anatomist considers that if the Aye-Aye is not to be made a distinct order intermediate between quadrumana and rodentia, it should be placed among the lemurs.

Naturalists have long been as anxious to obtain a perfect skeleton of the *Great Auk* as that of even the Dodo. At last a specimen (the third in European collections) has been found in a "mummy state" off one of the islands north of Newfoundland, and several feet below the surface of a frozen deposit of guano. With the exceptions of the extremities of the toes, this example is complete in every respect. Even the pen-feathers are on the wings, and the beak is as perfect as on the day the bird died. The specimen has been presented to the British Museum by its discoverer. We believe the second specimen was also lately found by Mr. Newton, who placed it in the hands of Professor Owen, whilst the third is in Paris.

Professor Allman expresses a wish that the whole of the Hydroida should undergo reclassification. The basis of his views may thus be expressed: every hydroid polyp, whose life history has come fully before us (with only a single positively-proved exception), consist of two sets of zooids. One of these is destined for the nutrition of the colony, and has nothing to do with true generation; while the other is, on the contrary, destined for true generation, and has nothing to do with the nutrition of the colony. For the whole assemblage of the former he has coined the expression *trophosome*, which means a body connected with nutrition; and for the latter the term *gonosome*, which signifies an organ connected with reproduction. Whether the gonosome and trophosome remain connected or not, it is essential that both shall be considered in identifying or describing a species. Thus a hydroid zoophyte is a plant animal, whose flowers in some cases are spontaneously detached and in others are persistent, but which must decidedly be examined in determining the relations of the creature.

In regard to the question of the origin of species, Mr. Wallace pointed out, in a paper read before the Anthropological Society, four conditions which operate in the production of new species:—(1.) Peculiarities of every kind are, more or less, hereditary; (2.) The offspring of every animal vary, more or less, in all points of their organization; (3.) The universe in which these animals live is not absolutely invariable; (4.) The animals in any country (those, at least, which are not dying out) must, at each successive period, be brought into harmony with the surrounding conditions. These, he considers, to be all the elements required for the change in form and structure in animals, keeping exact pace with changes of whatever nature in the universe.

The year 1864 has been prolific in the production of Natural History works. We have had two sorts of books:—those by English writers, and translations. First, in the list of the former, comes Professor Huxley's "Elements of Comparative Anatomy;" the present issue is the first volume, and contains a terse general account of the principles involved in classification, and of the relation of all groups of animals to each other; this being followed by detailed descriptions of the mode of development and structure of the human skull and of the crania of amphibia, fishes, birds, and mammalia generally, concluding with the history of the vertebral theory, in which Professor Huxley attributes the credit of this doctrine to Goethe. The volume is beautifully illustrated, and must take the lead as a text-book. Mr. Huxley's "Atlas of Comparative Osteology" contains twelve large lithographic plates, representing the characters of the various bones found in all groups of animals which possess skeletons. Dr. Cobbold's "Entozoa," is a work in which will be found minute accounts of the habits, migrations, and structure of all kinds of intestinal worms, especially those of man. Dr. Bowerbank's "British Sponges" is an elaborate history of all our native species, their anatomy and functions. Dr. Günther's "Reptiles of British India" is a large volume, in which all Anglo-Indian reptiles are carefully described and exquisitely delineated. Dr. Doherty's "Organic Philosophy" is a large book upon a wide subject, badly treated, and Mr. Spencer's "Principles of Biology" is, on the contrary, a most excellent work, accurate in point of scientific detail, and philosophic in regard to the generalization of its author. Of translations we have heard three: Dr. Quaterfage's "Metamorphoses of Man and Animals," which is a volume that every naturalist, no matter what be his views, may read with pleasure and profit. M. Pouchet's "Plurality of Races," an overstraining effort to show that man has proceeded from several original pairs, but

which is nicely written, and is of some interest; and finally, Dr. Büchner's "Force and Matter," which is an open advocacy of atheism—the two latter have been published under the auspices of the Anthropological Society! Among the miscellaneous treatises, we may mention "The Times Bee-master on Bee-keeping," an amusing book with little science in it, and that same erroneous; Mr. Milton's "Stream of Life," a well-written book, from whose conclusions we differ; Mr. Wood's "Homes without Hands" (12 Nos.), a popular account of the domestic habits of animals; and Dr. Phipson's "Utilization of Minute Life," a volume which, should it ever go through a second edition, and have its errors corrected, may prove a useful addition to "Popular Science" literature.

PHYSICS.

Since the first definite application of the spectroscope to the chemical analysis of substances, most physicists have directed their attention to the spectra of the various compounds found upon our globe and to those of the light of the sun, stars, planets, nebulae, &c. Hence there arose a necessity for a great variety of instruments, and this led to the invention of several forms of spectroscopic apparatus. The consequence of all this was that, of late, other branches of "natural philosophy," which were old favourites, were deserted for the new study. During the past year many forms of spectroscope have been described, but none, in our opinion, is more interesting than that which Mr. Crookes describes under the title of a new *thermo-spectrometer*. At present physicists are able only to investigate the colours and position of the several bands of light which compose the spectrum, but by the adoption of Mr. Crookes' plan, the heat-radiation of the various bands may be easily determined. The contrivance is exceedingly simple, and consists of a series of very thin bars of antimony and tellurium soldered together at their alternate ends, and connected with a delicate galvanometer; when this series is carried along the spectrum, the heat proceeding from the rays would affect it, and it, in its turn, would cause a deflection of the needle of the galvanometer, which, in travelling over its graduated arc, would indicate the heat value of each ray.

Mr. Tomlinson has done a good deal to increase our knowledge of the phenomena attendant on the formation of smoke-rings and drops, and of the movements of certain bodies upon the surface of water. The smoke-ring, like the liquid one, acts as if rolling up or down the inside of a hollow cone, and the direction in which the particles rotate follows this law. In the case of both forms of rings, the tendency appears to be to enlarge constantly by diffusion, and the rate at which they do enlarge is regulated by the resistance of the column of air or liquid, as the case may be. The experiments conducted on the movements of films of a chemical compound upon the surface of water were carried out chiefly on Eugenic acid. When a drop of this liquid is placed upon the surface of a small quantity of water, it forms, what is termed, a "cohesion figure," that is, a flattened disk of about 2-10ths of an inch in diameter, which sails about on the water with a peculiar vibrating movement of its edge. It often splits up into two or three smaller disks, which revolve round each other, and at length, after a series of the wildest gyrations, disappear totally. The manner in which the disk is disposed of by solution is by throwing off a number of films in rapid succession, which are taken up by the water as quickly as they are formed. By this means a repellant action exists all round the edge of the disk; this is at first uniform, but after a while parts of the edge of the disk become hardened, and cease to give off films, and then a curious series of currents is exhibited.

It is often found that metal which has passed through the furnace contains numerous minute cavities filled with air. M. Cailletat set himself to work to discover the cause of this, and found that heated metals are readily permeated by gases. According to his conclusions, the bullae found in iron originate in this manner:—The gases proceeding from the fire permeate the iron and occupy the cavities. In order to prevent the formation of the latter, it will be necessary to have the fires and metal so related to each other that no vacuum shall be formed.

Some curious results have been derived from M. Becquerel's experiments upon the melting and boiling points of metals. The instrument he employed to detect the exact temperatures was a thermo-electric pile, peculiarly arranged. He has found that the following are the degrees at which the metals acted on, by him boil:—Cadmium, at 720° centigrade; zinc, 920°; silver, 916°; gold, 1,037°; palladium, 1,360°; and platinum, at 1,480°. These series of figures are considerably lower than those formerly ascertained by M. Becquerel by means of the air pyrometer.

One of the most generally interesting applications of physics to the arts is that which M. Claudet has introduced into England, and which was discovered by Willème—Photo-sculpture. By a combination of arrangements, it is now possible to obtain a bust which shall as accurately represent the features of the individual as the photograph itself.

M. Niepce de St. Victor is reported to have discovered a method of representing the various colours of an object by the employment of several re-agents; but we are at present uninformed as to the practicability of the invention.